



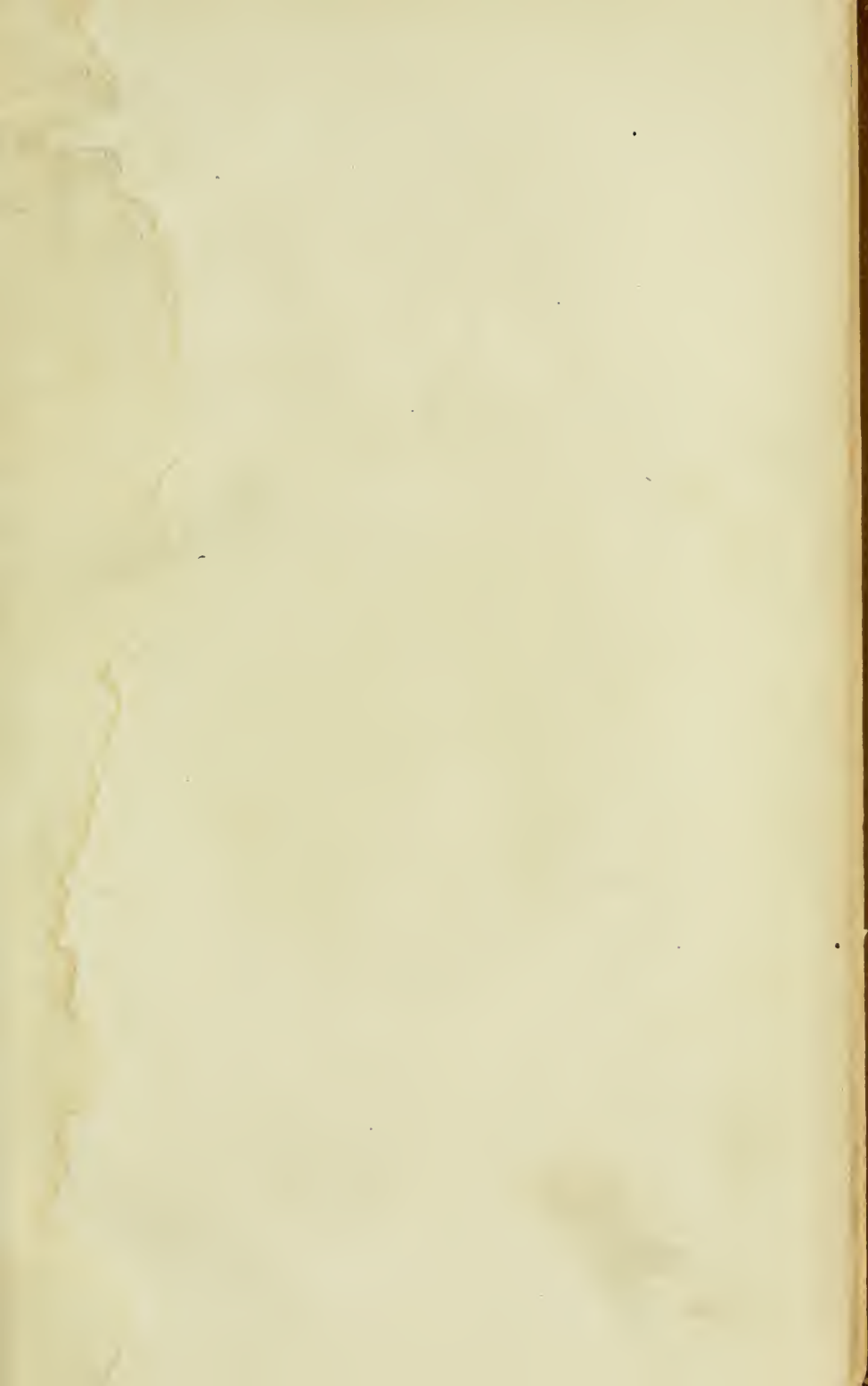
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Truly Yours  
J. F. Hamworth

NEW YORK: J. F. HAMWORTH, 1870.

**HISTORY**

OF THE

**Eighth Cavalry Regiment**

**ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS,**

**DURING THE GREAT REBELLION**

BY

**ABNER HARD, M. D.,**

*SURGEON OF THE REGIMENT DURING ITS TERM OF SERVICE  
AND BREVET LIEUT. COL. U. S. V.*

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**AURORA, ILLS.,**

1868.



DEDICATION.

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TO THE

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

OF THE

EIGHTH REGIMENT ILLINOIS CAVALRY VOLUNTEERS,

THIS VOLUME IS

Respectfully Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

## P R E F A C E.

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Of the two hundred regiments of brave and loyal troops that Illinois sent out to battle for the right, in the war of the great rebellion, none had a more brilliant career, or shed a brighter light upon the State or the Nation, than the EIGHTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

From the time when it was first set down upon the "sacred soil of Virginia," sole representative in the great Army of the East, of the State of Illinois, down to the day when, the great struggle over, it chased to their lair the assassins of our martyred President, or scattered the Bushwhackers in the mountains of Virginia, its name and fame was ever prominently before the country. No Regiment was more peculiarly a pride and a power among the lovers and defenders of the Union—none more emphatically a terror to its rebel foes.

Yet, of the brave deeds of the gallant boys of this Regiment, of their varied experiences—joyful or painful, of their hardships and trials, of their toilsome marches and their gay campaignings, of their martyred dead and their honored living, no connected published record had been made. Without which it must soon have passed into oblivion, or have lived only in the uncertain recollections of the participants in those stirring scenes. To rescue its memory from an undeserved oblivion, the author has, at the earnest request of a large number of the members of the Regiment, prepared as full, complete and reliable a history as the means in his possession would admit. Having kept a diary of the events during the war, and having been assisted by many of the officers and men, who have given him access to their private memorandums, he trusts he has succeeded in writing a book acceptable to the veterans whose deeds he has attempted to record. He has followed it from its first gathering at St. Charles, to Alexandria, Rappahannock, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Mechanicsville, Coal Harbor, Hanover, Gaines' Mills, Dispatch Station, White Oak Swamp,

## THE EIGHTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

Malvern Hill, Manassas, Pooleville, Barnesville, Middletown, Martinsburg, South Mountain, Boonesboro, Antietam, Barbee's Cross Roads, Amisville, Little Washington, Chancellorsville, Culpepper, Brandy Station, Hazel Run, Fredericksburg, the Rapidan, Beverly Ford, Upperville, Gettysburg, Madison, Monococy Junction, Urbana, Cockeysville, etc., etc., and has endeavored to give a fair and faithful account of all its adventures and experiences. The work has been reviewed, and read to a number of the Regiment, and they speak of it as an interesting and reliable history.

Though well aware of the imperfections that must necessarily exist in a work of this kind, where a regiment served in detachments in many parts of the army, he trusts he has written a history acceptable to the members of the regiment. He acknowledges himself under obligations to General J. F. Farnsworth, General J. L. Beveridge, Ex-Governor John Wood and many others for their encouragement and aid; and to Dr. T. W. Stull, Dr. S. K. Crawford, Rev. W. A. Spencer, Major C. G. Teeple, Lieutenant A. V. Teeple, Captain J. A. Kinley, Major J. M. Southworth, Captain J. W. DeLaney, Lieutenant A. W. Chase, Major F. Clendenin, Captain B. L. Chamberlain, Lieutenant J. J. Gosper, Captain Joseph Clapp, Sergeant F. E. Hubbard, Sergeant A. P. Thoms, Lieutenant Truman Culver and others, for access to their private memorandums and contributions to the work. If the members of the regiment find that many incidents are omitted that should have been recorded, the author's only excuse is, he was not furnished with the proper information. If, in writing this book, he has met the wishes, approval and expectations of his comrades, his labors have been amply rewarded.

THE AUTHOR.

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## A few Words of Explanation to the Reader.

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In consequence of an occasional typographical error, the omission of some letters or words or the too frequent use of small words, and the insertion now and then of a superfluous letter, &c., &c., the appearance of the work is somewhat impaired. That I may not be unjustly censured for carelessness, or want of interest, I have thought best to offer the following apology or explanation.

The work has been written during the spare moments at my command, while engaged in fulfilling the duties which necessarily devolve upon one who is practicing medicine and surgery. I have frequently attempted to write, have taken a few moments to collect my thoughts, and have, perhaps, written half a dozen lines and then been called away, without being able to write another line for several days, and in some instances even months have intervened before I could resume my work. In this manner, and amid the cares and responsibilities which devolve upon a physician, this book has been written.

I know the spirit and temper of the men of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry so well, I feel assured they will forgive any errors that I may have committed. But for the typographical errors I do not feel responsible. Being unacquainted with the printing or publishing business, I let the contract to have the work printed and bound, and consequently have not read or corrected the proof. In reading it over I now find numerous typographical errors. Most of them the reader will at once discover and will not be mislead in regard to the meaning. There are a number, however, which might lead to a misunderstanding of the sense, which I will proceed to point out.

- Page 86, Sixth line from the bottom, for twelve hundred read fifteen thousand.
- Page 96, Fifteenth line from the bottom, for John Rogers read John Ryan.
- Page 115, Eighth line from the bottom, for R. K. Smith read A. K. Smith.
- Page 119, Fourteenth line from the bottom, for famous home read former home.
- Page 137, First line, for was known, read was not known.
- Page 176, Fourteenth line from the bottom, for Corporal Ploffer read Corporal Plopper, and twelfth line from the bottom, for George Bower read George Bowes.
- Page 181, Fourth line, for patrolled camp read paroled camp.
- Page 187, Eighteenth line, for September 16th read September 8th.
- Page 200, Eleventh line, for Haxall's Ferry read Harper's Ferry.
- Page 214, Last line, for Charles Brwaer read Charles Brauer.
- Page 221, Third line from the bottom, for New Jersey read New York.
- Page 224, Seventh line, for Virginia side read Virginia soil.
- Page 243, Read the ninth line before the eighth.
- Page 258, Last line, for enemy read cemetery.
- Page 285, Twentieth line, for another the read another retreat.
- Page 307, Fifth line, for could, read would.
- Page 312, Sixth line from the bottom, for distance of Muddy Branch, read distance from Muddy Branch.
- Page 331, Ninth line, for profound read profound.

One brilliant affair has by some means been omitted, probably the manuscript has been lost or mislaid, I refer to the dash upon Ashland, Virginia, by the regiment in June, 1862, while guarding the lines of the Chickahominy. In that engagement they captured five or six prisoners, sixteen horses, one four-horse team, wagon and driver, which had just come from Richmond loaded with stores, and a large amount of other property, besides destroying the railroad. They then returned safely to camp. While returning they met the Fifth United States Cavalry which was to co-operate with us. They were greatly disappointed at our having done the business so early and successfully without their assistance.

## CHAPTER I.

Organization of the Regiment—Camp Kane—Flag Presentation—Bursting a Cannon—  
Muster into the United States Service—Closing Liquor Shops—Off for Washington  
—Through Maryland—“Farnsworth's Big Abolition Regiment”—In Camp at  
Meridian Hill.

When the defeat of the Union arms at the battle of Bull Run had demonstrated the fact that the rebellion was more stupendous than had at first been supposed, and the three months' men, whose time was about expiring, had many of them already gone home, the country was aroused to the necessity of renewed exertions, and all loyal hearts felt the need of the immediate and thorough organization of an army of greater magnitude. The Hon. John F. Farnsworth at once repaired to Washington and obtained permission of the President to raise and equip a cavalry regiment of twelve hundred men for three years' service.

As yet few could see the necessity of cavalry. The officers in command of the United States forces were educated to other branches of the service, and looked with distrust on this all important part of the army. But Mr. Farnsworth had the ability to foresee that this would be, so far as the enemy were concerned, to a great extent a guerrilla warfare. They already had a large cavalry force in the field, made up of the best of their material. Their troopers were required to furnish their own horses and equipments, consequently none but men of means could enter that arm of the service, and under the lead of Generals Stuart, Ashby and others, they were already harrassing our army, dashing into peaceful towns and hamlets, plundering and carrying off conscripts; and we were unprepared to repel these invasions. No sooner was Colonel Farnsworth authorized to organize this regiment, than the young men in this part of the State

sprang to arms as if by magic. Headquarters were announced to be at Camp Kane, St. Charles, Illinois, the home of Colonel Farnsworth, and applications came from all quarters for permission to raise companies, a few of which only could be granted, and Colonel F. was heard to say, "If I had authority to raise a brigade I could do it in a month."

By the first day of September, 1861, a part of the regiment were at the rendezvous. Having been appointed surgeon of the regiment, I repaired to St. Charles on the second day of September and found Company B, Captain Whitney, in quarters at the Howard House. Recruits for the regiment came from all parts of this Congressional District, and even some from Michigan, Indiana and Iowa. They came to camp so rapidly that it was difficult to find shelter for them. The tents, camp and garrison equipage not having arrived, they were quartered in vacant houses in St. Charles. Soon, however, these necessary articles were obtained, and on the 2d of October there was a grand gathering of the friends of the regiment; speeches were made by a number of officers and others, all of a patriotic nature and well calculated to inspire the troops with courage. The contract for supplying the regiment with rations was let to J. S. Van Patten, of St. Charles, at the very low price of sixteen cents per ration, and was fulfilled by him to the entire satisfaction of the government and the regiment. It is believed that no regiment of Illinois volunteers were supplied with as little expense to the government as was the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Thanks to the economical management of Colonel Farnsworth.

During our stay in St Charles the ladies were untiring in their attention to the wants of the soldiers, some of whom were already sick from exposure in camp and change of habitation. They not only supplied their present wants, but provided a large box of bandages and old linen to be taken to the field, for use in the hospital or for the time of battle; and what use was made of these inestimable hospital stores

you will be informed before we conclude our narrative. As another token of their regard for the brave men who were about to risk their lives in defence of that country they loved so well, they prepared a splendid silk flag which they presented to the regiment on this never-to-be-forgotten day. After a few appropriate remarks they proceeded to place it upon the flagstaff it was designed to grace. All eyes were at this moment gazing intently upon the scene, each individual seemingly anxious to catch the first gleam of brightness reflected from the beautiful banner when it was unfurled in the sunshine. Suddenly the wind caught it, but instead of floating gracefully in the air, as expected, it was rent almost in twain. Some of the more superstitious looked upon this as an evil omen; but the speakers seemed to be prepared to see in it a sign that this government was to be torn nearly asunder and that this regiment was destined to do its part in uniting it. Another instance worth noticing was the bursting of the iron cannon, which was discharged on this occasion. Some of the pieces were thrown from ten to fifteen rods without injuring any one, although thousands were crowded around within a space of a few rods. If the torn banner was an omen of evil, this was a token of Providential favor in behalf of the regiment.

After a happy meeting and a sad parting of friends, parents and sons, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, camp discipline was again established, and we were found drilling, studying army regulations, and thus learning the art of war. Few had any knowledge of military tactics. Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble had served several years in the regular army; Captain Conklin had been in the Mexican war; Lieutenant Hotopp had learned tactics in Germany, and some others were not novices in the use of arms, and among them drill-masters were found to answer our purpose. But if we were lacking in military discipline and experience, we were not wanting in what makes up an army of veterans on whom "Uncle Sam" could rely in the hour of danger. There



were among us, men of all callings and vocations; men who could perform almost any labor that occasion might require; could build railroads, run engines, publish newspapers, manage flour and saw mills, build carriages or repair almost any kind of machinery; and in the course of the war these various accomplishments found opportunity for usefulness. Neither were the fine arts and professions without their representatives. Our Colonel was a lawyer and statesman, having served as Congressman two terms, while others among the officers and men were either lawyers, doctors or preachers. The press, too, was well represented. On the 18th of September, 1861, the regiment was mustered into the United States service by Captain Webb, of the regular army. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we will give a brief description of this all important part of military life. The mustering officer and surgeon took their positions a few feet apart, and, as the names were called, the men were required to pass between them. If any defect was noticed, they were stopped and examined, and if sufficient cause presented itself, rejected. This was the only examination the recruits were required to pass. Had examinations been made in conformity with the army regulations, much suffering would have been avoided and the government saved a large expense. But patriotism ruled the hour. Nearly all were ignorant of military matters, and although some were mustered in who were physically unfit for the field, as a whole, no regiment in the "war for the Union," was made up of a better class of men, mentally, morally or physically, than the Eighth Illinois Cavalry Volunteers.

As an example of the chivalric spirit that pervaded the camp, I will relate an instance that occurred while we were sojourning at Camp Kane. It soon became evident that some of the denizens of St. Charles, more in love with money than interested in the welfare of the soldiers, were in the habit of selling liquor to the boys, whereby they became less inclined to order and discipline than was for the good of the

camp, contrary to the expressed wishes of the officers and the good citizens of St. Charles. To remedy this evil a detachment of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, without orders from headquarters, marched down Main street and halted in front of the principal offending establishment, and demanded admission; this being refused, they walked in through doors and windows, and, in less time than it takes to relate the story, turned the offending liquor into the street; in doing this, one man had his hand severely cut by pieces of glass while passing through the window. This was the first surgical operation required in the regiment. The liquor dealers soon closed their stores and the example was salutary though not in accordance with civil law.

About this time orders were received to mount and equip the regiment, and soon horses began to arrive. The contract for purchasing them was awarded to Mix & Sanger, of Joliet, Illinois; and no regiment of cavalry entered the field better mounted than this. The price paid by the government was one hundred and ten dollars each. The contract for furnishing forage was taken by Harmon Paine, of Sycamore at fourteen cents per ration. A few days before the regiment left for the seat of war the horses were sent to Washington in two detachments; the first in command of Major Clendennin and the second in charge of Major Beveridge. There was loud cheering and shouts of joy as the horses were brought out in line ready for the march to Chicago, where they were to be taken by railroad to Washington, and the boys began to realize that camp amusements were now to be exchanged for actual labor.

Without waiting for arms, on the 14th day of October, the regiment marched to Geneva and took the cars for the seat of war. When the order was announced, considerable excitement was evinced by the soldiers, but in due time we were on our way all in good order. In going from the camp it became necessary for us to pass the residence of our gallant Colonel Farnsworth, and when opposite the house the

regiment, with one accord, halted and gave "three rousing cheers," and then proceeded on its march to Geneva, at which place it arrived without any incident worthy of notice. This was a day long to be remembered. Many were, in all probability, leaving their homes never to return; many were looking upon the forms of loved ones for the last time. On one end of the long platform we behold an aged man taking leave of his son, while by his side stands the companion of his life, his hand held in that of his darling boy, who is now about to leave the dear home of his childhood to help preserve that liberty his grandsire fought to obtain; and though he tries to be brave, a tear glistens in his eye and a sigh heaves his noble breast as he says good-bye to those dear parents whom he is about to leave, perhaps forever. On the other hand we see a manly brother taking leave of an only sister, who, although her heart is almost breaking at the thought of parting, says, "go, my dear brother, and nobly do your part, and may the holy angels guard you from danger." A little apart from the crowd we see another group,—a stalwart man is breathing his last adieu to his wife and child. The bell rings—the signal for starting—and choking down a convulsive sob he clasps his wife in one last fond embrace, presses his darling child to his breast, and with a kiss for both, he hurries aboard the train just as it is moving off.

The last good-bye has been spoken and we are on our way. Only those who have passed through similar scenes can form an adequate idea of the feelings of the troopers, and the friends and relations who had assembled to bid them farewell, and commend them to the care of that Providence who holds in his hands their lives and the destinies of the nation. Tears flowed like rain, yet the soldiers maintained a noble bearing and moved off with banners flying, amid deafening rounds of huzzas. We would like to follow the disconsolate friends to their several homes, but it is our purpose to follow the regiment that had just entered upon a new



life. It had entered the breach and it was no time to look back.

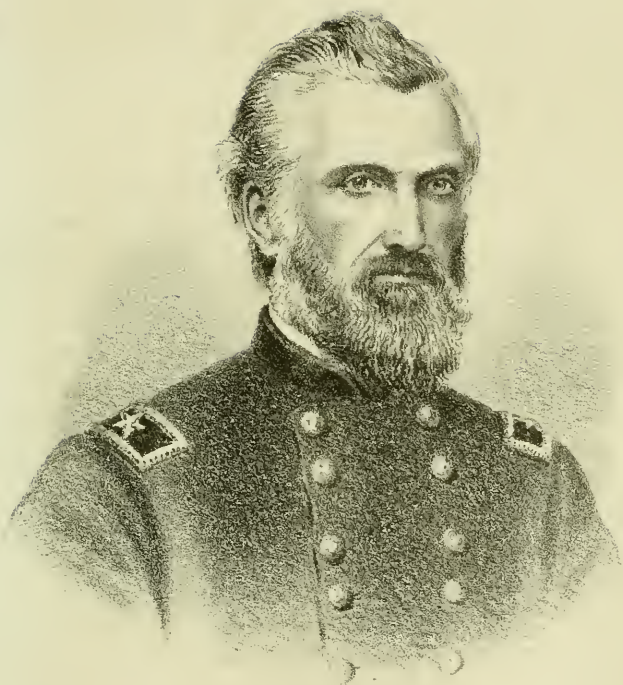
At Turner's Junction a train of cars arrived bringing troops from Utah and the Plains, in charge of Colonel Philip St. George Cook, Major Pleasanton and Captain Buford; the last two, afterwards illustrious Major-Generals, loved and honored alike by the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and the whole army. But little delay occurred in Chicago, and than night we took the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Rail Road *en route* for Washington. Through every city and village which we passed, it seemed as though the citizens were informed of our approach, and came out in crowds to greet us with shouts and cheers, displaying banners and waving handkerchiefs; and in not a few instances the fair ones threw kisses at the boys or showered them with bouquets. This was cheering and tended to keep up the spirits of all. There was a great deal said during the war about "stay-at-home cowards," but I presume they thought it their duty to remain that those who enlisted might have some one to "huzza" for them; and they surely fulfilled this mission.

At Crestline, James Maclin, of Company B, had his great toe crushed by the cars, which required amputation. Here we heard from our horses; they had passed about twenty-four hours before and were reported safe. The regiment was carried by different trains. No serious accident befel any part of the regiment on its way to Washington. At Pittsburg we were hospitably received by a committee of the city Soldiers Aid Society. Our sick, of whom there were but few, were taken to comfortable quarters, and the regiment marched to a large hall where refreshments were in waiting. The men and women of the city seemed to vie with each other in their attentions; after partaking of the collation provided with thoughtful care, we were greatly refreshed, and soon took the cars on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Such care and attention to the wants of the soldiers, were not lost or thrown away. Many a time have I

heard "the boys" speak in the highest terms of the Smoky City of Pittsburg and its noble hospitality.

In passing over the summit of the Alleghany Mountains, near the great tunnel, the train in which the regimental staff was traveling, ran off the track, which caused several hours delay; fortunately all escaped without injury. Our special trains went much slower than the express, so slow that frequently the men would jump to the ground, run along the road and gather chestnuts, and get on again while the cars were in motion and going at their usual speed.

Through Pennsylvania the demonstrations were less, which we attributed to the fact that so many troops were passing they could not greet them all. Having passed Harrisburg and York, we came into Maryland—a slave state—where, very soon, a change could be observed. At every bridge a picket of soldiers were stationed to guard the road, which had already been interfered with by the rebels; and this was the first we saw which betokened *really* a state of war. Heretofore, with us, all had been preparatory—now we began to realize that we were approaching the enemy's camp. Occasionally at a farm house or railroad station, the stars and stripes were waved as we passed; but, as a general thing, the people remained in sullen silence or frowned upon us, showing clearly that the presence of the military alone kept them from open assault. A part of the regiment arrived at Baltimore during the day, and the remainder at night. Here we found the soldiers on patrol duty, and Fort McHenry with its heavy guns pointing their saucy muzzles right at the city, which spoke in terms too plain to be misunderstood, that otherwise violence would reign supreme. We marched up the street, which, on the 19th of April, 1861, six months before, the blood of Massachusetts' noble sons had crimsoned; and our men looked as though they only courted an opportunity to avenge that brutal and dastardly outrage. Here, too, but little more than seven months before, our President had to pass in disguise to avoid being assassin-



BREVET BRIG. GEN.  
**JOHN L. BEVERIDGE**  
EVANSTON  
SHERIFF OF CHICAGO.

*Chicago Lithographing Co Chicago*



ated. These considerations and reflections made some impression on our men. But now order was restored ; the city filled with troops, and the rebels, though numerous, dare not offer open opposition. On arriving at the depot we were furnished with very uncomfortable box or freight cars, into which we were stowed more like cattle than men. But this was unavoidable, from the fact that the road was taxed to its utmost capacity to transport troops and stores necessary for the rapidly increasing army at the capitol ; and this was the only railroad leading into Washington from any direction. However, we had but forty miles to travel in this manner, and although our progress was slower than at any period of our journey, we did not suffer much inconvenience. A few miles from Washington the train moved so slowly that many took occasion to leave the cars and visit the studio of Clark Mills, where was being prepared the bronze statute of Liberty, which was intended to surmount the dome of the capitol when once completed, but which, in the the present unsettled state of the country, seemed far in the future.

We reached Washington early on the morning of the 18th of October. On approaching the city, the country for several miles around seemed to be almost covered with camps. Soldiers drilling, drums beating and banners flying, were to be seen and heard in every direction. Near the depot were some wooden buildings or barracks called the Soldiers' Rest, where refreshments were furnished the troops as they arrived. A slice of bread, some pork and coffee, were all that was furnished ; but this was better than nothing for hungry men. Here an agent of a Soldiers' Aid Society met us and informed us that rooms near by were ready for the sick, where they might remain a few days until we were prepared to take care of them. This was truly a God-send, for, ignorant as we were of military service, and particularly so in regard to any preparation for our sick, I confess I was greatly worried and at a loss to know what to do on our arrival.



The number to be provided for was eight or ten only ; some of these already very sick and needing the best of care. My heart beat considerably lighter when these had been well cared for. By the time the sick were disposed of, the regiment had fallen into line and were marching up Pennsylvania Avenue. On arriving in front of the President's mansion, known as the "White House," President Lincoln came out upon the piazza, when the regiment gave him three hearty cheers ; and it is on this occasion, it is said, the President called us "Farnsworth's Big Abolition Regiment." After passing the White House it seems some of the officers mistook the direction or nearest road to our future camp, for which reason we marched several miles before reaching the place, on Meridian Hill, where we were to pitch our tents. There had been recent rains which left the ground wet, though the day was very warm and sultry, equal to a July day in northern Illinois, and by the time we reached camp the men were nearly exhausted. We were now on Meridian Hill, about two miles north of the President's house, and the men went to work at once preparing supper, (for they had had no dinner,) unpacking their things, and pitching their tents ; and it was far into the "wee sma' hours o' night," before the camp was still and the weary soldiers could find repose.

General Stoneman sent a young staff officer (Lieutenant Sumner,) "to put us into camp," that is, to direct where we should locate our camp. Our men, being fresh from their homes, and unacquainted with military etiquette, did not salute him in military style nor pay any especial attention to him. In fact I believe they did not even follow what they supposed to be his *suggestions*, but what was really termed military orders ; upon which he became very wrathful, and reported us to the General as "an organized rabble." However, Lieutenant Sumner and General Stoneman thought better of us upon further acquaintance, for these "raw recruits" were the very men on whom they were glad to rely

in the hours of battle and danger. Like most, if not all other volunteers, the Eighth were inspired by patriotism and ready for duty; but so totally ignorant of the requirements of their present mode of life, that in order to do their duty well, they overdid it in many respects; at least twice the number of men were put on camp guard as were necessary. Their recent journey, severe labor and change of living, tended to create sickness which rapidly filled our hospital tents. We had now been in camp long enough to have daily drill, preaching regularly on the Sabbath and evening prayer meetings in many of the officers tents. The weather becoming sufficiently cool to require fires, especially for the sick, we made requisition on the Quartermaster's department for stoves, but learned that they were not allowed in the field; but something must be done. Having visited some camps across the Potomac, on the Virginia side, we had observed a novel method of warming their tents, and determined at once to follow their example. A hole about two feet square and one foot deep, was dug in the ground in the center of the hospital, from which a trench about one foot broad and six inches deep was dug to the outside of the tent, where a barrel, with both heads knocked out, was placed for a chimney. The trench was covered with boards and dirt, and near the center hole with a stone. A fire was now built in the center hole, the smoke made its way through the trench and out of the barrel, and this was found sufficient to make the hospital quite comfortable, when the wind did not blow in the wrong direction. This device was soon imitated by the officers and men, which added much to their comfort.

We had, at this time, only a sufficient number of carbines for camp guard, and were anxiously awaiting our full equipments, drilling and preparing for future action and service. All kinds of rumors reached camp daily of skirmishes and battles; mostly, however, of battles in anticipation, and we soon learned to place little reliance in them.

## CHAPTER II.

Situation of the Armies---Battle of Ball's Bluff---Death of Colonel Baker---Grand Review---Arrival of Bishop Simpson---Sword presentation to Colonel Farnsworth---Formation of the First Brigade---A stray shot---Those oysters---The Dutch sentinel---March into Virginia---Irish Brigade---Shooting a Deserter---Balloons in the army---The Battle they didn't fight---The way the pistols were exchanged---A reconnaissance, as described by our Chaplain---How we obtained a Hospital---A Secesh lady's insolence.

Let us now look at the situation of our forces about Washington. Since the defeat of the Union army at the battle of Bull Run, in July, the rebels had established a strong picket line but a few miles from Washington on the Virginia side of the Potomac, so that but a small area of ground on that side of the river remained to us. Their forces reached the Potomac some twelve or fifteen miles above Washington, and about the same distance below; our army holding a semi-circular strip of land opposite the city, including Alexandria. In and about Washington was being concentrated the largest and best drilled army ever organized on this continent, under command of General McClellan. Camps were clustering on every hillside, and occupied the valleys as far as the eye could reach, and drills and reviews were to be seen any day. At the grand review of the army at Bailey's Cross-roads and Munson's Hill, it is estimated that seventy-five thousand troops were on the field under review. At this time the lower Potomac was blockaded by rebel batteries; The Chesapeake & Ohio Canal was in the hands of the enemy a few miles above Washington; and as all the supplies for this immense army, with the exception of an occasional boat running the blockade, had to be brought over one railroad, (the Baltimore & Ohio,) we had no doubt but an immediate advance would be made upon the rebel



lines. The basement of the capitol itself had been turned into an immense government bakery, and from twenty-five to fifty cords of bread could be seen piled up almost any day. Long army wagon trains were constantly passing along the principal streets, and I distinctly recollect waiting three-quarters of an hour for a train to pass that I might cross Pennsylvania Avenue. These army wagons are of huge dimensions, capable of carrying from two to four tons, and usually drawn by four horses or six or eight mules, the driver riding the hindermost and guiding the others by a single rein. To us this was a novel way of transportation, cumbrous and slow; but when we came to try the field, the corduroy-roads and bridges, we found something stronger than our northern farm wagons necessary, and familiarity with such conveyance made it quite endurable.

On the 21st of October the battle of Ball's Bluff occurred, where Colonel Baker fell mortally wounded. The cannonading, and even the musketry, could be plainly heard from our camp; but both artillery and musketry practice were so common, that we did not know until the next day that a battle had taken place. Why so many thousand soldiers should remain within hearing of this battle, and not be sent to the relief of the little band of patriots who were so sadly defeated and slain, we, in our ignorance, were unable to determine. Colonel Baker's remains were brought to the city, and a grand military procession followed them to the grave. It seemed to me that there were troops enough at this funeral to have defeated the entire army opposing us. This was the first military funeral which we witnessed, but alas! not the last; it was but the beginning of sorrow, as thousands of soldiers' graves in and around Washington clearly show.

One grand review of about ten thousand troops took place near our camp, just before the departure of Generals Halleck and Buell for their commands in the west; and they were present, accompanied by General McClellan. These reviews

and preparations, we thought betokened an immediate advance, and our men were eager and anxious to drive the enemy from in front of Washington before the winter set in, but day after day passed with about the same round of duties. Drills, roll-calls, fatigue duty, (such as policing the camp, grooming, watering and feeding the horses, cleaning arms and attending the sick,) were becoming irksome. It now became evident that a great mistake had been made in not having the men properly examined upon enlistment. Sickness was on the increase, and many were found either too old or otherwise physically unfit for the field, and we commenced the work of discharging such, under the direction of the Surgeon and Medical Director Tripler. It was found, too, that small-pox was making its ravages among the troops about Washington, and we at once determined to vaccinate the entire regiment. Beginning with the Colonel,—none were to be exempt. A few objected and even determined to resist the operation; one man, in particular, declared he “would die first,” but the presence of a rope with which he was about to be tied, brought him to his senses, and he yielded to the necessity. In consequence of this precaution, while the disease prevailed in the camps on all sides of us, we were exempt.

On Sunday, November 24th, if any of our friends at home could have looked in upon us, they would have seen us very busy at work, “cleaning house,” preparatory to receiving a visit from Bishop Simpson, of Illinois, and listening to one of his excellent discourses. He failed to make his appearance, however, and we had a sermon by our Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Matlack. On Monday Bishop Simpson arrived, and delivered an eloquent address, taking his text from a passage in Ephesians, “Put on the whole armor of God.” In conclusion in eulogizing our flag, he said: “While others took beasts of prey, the lion; or birds, as the eagle of Rome; we went further, and, leaving the earth and sky, took the stars beyond as our emblem, as though inviting angels to aid

us in our undertaking, and invoking the blessings of high heaven upon our endeavors to uphold the right." After the sermon the soldiers all united in singing the Star Spangled Banner. Upon the conclusion of this ceremony another followed of no less interest—the presentation of a beautiful sword to Colonel Farnsworth by Company H. Major Beveridge presented it in behalf of the company in a well-timed speech, in which he said: "Company H only desires to be led where the labor is severest, the danger greatest, and among them will be found strong arms and willing hearts to meet it." In reply, Colonel Farnsworth remarked "that it was not customary to present military men with swords until they had merited them by experience in the field or prowess in battle. He knew he had men in his regiment, who, if he did not lead when the path to glory was open would push him forward in it; and for his part, if by shedding his blood here on the Potomac, he could secure the liberty of every bondman in America, it should flow freely." As a closing performance the boys cheered heartily both the Colonel and Company H, and some lusty cheers were given gratuitously for everybody. This was an interesting day—quite an exception to the routine duties of camp, and seemed to fill the men with new vigor. The day had been cold and unpleasant, and this diversion tended to warm the limbs as well as the hearts of all. It was now evident that the sick list was increasing rapidly. Exposure and imprudence on the part of many were inducing fevers, and some had contracted severe colds. November 27th, there were seven cases of well marked typhoid fever in our camp and hospital, and quite a number were unable for duty, from the fact of their being kicked by the horses, mostly while taking them to water at Rock Creek, some half a mile distant. The injury was generally received on the leg, from four to six inches below the knee, frequently laying bare the bone. Many also suffering from chafing or excorations on the inside of the thighs and legs, caused by riding, required medical attention. It was found

that astringent and soothing applications were necessary; and a solution of glycerine and tannin, or glycerine and collodium, (glycerine eight parts and collodium two parts,) was found very useful. I mention this for the benefit of any who may be similarly affected. Such things as these we had to learn from experience.

About this time we learned that we were brigaded with the First Michigan and Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, forming the first brigade of cavalry in the U. S. A. The grand army of the Potomac seemed to be in capital order, and "spoiling for a fight." Parades and sham fights were daily exercises. Occasionally a stray ball from one of the other camps would reach ours, causing no little commotion. One of these passed through our dispensing tent, a few feet above our heads, and struck a tree, from which we soon extracted it, and very carefully preserved it as a relic of life at camp. The duties we were now called upon to perform were apparently to so little purpose that we were becoming very dull, and any diversion was hailed with gladness. One of these now came in the shape of Thanksgiving, it being the 28th of November, 1861. We have reasons to give thanks at all times, but more especially when the future as now looked none too bright. An immense army lay about us, most of it as raw and inexperienced as ourselves—a haughty, and to some extent victorious host, lay opposed to us only a few miles distant, blockading the Potomac river and holding the "impregnable Manassas." Our Colonel had arranged a surprise for us by way of celebrating the day, and presently teams came into camp bringing eighty bushels of oysters which were divided among the different companies; and a merry Thanksgiving it proved to be. The men will long remember with gratitude the noble, generous Colonel who provided such a feast for his soldiers at his own expense. It seems that some of the men, not knowing what was in store for them, and fearing they should have a poor dinner with which to observe the day, had planned to make a raid on

certain hen-roosts and bee hives in the vicinity, where secessionists were known to reside, but more prudent counsels prevailed, and we were spared the unpleasant duty of recording any act of violence or disorder. Although some would occasionally indulge in the use of a little too much liquor, the regiment, upon the whole, were as orderly as any we knew. One man was found sleeping upon his post upon a very cold night, and you can imagine there was quite a sensation created in camp on that occasion; but as there was no danger from the enemy, and it was the first offence, he was allowed to return to duty with a severe reprimand. With such small excitements and duties, the time passed until December 1st, when we were notified that we were to report to General Sumner, lately arrived from California, who had just been assigned to a command in Virginia, in front of Alexandria. Colonel Farnsworth, Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble and myself, with a small detachment of men, started to report at the General's headquarters. We crossed the Potomac on Long Bridge, passed through the old city of Alexandria, where Colonel Ellsworth was murdered, and turning west on the turnpike, in the direction of Fairfax Court House, where the great Bull Run stampede had taken place the previous July, traveled some three miles, when, meeting soldiers and sentinels, the Colonel inquired for General Sumner's headquarters; but no one knew where they were. Feeling certain that they could be no further, as we were now very near our picket line, we returned a short distance and rode out to three new Sibly tents which seemed to have been lately pitched. A German sentinel was pacing to and fro in front of them. The Colonel inquired of him, "whose tents are these," but he did not know. He then inquired for General Sumner's headquarters, but with the same result. Finally dismounting, we attempted to enter one of the tents, when the fellow seemed to think it was his duty to prevent that, and offered some resistance; but we were the conquerors, and upon gaining admittance found General Sumner. This illus-



trates the ignorance and stupidity of many of the recruits. General Sumner appeared to be the true gentleman and soldier which we expected to see, from his past history in the Kansas and Nebraska troubles, and his rescuing California from the grasp of the rebellion, into which it was about to be plunged by the aid of the General in command there.

Arrangements were at once made to have our regiment brought to this place, as soon as our arms and equipments were received, for at this time we were only partially equipped. Having selected a location for our camp, we returned to prepare for future movement across the Potomac to the "sacred soil of Virginia." Arms were not furnished as soon as anticipated. It was of no use for us to cross to the Virginia side of the river, and enter upon actual service, until we were fully equipped, consequently we did not move camp until the 13th of December, during which time the men took occasion, whenever opportunity offered, to visit the many places of interest in and about Washington, among which is the National Capitol, which with the new wings (where are at present located the Chambers of the two Houses of Congress,) covers about five acres of ground. This building with its immense rooms, paintings and statuary, is an object of interest to every one visiting Washington. Its unfinished dome on which is to be placed the statue of liberty, detracts much from what a stranger would expect of such a massive marble building. The rotunda, whose walls are adorned with sculpture in *bas relief*, and the magnificent paintings which have attracted the attention of many thousands of visitors, both foreign and native, and which are copied upon our national currency, is a place which once visited will never be forgotten. From the west front of this magnificent building, a foreign visitor said there was a panoramic view worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness. Here the principal part of the city of Washington lies below you, and consequently you have a splendid view. The broad Potomac, too, is spread out before you, on which hundreds

of boats, both sail and steam, are constantly plying; Georgetown is in plain sight, the heights of which are renowned in history. Alexandria can also be seen, and across the river directly west, and only about three miles distant is Arlington, formerly the home of ~~George Washington-Curtis~~, and late the residence of General Robert E. Lee, at that time commanding some of the rebel armies. The Navy Yard, Patent Office, Post Office, Treasury Building, Insane Asylum, Arsenal, Botanic Gardens, Smithsonian Institute, Armory, National Observatory and President's Mansion are all to be seen from the Capitol. All of these public places are objects of national pride and interest, and the members of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry improved their time in becoming acquainted with them and the workings of each, which added greatly to their stock of knowledge, and furnished information which comparatively few Western troops had an opportunity of acquiring. If the dull routine of camp was tiresome, these advantages, in a measure, compensated for the toil and exposure. Then, too, Congress was in session, and our men not only had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing the great men of the nation there assembled, but of listening to their debates and public speeches, and acquiring a knowledge of the law-making power of the nation, at a time when if ever the eloquence of the forum was brought out, or the wisdom of the country assembled in awful conclave, it was then. In our strolls about the city we visited the Congressional, Georgetown and Rose Hill Cemeteries; all ornamented in the highest style of modern art and places for deep reflection, where repose the honored dead of many generations.

One day while going from the camp to the city, we stopped to witness the manœuvring of some troops on the common. Turning aside from the road, we presently stumbled over something, and upon trying to ascertain what, we discovered some old graves whose tomb-stones had fallen, or been broken down, and over which the troops were passing and repassing, apparently unconscious of the character or sacred-

*Washington Park*

ness of the spot. Curiosity prompted us to examine some of the old and crumbling stones, when we were led to decipher the lettering of one which proved to be the grave of Lorenzo Dow. In my boyhood I had heard many stories of this eccentric preacher—that he used to leave appointments to preach from certain stumps and trees, many weeks and even months in advance, and that he always fulfilled such appointments. A thousand legends of his odd ways came to my mind, and I could hardly believe that I stood at his grave, thus neglected, and unless marked anew, soon to pass beyond recognition. Instinctively I looked around to see if “his Peggy’s” grave could be discovered, but found it not, and I left the place wondering why, with so many towering spires in sight, and the thousands of professing Christians of the Methodist Church in the immediate vicinity, this grave should be so neglected; but perhaps, I thought, when the war is over it will receive better attention.

At this time Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria, in fact the whole District of Columbia was like one immense military camp, so great an army had collected here, but no expedition of any importance was being prosecuted, and with the exception of camp rumors, which were rendered daily in various forms and contradicted as often, each day passed very much like the preceding. Finally our equipment was complete, and we received orders to be in readiness to march into Virginia the next day. Our sick list now numbered eighty-five names, many of whom were disabled from duty by injuries received by kicks, bruises and sprains; but as we had not yet lost any by death, we considered ourselves very fortunate compared with the regiments encamped about us, where funerals occurred every day. The First Michigan Cavalry came here one week before us, and they already numbered forty-two deaths, and others were suffering in like proportion. But little sleep was taken that night, as the thought of crossing the river into Virginia and actually encountering the enemy was too exciting to admit of repose,



and by early dawn on the 13th, the bugles sounded and the camp was all astir. Our first duty was to dispose of the sick by sending them to the general hospital, which had been established at the Columbian College, but we found that a greater portion of them were determined to remain, and consequently the worst cases only were sent, those who could possibly sit upon a horse, going with the regiment, thus proving their devotion to the cause they had espoused. This was to be our first march fully equipped for service, and about ten o'clock A. M., our baggage being loaded in army wagons, we started with a small advance guard preceding us about an hour. Company M was detailed to remain in camp and take charge of the Commissary and Quartermaster's stores, which could not then be taken. Preceded by the Colonel and staff, the regiment moved by fours down Fourteenth street through the city to the Long Bridge, while thousands crowded the highway to see us pass, for such a body of mounted cavalry had never before marched through Washington, and our western horses made a splendid appearance of which we were proud.

We will here mention that we had yet to learn what the actual necessities of army life were, for we had so much which we thought was necessary to sustain life, that we required eighty-one heavy army wagons to transport it; but before the close of the war we found that we did not employ more than a dozen to transport what we really needed. Crossing the Potomac on Long Bridge, and passing by the frowning forts on the Virginia side, we were soon marching through the city of Alexandria, where from every window and crevice we could see the secessionists peaking out to abuse us and see what kind of appearance we made. However, this was not to be wondered at, for a large portion of the rebel cavalry had been recruited in and about the city, and those remaining at home were eager to see with what they had to contend, though for my part I should have had far greater respect for them had they come out into the street like men, and

I am inclined to think this was the sentiment of the regiment.

We soon reached our camp about three miles west of Alexandria. It was situated on a hillside descending from the turnpike towards the south, and a beautiful view was spread out before us. At the foot of the hill we could see a small stream (Hunting Creek,) winding through the distance like a thread of silver, and there, too, was the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, with its almost constant clang and clatter, so that while the little brook seemed to whisper of rest, peace and quiet, the skrill shriek of the engine called one back to the actual life before us, of war and activity. Near by stood Fairfax Theological Seminary and Forts Ellsworth, Lyon, Worth and Ward. Several thousand infantry were encamped about us, among which were the celebrated "Irish Brigade," also the Sixty-third and Sixty-ninth New York regiments with whom we became quite intimate in the course of events that followed.

The soil was a reddish clay loam, and the men at once went to work digging down to level the floors of their tents, and some of them even dug to the depth of eighteen inches to enlarge and make them higher. They were warned that when the rainy season began, the water would leak through this soil and make the tents very unpleasant as well as unhealthy. Not believing this, however, they persisted, but sadly repented before spring. The weather was warm and pleasant; camp was soon arranged and drilling with horses, and sabre exercises on foot were entered into with alacrity. We were liable to be called upon at any time to attack the enemy or repel an invasion, and our men fully realized the situation.

About this time a deserter from one of the regiments near by was shot. It appears that he had enlisted for the purpose of gaining information to convey to the rebels, and after leaving his regiment he met some federal soldiers and, mistaking them for the enemy, freely disclosed his doings and

our situation. He was arrested, tried by court-martial and condemned to die. As is usually the case, twelve men from his regiment were selected by lot to shoot him; eleven of their guns were loaded with ball and one with blank-cartridge, so that no man might know whose ball hit him. The brigade to which he belonged was drawn up in line to witness the execution, and at the specified hour the prisoner was brought out and seated upon his coffin. How dreadful the scene! There sat the poor culprit who had forfeited his life in endeavoring to aid the enemies of the cause he should have gloried in supporting; there the twelve men with their guns pointed ready to send his soul into eternity at the given signal; and here thousands of soldiers waiting to see the traitor receive his just deserts, while over all there seemed to hang a deep gloom. The word was given, and they fired. Three balls entered his body, but were not fatal, and they were obliged to shoot again. All was over; the man was dead; his spirit with his Maker, and a higher power than ours will now pronounce his doom; but the scene left its impression upon our minds, and although such occurrences became frequent, I shall never forget this—the first I had ever witnessed.

December 18th our attention was attracted by a fully inflated balloon, which passed up the road, it being managed by ropes attached to the net which covered it, and held by men. Le Montaine, who had attained some celebrity as an aeronaut, had charge it, and anticipated making an ascension soon, to ascertain the position of the enemy. It was then thought by the aid of balloons we could not only discover the position of the opposing army, but by having telegraph lines connected with the car, a General might sit there, overlook a battle, and give commands with great ease; and that in the possession of them we had an advantage over our foes of the greatest importance. How much faith General McClellan and the War Department placed in this, we do not know; but that they were brought into the field and thoroughly

tested, we do know ; and more than that, we know that these air-castles soon vanished like a dream.

About half-past nine o'clock P. M., and orderly rode into camp bringing an order from General Sumner for fifty men to report at his headquarters at once. As this was the first call upon us, it created quite a sensation among "the boys," and all were eager to go. The requisite number were detailed from the first Battalion. Ammunition was hastily issued, haversacks filled, and they soon went galloping out of camp. They were taken about two miles west, where nearly three thousand infantry were stationed, preparatory to repelling an attack of the enemy who were reported to be advancing in that direction. After remaining all night they returned to camp about nine o'clock A. M., from their bloodless battle. The next evening twelve men, with three day's rations, left camp to act as an escort to General Sumner, and from this time we were called on almost daily for details of men for some purpose ; part of the time to go out to the picket line, and occasionally scouting beyond, on the neutral ground, or that which lay between our picket line and that of the enemy. When put to the test, it was found that the pistols which had been issued to the men were not reliable ; as many of them would snap several times before discharging, and some could not be shot at all. Our Colonel and Quartermaster Stevens had made several efforts to get them exchanged, but to no purpose ; the reply of the General in charge of that department being that "the men should be satisfied with the arms furnished them, and not be finding fault." Elon J. Farnsworth, one of the Battalion Quartermasters, whose shrewdness and wit were proverbial, said he could get them exchanged ; so selecting a number of the poorest ones, he went to the General, but received the same answer that the others had.

"But, General," said he, "let me show you ;" and he commenced loading them rapidly, all the time talking to the General, and explaining in his quick, nervous way of speaking.

"But stop," said the General ; "you are not going to shoot here ?"

"Well, well; just let me show you," was F.'s reply, and by this time the men, who had been well instructed in advance, had the pistols loaded and proceeded to snap away at random, pointing at the fireplace.

"Hold! hold!" commanded the General, "you must not shoot here."

"No danger. Not the least danger," said Farnsworth, still pulling away at the trigger. "I assure you they are perfectly harmless."

Concluding by this time that he had fully demonstrated the worthlessness of the weapon, he handed one to the General, who threw it aside, and at once wrote an order to have them exchanged, remarking that "they were not fit to go to war with."

On December 24th the first death occurred in our regiment, that of William Dilox of Company H, who died of typhoid fever, of which we had several cases. December 25th (Christmas) was a beautiful day. Many of the soldiers had received boxes from home containing luxuries not common among soldiers, while others had patronized the sutlers and dealers in Alexandria to such an extent, that a luxurious repast was the result. There were turkeys, pies, fruit and oysters in abundance, and in the camps about us various sports were enacted. Some ran foot races in bags, and others greased a pig and offered to the person who would shoulder it and carry it into camp. The "Irish Brigade" were not behind others in keeping the holiday, and all seemed to enjoy it as well as they could have done at home. But a change soon took place. On the 26th it began to storm, rain fell in torrents, the ground froze some but not enough to bare up either horses or men, and our camp soon became a mire nearly knee-deep to the horses, and the tents, especially those where the ground had been dug away, were wet and uncomfortable; consequently sickness increased rapidly.

On the 28th, in company with Doctor Stull, I went to



Washington to see the Medical Director in relation to our conveniences for the sick, and near the National Observatory, where had stood the government stables, we beheld a heart-sickening sight. These stables had taken fire, probably the work of an incendiary, and of the two thousand horses then in the stables, some two hundred were burnt to death and their black and charred remains presented a horrid spectacle, fearful to behold. They lay in every conceivable position, as they had writhed and struggled in the fiery element.

It was now about the close of the year 1861, and no advance had been made by this army since General McClellan took command. Rumors of an advance were current, and at one time we received orders to be in readiness to move at a moments notice, but time passed without any movement. About the last of December 1861, and first of January 1862, the weather became more pleasant, and the change was hailed with joy among the soldiers. December 31st the regiment was inspected by General French and mustered for pay. The parade took place near Cloud's Mills, very near the spot where occurred a skirmish just previous to the battle of Bull Run. General French complimented the regiment highly on its splendid appearance, and after returning to his quarters he told some of his officers, "If you wanted to see a regiment that is a regiment, go and look at the Eighth Illinois Cavalry."

New Years day, January 1st, 1862, was remarkably fine. The "Irish Brigade" were addressed by their chaplin, who extolled Ireland and the Irish people to the sky, and we became satisfied from the appearance of the "Sons of the Emerald Isle," that they would fight if they had the opportunity. From this time the weather began to be more unsettled and stormy; our camp was becoming more muddy and unhealthy, and the sick list kept increasing. We were obliged to detail dispensing clerks and put the Hospital Stewards on Assistant Surgeon's duty, visiting the sick in quarters. Asst. Surgeon Crawford and I were unable to visit



all the patients in a day, and with the aid of the Stewards it was frequently midnight before we finished making the rounds of the camp. During the month of January more than five hundred were on the sick list. The diseases were mostly what is termed typho-malarial fever, while a large number of cases were genuine typhoid fever. Many of the patients were so delirious that it required considerable force and constant watching to prevent their rushing out in the rain, and injuring themselves. We had but two hospital tents, and consequently were obliged to send a large number to the general hospital in Alexandria, where many of them died. Thus matters grew worse from day to day. The number sent to the general hospital was greater than ever before, and we needed more medicine than was allowed to an ordinary regiment.

On the 9th of January I went to Washington to obtain an extra supply of medicine on special requisition, but these limited supplies were soon exhausted. At one time on making application to send more patients to the general hospital and for medicine, I was refused by the Medical Director until I should explain the cause of such a want.

The report in response to this order gave a description of our location, the number of sick and suffering, with our limited accommodations, to-wit: Two hospital tents. I also notified the Medical Director that to obtain a permit to send patients to the general hospital at Alexandria, we were obliged to send a messenger through the mud to Washington, eleven miles distant, who could not return until night, and then the permit was good for that day only.

Aroused to a sense of our suffering, the Medical Director sent four large ambulances from Washington to convey our sick to the hospital, but unfortunately they did not arrive until nearly dark, and the drivers were so intoxicated that they could not be trusted with such a valuable load as our noble men who were entirely helpless. The drivers were promptly reported to headquarters, and were as promptly dismissed.

It is due our Medical Director, Surgeon Tripler, however, to say that when he became fully aware of our necessities he spared no pains to do all in his power to aid us. His assistant surgeon, A. K. Smith, from the time of our arrival in Washington showed us many kindnesses, and was ever the firm friend of the regiment.

On the 18th of January a reconnoissance was ordered to feel the enemy in our front; well described by our chaplain Matlack, in a letter to the *American Wesleyan* of January 29th, which I take the liberty of quoting:

Sunday morning, 18th. Last night orders were received for two companies of our men to report at General Howard's headquarters at eight A. M. to-day. The Colonel gave me permission to go with them. Companies G and H, captains Medell and Hooker, headed by Major Beveridge, went off with one day's rations.

This was the largest force we had called out. And some interest was awakened by their forming in front of the camp, all armed with sabre, carbine and pistol. At the word, "By fours forward!" we put off at a trot. At headquarters, the General invited the Major, Captains and Chaplain, in for a few minutes. "Have you a Surgeon and an ambulance?" We may have use for them," he remarked. On starting it commenced raining. "Chaplain have you no oil cloth"—"You had better get it out." Dismounting, I took it out from under my blanket. Before completing my fix they were out of sight in the fog. But Billy was only a little while reaching the column and finding his place at its head, abreast of the General and Major,

"I never saw a regiment so well mounted as your's. The men must take good care of their horses, or they would not look so well with their poor accommodations—Are your carbines loaded?"—"No, sir. The powder is liable to waste traveling, and may become damp while it rains. They load easily."—"Yes, yes, but an attack on us will be sudden. Our response to their fire must be instantaneous, or we shall

be surprised and confused. A warrior must provide always against surprises. But within our lines it is not necessary. At the outpost you will all load."

Our way was over, or through deep mud and a pouring rain. Finding myself growing wet faster than the law of storms required, I examined and lo! my canteen cork was out, and my three pints of coffee were leaking fast away, as we trotted and jolted along. This remedied, all went pleasantly. Now we splashed on in the bye-road—anon we cantered over a plain—and then through the woods. Arriving at Edsill's Hill, we brought up and added two officers as aids for the General. We now struck into the forest on a narrow path, and within half a mile we passed the outposts of our army, and pushed forward cautiously, never going faster than a walk.

"Major, send out three horsemen as far ahead as they can go within sight. Follow them with a platoon, as advance guard. Behind them we will follow with the main column. But behind us let there be a rear guard of a platoon."

Thus disposed, we moved on at a rapid walk. Turning away from the main road, the General ordered—"Send forward at full gallop two men as far as they can go and see us. Let them pause until the whole column pass, then follow on in our rear." In this way he managed at every cross-road and bye-road. No better country exists for ambuscade and masked batteries than this. The roads are narrow and crooked. And the evergreen forests are so close that we could not see five rods ahead. Besides, the day was very foggy and a heavy rain falling.

Silently or without talking, we moved on by two's or single file. Suddenly—*crack* went a rifle on our right. "What does that mean, was it in our column," enquired the General. "No sir," said the Major. All else was silent, as they moved forward with their hands pressing their carbines. "Send back a trusty man half a mile in the rear to the right, to look out and report if any movement appears on our rear."

Our first pause was at a stately mansion. A heavy posted gate well made, swung open in front of a spacious lawn with graveled roads. "Send forward three men ahead of me. The staff and aid will go with me. The balance of the force wait without." As we neared the house a well-dressed servant approached. He was non-communicative, cautious and seemed to know nothing. His name was Frank. Flanking the barn we drew up in front of the dwelling. A coal black "boy" of twenty years came up with a pair of steers drawing wood. Unlike the mulatto Frank, this fellow was all of a tickle. His eyes danced, his white teeth and clean gums fairly shone. He mighty glad to see us. Though he did not say so. "My name's Noah." "Noah?" said I. "Yes sir, Noah—that's it." And his look said, "Can't I tell you something more you want to know?" But widow Fitzhugh was a kind, communicative lady, who has written 'protections' signed by Scott and some others. Possibly by Beauregard and "some others!" After a pleasant interview, General Howard and his Surgeon re-mounted and we bade adieu.

Besides Frank and Noah, another elderly man named "Jeems," came out to see us. He wore spectacles and looked venerable. "I have lived hear always. My wife is hear too. We never had any children but two little ones I adopted." Another personage appeared,—a white man,—George Seever,—a native of Hanover in Germany—gardener for widow Fitzhugh, according to his own statement. He told me that the steers were all the team they had—"Our whole dependence now. The carriage horses were taken from us by the Cameron Rifles." (Doubtful.)

For a number of miles we were only moving along slow and keeping a sharp look out. At last we paused for dinner. Not a hotel, nor private house, nor even unhorsed but, reins loose, each in his saddle, drew out his bread and meat and "fell to eating." Being provided with rations for all day and the following morning, all were fed and haversacks full left. My coffee canteen was supplicatingly approached by



the General, the Major, Captain and others, who were not turned empty away.

"And now men we will strike off north towards the Fairfax Court House road. Major, send out a squad to that first left hand road. See where it leads. Look out sharp. Examine every hiding-place. Forward."

On we went over the road, then through an open country studded with hills, looking sharp enough at every point. Coming out near a large farm house, the column was halted, and I went in with the General through the yard and round to the "quarters." The great house was empty. A "boy" of forty was in front of a log cabin, whose answers to questions were—"My name is Alfred—Alfred Bell—Dunno how old I is—was born roun here—ole marse and young massa's gone wid de army—am I for de Union? Well gemmen, I is a fren to dem whose a fren to me—I aint gwine to take no sides—he! he! he!" While most of us remained outside, the General, the Surgeon, a reporter and an aid went in. One of them after ten minutes came out and called to me—"Chaplain, the general wishes you to come in." I dismounted and stooped through the low cabin door. In one corner of the old-fashioned chimney sat the General bare-headed. Opposite him sat an old blind negro-waman, perhaps eighty years old. Behind her chair stood a younger woman. Around these members of the staff. It was a scene. "Chaplain, I am warming my feet here, and have been talking to these poor women about God, and about prayer. They dont pray much, nor have any preaching nor meetings of any kind. Will it be agreeable to you to unite with us who are here in prayer? It will do us all good."

Never in my life did it seem more agreeable. "Certainly General Howard. Prayer is a pleasure to me anywhere. Here most cheerfully I pray. Let us kneel—On his knees beside me, with uncovered heads around, the General breathed an audible and earnest "Amen," while I prayed for ourselves, our comrades, the poor old slaves and our country.

For freedom's triumph, for slavery's overthrow, and finally for peace and rest and joy when we fell, either on the field or in a quiet grave.

"And now, Lucy," said the General, speaking to the younger, "do you remember that short prayer I wanted you to teach the old woman here?" "I don't jes remember it now, sir." "It was this—Lord, let thy holy Spirit teach me what is right and good." "Yes, sir, I can do that." "Who do you pray to?" "The Lord." "Who is the Lord?" "Our Saviour." "Who do you mean by that?" "Jesus Christ." "Well Lucy, you must love him, and pray to him and be good. Good-bye old mother—good-bye Lucy."

On mounting at the door, the soldier came again. And many hurried questions were put to and answered by Alfred. Reining up to start, he said, "O, Alfred, here, I forgot, one question more." He leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "Alfred, do you ever pray?" "Sometimes, sir." "You ought to pray every day." "Yes, sir, maybe I should." "You must not forget God for he remembers you all the time." "I guess he do," said Alfred with an amazed look, astonished to hear such words.

Putting spurs to his horse he dashed on to the main road. Billy and the Chaplain coming next, and a long string following after. "No wonder thought I, "that at Manassas, the then Colonel Howard was as cool under a heavy fire as on dress parade; and the Third Maine was brave and true."

The horse he rides now, was shot under him then, a bullet passing through the leg—since recovered. Our return trip commenced soon after this visit. Many items of interest occurred on the road. But my letter is too long now by the editor's yard-stick. Besides I am tired of writing. The great number of the sick require much of my time abroad in the camp. But this I say in closing that the battery cannot be found that would keep men back when Howard 'leads the van.' "

The condition of our camp from the continuous rains, was



sad to behold, and sadder to endure. The mud in many portions of it being more than shoe deep, and we were forced to wade from tent to tent. It was evident that something more than what had been done was necessary to save our regiment from extermination; accordingly we looked about the country for a house to use for a hospital. Situated on a bluff, overlooking the surrounding country, and less than a mile distant from our camp, was a splendid mansion, occupied by a family by the name of Slaymaker. In front was a grove of magnificent oaks and pines, and being furnished with all the modern improvements as well as a number of out-houses for the servants, it evidently had been the abode of one of the F. F. V.'s. Mrs. Colonel Farnsworth was boarding at this house and we learned from her that it was owned by one Witmer, a violent seceder and business partner of the occupant, Slaymaker, who, when the Union army, headed by Colonel Ellsworth, entered Alexandria, had gone with the rebels and was now with their army, or within their lines, and that Slaymaker had moved from Alexandria into the house to keep it from being occupied or injured by our troops, and was now protected by our army, a safeguard of soldiers being stationed to guard the premises. Before proceeding further it may be well to explain what we mean by a "safeguard," as it may be used frequently in this narrative. The citizens would often call on our commanders for protection, when one or more men would be detailed to patrol the premises, whose duty it was to prevent any soldiers from molesting either the persons or property under his care. The family generally furnished the safe-guards with food, it being to their own interest to treat them well. We learned that this Slaymaker's family had recently induced a soldier who was acting as safe-guard to desert. This had reached the ear of Colonel Taylor, General Sumner's Adjutant General, who was greatly displeased with them on that account. Although this mansion was on the opposite side of the turnpike from our camp, where General Kearney's command lay at

some distance, General Sumner claimed that it was within his jurisdiction; accordingly we applied to him for permission to dispossess Slaymaker and occupy the house as a hospital, at the same time setting forth our necessities and the facts in relation to the occupants. The General approved our application and Colonel Farnsworth at once carried it in person to General Heintzelman, who immediately gave us an order to take possession.

Wishing to treat the family with all kindness, I went with a squad of men, read the order to Mr. Slaymaker, and gave him twenty-four hours in which to vacate. During this time he obtained an order from General Kearney, who claimed to have command of the ground, countermanding ours, and forbidding any one to disturb him, at the same time stationing additional guards there. Determined not to be out-done, we again applied for ~~permission~~<sup>leave</sup> to take the house, and this time carried the application to Washington where we obtained a renewal of the order from General McClellan. This time we decided not to give twenty-four hours in which to get the order countermanded, but proceeded to the house and ordered them to remove forthwith. It was then morning and we gave them until noon to leave the premises. At noon, loading an ambulance with convalescents, I went with a squad of men under charge of Corporal Cassady, of Company G, to the house and found the doors bolted. We knocked but were not admitted. Without waiting long, Cassady put his foot very forcibly against the door which yielded to the blow, and we entered with as much dignity as though we had been ushered in with all the ceremony of strict etiquette. The women of the house sat there and boldly declared their determination not to leave. Not the least shaken in our resolve of possessing the house, we very politely offered them our assistance in removing their carpets and furniture (for the house was elegantly furnished) which they indignantly refused, retorting as saucily as secesh ladies only can; Mrs. S. even *daring* us to lay our hands on the furniture, threat-

ening to report us to General McClellan. I directed the men to "bring in those typhoid fever patients," at which command there was considerable consternation depicted in the face of each woman, who seemed very much frightened at the thought of having a typhoid fever case brought into their presence. They not only went to work themselves, but were willing to accept of our services to the fullest extent. Mr. Slaymaker was absent endeavoring to get our order countermanded, and by the time he returned we had his goods loaded on wagons, and that afternoon the family were removed to their own residence in Alexandria. By these means we were enabled to provide a comfortable and even commodious hospital for our suffering soldiers during the most inclement season of the year, and many lives were no doubt saved by their being transferred from our "camp in the mud" to this attractive spot where they were comfortably provided for during the remainder of the winter. About this time Colonel Farnsworth received orders to remove the regiment to Alexandria where the men and horses could be sheltered in vacant secesh houses and shops, and on the morning of January 24th, the regiment moved to the city except headquarters and a guard to protect the property of the camp.

### CHAPTER III.

Camp Suffering—Rebel citizens obliged to work under the Flag—General Montgomery—Eighty-Eighth Pennsylvania—Arrest of a Parson in Church—Virginia Chronicle—Burning of the Citizen Printing Office—Presentation of a Cane to Major McKenzie—Flag Presentation by Ladies of Alexandria—Arrival of General Sumner—Hutchison Family Concert—Alexandria—Christ's Church—Washington's Pew—OLD CEMETERY—SLAVE PEN.

Camp California, and our first winter of suffering in it, will never be forgotten by the veterans of the the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. When we first took possession the weather was dry and fair, and being on the side of a hill we hoped for a pleasant camp, but no sooner did the rain begin than we were in a perfect mire; literally there seemed to be no bottom to the mud, and it held the water like a sponge. The horses were taken from their lines in camp and picketed over the surrounding hills, but they would not stand an hour in a place without making a deep mud-hole.

At morning sick call the men would come wet and shivering to the dispensary, and had it not been for the large chapel tent, obtained by our chaplain from the good people of Philadelphia, in which we held our sick call, the suffering would doubtless have been much greater. Frequently did we call to mind the sufferings of our revolutionary fathers at Valley Forge and Brandywine, which gave us courage to endure our trials. At one time the men began to clamor for whisky in the hope that that would sustain their drooping spirits. The matter came before me for approval but I refused; recommending that the men on guard should have coffee and crackers at every relief, believing it to be more sustaining and less injurious than whisky. In this I was sustained by Colonel F., and although there was some dis-



satisfaction, I think nearly all acquiesced, and now believe it to have been for the best.

In the camps about us there was even more sickness than in ours, and most of them adopted the plan of issuing rations of whisky. The Fifty-third Pennsylvania had thrice the number of deaths that we had, simply, as I believe, because they resorted to the use of spirits. It became quite customary at this time to issue a preparation of whisky and quinine, which the Sanitary Commission furnished in large quantities already prepared; I think, however, that this plan was not adopted by the government, and I now greatly doubt the propriety of the course then pursued by the Sanitary Commission. Some days before leaving this camp General Sumner rode in on horseback, and his horse taking fright threw him to the ground injuring his back severely, from which he never fully recovered. He was confined to his room for a few days, then went to Washington that he might have better accommodations than could be obtained in the field. The regiment having moved into Alexandria was quartered in vacant houses as follows:—Companies A and L in fine houses on Duke street near number 75; Company B near the Wharf; Companies C and M corner of Wolf and Fairfax streets; Companies D, G and K on Wolf street; Company F in the old printing office on Royal street; Company H in Washington street, Methodist church south; Company I opposite the Methodist church, and Company E on Prince street near the residence of Mayor McKenzie. As we now had comfortable quarters all those who were not sick proceeded to enjoy themselves as well as they could, with such amusements as came to hand, together with reading and writing letters home. Thus the time passed very pleasantly; brightened almost every day by receiving kind and welcome missives from their friends. The horses were as well cared for as the men; those of Companies G and K occupying the ground floor of the spacious foundry, over which Company G was quartered; Company M's horses in

another foundry near the Railroad Tunnel, and those of all the other Companies were fully as well provided with shelter. The Regimental Dispensary was located in a fine brick building on Washington street near Wolf, the upper part of which was occupied by some of the officers and their families. This was also the house to which the remains of the rebel Jackson, who murdered Colonel Ellsworth, were taken, over which the secessionists lamented so long.

After remaining in camp a few days Colonel Farnsworth removed his head-quarters to a fine brick edifice on Washington street, near King, formerly occupied by a doctor, who ran away when our troops under Ellsworth occupied the city. General Montgomery was in command of the place as military Governor. He was an old army officer, rather superannuated, fond of flattery and in great favor with the ladies of disloyal sentiments. They were in the habit of sending him bouquets of flowers, and bestowing all the compliments they could heap upon him, and receiving in return every favor he could grant. So careful was he not to offend them that he did not even display the "stars and stripes" at his head-quarters, as was the custom of all other officers; it being the rule with them to keep the glorious old flag flying at all times. Colonel Farnsworth had the fine, large flag presented by the ladies of St. Charles conspicuously displayed at his head-quarters, and stretched across the sidewalk, so that all walking on that side of the street were obliged to pass under it. This annoyed the rebels of Alexandria exceedingly.

One Sunday while a German soldier named Brower, of Company C, was on duty as sentinel, a man and two women came tripping along, dressed in the finest style, their silks rustling and trailing over the pavement, and altogether overdoing themselves in the effort of trying to make a grand display; when near the flag one of the women remarked that she would not walk under that rag; and they turned out into the street to go around it. This was more than our loyal sentinel could endure, and bringing his carbine down



on the brick walk with considerable force, commanded them to "Halt! and walk under that flag or he would shoot." Reluctantly, with trembling limbs and compressed lips, very much after the fashion of an ague fit,—they returned from the muddy street to the sidewalk, and went sneakingly beneath the flag, that waved proudly and defiantly over their heads as if conscious of the noble and soldierly conduct of its brave defenders. Upon being relieved Brower came to Colonel Farnsworth to apologize. He told the Colonel that "he did not know but he had exceeded his duty; but it made his blood boil and he would make them walk under the flag if he died for it." No reprimand was given. Alas; the body of this valiant soldier now lies slumbering in the soil of Virginia; thus he did die in defence of that flag he so much admired.

After General Montgomery took command of the city as military governor the rebels and their sympathizers had pretty much their own way. The truly loyal (and of such there were not a few), were kept at bay. The General was trying to *coak* treason out of the rebels, but our men had entered the field to *fight* traitors, and by their expressed hatred of rebels and respect for the union-loving citizens, soon made the former tremble and fear, while the latter put on a bolder face. Among the loyal men of Alexandria were Mayor Mc Kinzie, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Shim and Mr. Tacy.

Captain Freese—Adjutant General—and the depot Quartermaster, on General Montgomery's staff, were gentlemen of high order, and showed us all due consideration. The union ladies, too, God bless them, were untiring in their attention to the soldiers, especially the sick, and as our efforts were now turned entirely toward the wants of the men and the animals, to keep them in the best possible condition, their assistance was very opportune.

It was evident that no advance could be made at this season of the year; the weather being very inclement and the roads almost impassable. Sickness had increased to an

alarming extent, and in order to take proper care of our patients we took possession of an elegant mansion on Washington street, (the Beverly Estate), known since as Grosvenor Hospital; not, however, without considerable trouble. The owners had packed their goods and gone South, leaving the property in charge of an agent. We applied to General Montgomery for permission to use the house, but he peremptorily refused. Referring to the removal of the Slaymaker family he said we were brought here to protect the people, rather than drive them from their homes, and appeared quite indignant at the idea of our asking such a thing of him. But Colonel Farnsworth had authority from General Heintzelman to take such vacant houses as we needed, and after considerable strategy and sharp practice we obtained the keys, and were not long in filling the house with our sick, who were too numerous to be accommodated at our hospital in the country. The house was supplied with gas, hot and cold baths, and in every way suitable for a first-class hospital; and we were none too prompt in obtaining it for the measles soon broke out among us, and we soon had from twenty to thirty beds filled with that disease alone as long as we remained in the city. These movements widened if possible the breach between us and the rebels of Alexandria. The Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry were on duty here as provost guards to preserve order; with which the Eighth Illinois Cavalry were on the most friendly terms. We were in a measure independent of General Montgomery, being under command of General Sumner, to whom we reported, consequently were under no obligations to obey the orders of General M. Our regiment patrolled the city nightly to look after our own men, and many were the amusing incidents that occurred at such times. None were allowed out after nine o'clock without a pass from his commanding officers, but such good feelings existed between the Eighth Illinois and the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania that they were very sure not to see one another after that hour, though

they met on the sidewalk. The numerous places where liquor was sold and houses of ill-fame, which were found on almost every street, were often entered by the patrol in search of soldiers, and not unfrequently discoveries were made in these dens of vice and misery of officers and men, whose characters when at home were above reproach, and for the sake of their friends we will draw over them the veil of secrecy. We will, however, do the regiment the justice to say that these were the exceptions, and compared with those recruited in the eastern cities, the morals of the Eighth were such as to make us proud of belonging to it.

On Sunday, February 9th, an incident occurred worthy of a place in history. The boldness of the rebels in the city and the lenient manner in which they were treated by General Montgomery and others, had at last aroused the indignation of our men to the highest degree, and they let no opportunity pass to make traitors know and feel that they had entered the army for the express purpose of suppressing and crushing the rebellion. I will here quote an incident as recorded in the *Virginia Chronicle*:

TREASON IN THE PULPIT—ARREST OF A SECESSION PARSON IN CHURCH !

“The Rev. Mr. Stewart, a renegade parson of northern birth, who was lately driven from a western pulpit by an indignant congregation, for his incorrigible and offensive secessionism, and who has since been stopped in attempting to cross the lines on his way to Dixie, was promptly and properly brought up “with a round turn,” as our martial friend has it, yesterday morning at St. Paul’s Church, during what ought to have been divine service, but which the reverend traitor converted into an insolent and defiant endorsement and glorification of treason and rebellion.”

It appears that on several occasions this man has used, in the pulpit, language that would have cost him his life in any other country engaged, as this is, in quelling a rebellion, and that he has taken particular pains to be as offensive as

possible otherwise in matters and manners. He has always omitted, for example, the prayers prescribed by the Episcopal Church of which he is a clergyman, for the President and the Congress of the United States, and on the Sabbath before last, (February 2nd,) he announced from the pulpit that he had an order from Bishop Mead of Virginia, now an active secessionist in rebelldom, to pray publicly in his pulpit for Jeff Davis and his Cabinet, the rebel Congress and the rebel army and navy. After making this announcement, this northern renegade stated openly and defiantly that he should omit those prayers, *not because* his sympathy was not with the government and army of the south, but because he could not read such prayers here without rendering himself liable to arrest. He expected his congregation, however, as he had often done before, to pray *privately* as he did for the success of the rebellion.

Now it happened that the conduct of this clerical traitor came to the knowledge of Captain E. J. Farnsworth, of Company K, Eighth Illinois Cavalry, and this gentleman, being a zealous churchman as well as a gallant soldier, determined to go to church yesterday and see and hear for himself whether this rebel parson actually did neglect to read any of the ritual of the Episcopal church. Well, the parson *did* omit the prayer yesterday as usual, for the President and Congress; whereupon a citizen in the pew with Captain Farnsworth, a stranger to the Captain, quietly and respectfully addressed the parson as follows:

"I request you, sir, in behalf of the government of the United States, to read the prayer for the President of this Union according to the ritual of your church, which I now hold in my hand, and which prayer you have omitted."

The parson continued the service as if he had not been addressed; but there was of course a good deal of excitement among the congregation. The citizen repeated his request in a much louder tone. It was again unheeded by the parson. Captain Farnsworth then said aloud and defer-



lentially, as a christian gentleman is always accustomed to address clergyman :

“Sir, I insist upon it that you read the prayer of our church as prescribed by its forms, for the President of the United States of America.”

The parson still continued the service without paying the slightest attention to the respectful, patriotic and in every way proper request of Captain Farnsworth, whereupon the latter gentleman directed Sergeant John A. Kinley, of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, who was present, to arrest the traitor on the spot. Sergeant Kinley being a young gentleman of education and high breeding, having lately graduated at one of our leading Universities, attempted to perform his duty with all possible courtesy. He walked up to the pulpit and merely laying his hand upon the arm of the rebel parson, said :

“I am ordered to arrest you, sir ; you must discontinue your professional labors and come with me.”

The parson threw off the Sergeant's hand, struck a theatrical attitude which he had evidently studied for the occasion, and got off a melo-dramatic speech, commencing : “I arraign you before high Heaven,” &c., &c., &c. Here the Captain stepped up with some other officers, and the reverend traitor was gently helped from the pulpit. An attempt was then made by the congregation, which was composed exclusively of secessionists with the exception of the military men present and the solitary civilian who had first requested the pastor to perform his duty, to create a disturbance. One fellow struck Captain Farnsworth—a lean, miserable looking fellow whom the Captain could have blown across the Potomac with one puff. Captain F. merely turned around to a friend of the man and said : “Tell that man, sir, if he uses any more violence I will shoot him.” The fellow did *not* use any more violence. Another secessionist commenced to strike out near Lieutenant D. J. Haynes of the Eighth Illinois, who was standing near, when the latter, a powerful

young man, by a single demonstration awed the rebel and those around him into instant submission. The parson was then courteously told to take off his robes, but he was determined not to lose the opportunity he had been so long seeking of making himself a martyr, and he insisted on marching through the streets in full canonicals to the headquarters of Colonel Farnsworth of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Colonel Farnsworth expressed his unqualified approval of the prompt course of his Captain, stating that the proper time and place for making an arrest for an act of treason is when and where it is committed. That is sound doctrine. If a clergyman attempts to destroy the life of an individual from the pulpit, no soldier or citizen violates the sanctity of the house of God, by arresting on the spot the wolf in sheep's clothing who uses the sacred desk for his murderous purposes; and the renegade villian who would attempt to ruin a nation, to foster directly or indirectly a war against the industry of working men of America, against free labor and the liberties of the entire people of this country; the scoundrel who would encourage rebellion against this our glorious government, is ten times more culpable than an ordinary culprit, and deserves more prompt and severe punishment. Not to arrest a man in the pulpit for desecrating it, would be sacrilegious in him, who having the authority did not exercise it. Captain Farnsworth showed himself a christian and a patriot by not permitting the pulpit to be made a rostrum from which to preach treason. It was the reverend traitor who desecrated the sacred desk by his conduct. General Montgomery the commanding officer of the post, subsequently took charge of the prisoner and telegraphed to the State Department at Washington the circumstances of the arrest. The General received an immediate reply ordering him to use his own discretion in disposing of the case; whereupon he set the reverend traitor free. There was quite a jubilee among the secessionists on the release of this man Stewart."

I will add that another of the principal actors in this scene



was William Willard, of Company K., who, by Sergeant Kinley's order laid hands on the reverend man in the pulpit, and assisted him to rise in such a manner as to assure him he was in earnest.

General Montgomery had by this time become so outraged that he only counted an opportunity to complain of us, and before long reported to the authorities at Washington that we were taking lumber from an old building for firewood, and thus destroying property. Colonel Farnsworth at once ordered an investigation which proved that the building had been injured by the rebels, and the owner of the property signed a certificate to that effect, further stating that our men had in no wise molested him or his property.

About this time Battalion Quartermaster, C. W. Waite, resigned and commenced the publication of a loyal paper called *The Virginia Chronicle*, in the printing office on Royal street, making use of the material already there. It was very liberally subscribed for by the soldiers. There was a rebel sheet called the *Citizen*, published on Prince street, nearly opposite Mayor McKenzie's residence, that aroused the contempt and indignation of all loyal hearts by its vituperous and abusive articles. One day the building accidentally (?) took fire, and although hundreds of soldiers were standing around, they were merely spectators—none seemed disposed to assist in extinguishing the flames. A citizen came running up to an officer of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania, who was standing by watching the progress of the fire, saying that "the General sent word to have him order every man to assist in putting out the fire."

"Did he say *every* man," very coolly inquired the officer.

"Yes, he did," replied the excited messenger.

"Then I order *you* to take hold of the brakes," responded the officer, but by some unaccountable means the man was soon missing, and we heard no more of him, but presume he was doing his best to obey orders. The hose were cut in some very mysterious manner, so that it was useless, and the sol-

diers would not work, consequently the building with the entire contents was a total loss, and thus was silenced an organ of secession in Alexandria.

General Montgomery now complained that our men were too far from their horses, and in a case of emergency could not be ready for duty in reasonable time, and, also, that we did not maintain good discipline, and asked to have us ordered from the city to our former camp. To correct the false charges, and be allowed to remain in our present quarters during the inclement weather, Colonel Farnsworth and I went to Washington in the night to see General Sumner, who had been detained there on account of the injury received by the falling of his horse, to whom the matter was properly represented, also presenting a petition signed by the mayor and loyal citizens of Alexandria, contradicting the charges of General Montgomery, and saying that we were the most orderly regiment that had ever been in Alexandria. General Sumner directed us to remain there, but during our absence General Montgomery had obtained an order from General Heintzelman to have the regiment march out to their old camp in half an hour. This order Lieutenant Colonel Gamble at once obeyed, and in twenty minutes after the command was given they had their horses saddled and were out in line, thus proving the falsity of the charges against us. General M. and the rebels were thus completely foiled, and our boys enjoyed their triumph to the utmost extent.

On the morning of the 24th of February, while our regiment was drawn up on dress parade, Mayor McKenzie was summoned to appear in front of us; and when that efficient and popular functionary made his appearance he was made the recipient of a magnificent gold-headed cane, presented on behalf of the regiment, by Colonel Farnsworth, who performed the pleasant duty in the following words:

“MR. MAYOR:—The officers and men of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, feeling deeply sensible of the many and con-

tinued acts of courtesy extended to them by yourself, ever since they left that 'horrible pit of miry clay' where they were encamped, and placed their feet in your city, desire to present you with some token of their regard and appreciation of your kindness.

They hope and intend to continue to merit your good will and esteem, by their soldierly bearing and orderly behavior, and, if opportunity offers, to show their country that the men of Illinois will uphold the old flag upon the Potomac, as well as upon the Tennessee and Mississippi.

In this behalf, I have the honor of presenting you this cane, and with it the assurance of their best wishes for your prosperity and happiness. We know the difficulties which surround you here as the chief executive of this city, but we congratulate the city and the country upon having a Mayor in Alexandria who knows his duty and dares to do it. And when these distressing scenes shall have passed, we may venture to hope that this cane may recall to your memory a recollection not altogether unpleasant of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry."

Mayor McKenzie was evidently very much affected by the gift, and betrayed his emotion while replying to Colonel F., which he did as follows:

"Colonel Farnsworth, when you sent for me this morning, I had no idea it was for the purpose of presenting me on behalf of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, your gallant regiment, a cane,—a beautiful one, too,—elegantly mounted, representing the churches, the schoolhouse and log cabins. Please accept, Colonel, and every officer and private of the Eighth, my thanks for this handsome gift. I shall cherish it ever as a mark of your and their regard and esteem.

"Soldiers of the Eighth Illinois: I was asked by the General commanding the Division of which you form a part, my opinion of your conduct while quartered here. As an honest man I told him frankly, in writing, that I considered your behavior most unexceptionable, and that no harm could

come to the city by your remaining here while recruiting, until needed for more active service. What I said was endorsed by a large number of Union citizens. I did not go to the secessionists to ask their opinion,—they are too willing to bring reproach on Union soldiers. It seems it has given offense in some quarters. Whether it has or not is of little consequence to me. I will try and do justice let who will suffer.

“No discredit shall be shown to Illinois or Illinois soldiers by me. The country is under too many obligations to that State for gallant conduct at Fort Donelson and elsewhere, to say anything against your regiment which I could not do if I would.

Again Colonel, I thank you. Wherever the Eighth goes I shall look for their giving a good account of themselves and the patriotic State they represent.”

The cane was exceedingly heavy and elegantly executed and cost, we believe, over fifty dollars. There were devices on it representing a church, a schoolhouse, a log cabin and this inscription :

“WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE 8TH ILLINOIS CAVALRY.”

A present was never more worthily bestowed than this; Mayor McKenzie being one of the truest specimens of God's noblemen. Seldom are men placed in such trying circumstances as he was, and yet by his simple virtues and direct honesty he satisfactorily performed the duties of his position, and rendered great service to the cause of the Union. Thoroughly hated by the secesh, he was as deeply respected and warmly beloved by all loyal, union-loving men. He was a southern born man, and few who have not occupied his position can appreciate the influences he resisted in maintaining his stand for the Constitution, the Union and the Laws.

On the 3d of March another touching and interesting incident in our soldier life occurred, which I will record by



BRIG. GEN. ELON J. FARNSWORTH.

1864





copying a letter written to a Rock Island paper by Sergeant Will A. Spencer, of Company F:

“FLAG PRESENTATION.”

“Last evening the Methodist Episcopal Church South was crowded to overflowing by the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and the Union people of Alexandria; the occasion being the presentation to the regiment of a flag, purchased by the Union ladies of Alexandria. The exercises were opened by singing ‘My Country ’tis of Thee,’ by an improvised choir, consisting of Colonel Farnsworth, Major Dustin and Adjutants Ludlum and Lumbard.

“Mr. Jefferson Tacy, on behalf of the ladies, then took the banner, (which was a most elegant one wrought of the costliest silk and finished in the most superb style,) and in an exceedingly eloquent and feeling speech presented it through Colonel Farnsworth, to the regiment as a testimonial of the respect and esteem in which the regiment is held by the Union ladies of Alexandria. Mr. Tacy’s remarks were well chosen, and his earnest words were received by the boys of the Eighth with great enthusiasm. He said that the feelings of the Union men as well as those of the ladies of Alexandria, were heartily enlisted in favor of the brave men of Illinois, who had come away from their prairie homes to defend the Union flag and Union men here in Virginia. He was repeatedly interrupted in his speech by loud and vociferous cheering.

“Colonel Farnsworth, on receiving the flag, gracefully stepped forward, and taking hold of the staff said:

“From my heart I thank you in the name of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, for this elegant specimen of the stars and stripes of my country. To you, Union ladies of Alexandria, we are greatly indebted, and we ask you to accept, from every man in the regiment, our most cordial thanks. We left our western homes to come among you, upon the soil of Virginia—a State glorious and great in the past, but at present misled by the wiles and artifices of ambitious men, into

rebellion and treason. Under this flag we have been reared ; its folds have protected us as a nation, it has ever been respected, honored and feared by all the nations of the earth ; and it will ever float, the emblem of liberty "o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave," the refuge of the oppressed. Under this flag Kosta 'was taken from the possession of Austria and restored to freedom, America and Chicago.

"The Colonel then in a humorous, witty, and altogether beautiful description, related the narrative of the event. Afterward he called upon the 'little boy,' John Ryan, of his regiment, to come forward as the bearer, at which summons a specimen of the genus Sucker appeared on the platform, about six feet six inches high, and apparently not over nineteen years of age, into whose hands he entrusted it, assuring them he would defend it. He appealed to the regiment to know whether they would aid him, when a universal cheer and 'Yes' was the response. He told the audience that there had already been a specimen of Illinois courage and determination at *Fort Donelson*. (Deafening applause.) 'Will you, the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, do likewise?' (Cries of 'Yes,' and a shout that shook the whole building.) We left our homes to *fight* secession, not to handle it with kid gloves. Our object is to conquer, and under this flag we will go on to conquest. We will deal with rebellion and treachery as with an enemy—a hydra-headed monster that must be crushed—we will *not* deal gently and with honeyed words with treason. We will *not* coaxingly beseech rebels to return to their allegiance ; we will *not* play the good-natured old man, (referring to General Montgomery), and persuade traitors to be patriots ; but will trust to our faith, and hands and patriotic swords to carry that flag through to victory and peace—to our own western homes, where it will be kept as a memento of our appreciation of the kindness and patriotism of the union ladies of Alexandria.' The Colonel's remarks throughout, were interrupted by applause. The

choir then sung the 'Star Spangled Banner,' the whole audience joining in the chorus.

"Dr. R. K. Smith, a great and deserving favorite with the union men of this city, who was recently removed, through small spite, from the position of Assistant-Surgeon in one of the hospitals of the city, but who had just returned promoted to a Superintendency, where he previously occupied a subordinate position, being observed in the audience, was vociferously called upon, and reluctantly arose. He said he could not respond—his heart was too full; there was something so touching in the ceremonies—so eloquent in the speeches he had just heard, that he could add nothing to improve them. He felt highly flattered by the call, and would say that as a resident of Alexandria before the arrival of this regiment, he had seen them in sickness and in health; had moved among them in the streets and in the hospital, and had yet to find the first man he could not take by the hand and feel that he accosted a gentleman. Their patriotism and discipline; their gentlemanly deportment, and universal sobriety, had made them the favorites with the ladies; and in view of their earnest patriotism they were the recipients of that beautiful flag. They well deserved it. What was it? It was a beautiful emblem of something under which all of us had been reared. It was an emblem that was revered by every true American, because it was the emblem of liberty. It was not for the flag alone the Eighth Illinois had come to fight, it was for that liberty of which this flag is emblematic. Under it they would go to battle determined to conquer, or fall in its defense. When they leave us the prayers of the donors will go with them; their eyes will follow them in the history of their marches; their hearts will weep over their battle-fields, and if, perchance, any of these brave men shall fall under that flag, those who were left would envy them their glory. Their commander was one who could lead them. He was known before they were known as his soldiers; he had been in the councils of the

nation, and had left that post of honor, to assume one more honorable. He had taken the sword and raised a regiment of such men as John Ryan, from the prairies of Illinois. He was a small specimen of what could be done in the West, but they would still do more, for he knew and predicted they would return with a glory that would eclipse Fort Donelson. Let them, however, go where they might—let them be in camp or in the field, the prayers and the hearts of all true Union men and women would go with them, and from thence be wafted to the valleys and prairies and hills of Illinois, to the wives and children who had been left behind them. They would pray God to sustain and protect them in all their adversities—to keep them in his own right hand, and protect their husbands, sons and fathers, in this great struggle. Heaven would protect the flag primarily; secondarily, the tall old gentleman from Illinois would protect, and never abandon it, but would speedily witness the time when all those who were so politely called secessionists would beseech us to receive them in Abraham's bosom.

“On the whole, it was the happiest occasion the regiment has known since its organization, and one that the boys will long remember with pleasure after the white-robed angel of peace shall have folded her wings over our land, and after the gallant band shall all have returned to till their farms in their own favored prairie State.”

During our stay in Alexandria the regiment was not without duty in the field. Scouting parties were sent out frequently, and some companies were out on picket duty nearly all the time. An extract from my diary will serve to illustrate that important branch of the service:

FEBRUARY 19TH, 1862.—The return of our pickets was accompanied with some lively incidents. As a portion of “our boys” with a detachment of infantry were out viewing the rebel lines, up the Acotink, a slight skirmish took place between five members of Company H and about the same number of secesh, who were concealed in brush near



by. The boys crossed a creek, and upon approaching a hill dismounted while Sergeant Doud went up the hill on foot, and turned to descend when he was fired upon by the rebels on the opposite side, without effect. They then mounted and went back to the main body, but the rebels "vamoosed," yelling at every step. One of them was seen to enter a house where our party had previously been to obtain information,—doubtless for the same purpose,—and a detachment was immediately sent to the house and the fellow captured. He was well armed, having a Sharp's rifle, a large dirk knife, a pistol and a superior spy-glass, besides the sabre which one of our troopers lost while riding through the brush. He was taken to General Heintzelman's headquarters, where he was afterwards recognized as a deserter from one of our gunboats on the lower Potomac. Companies D and others went out towards Fairfax Court House without meeting the enemy. Captured two noted secessionists on whom were found papers with plans of our encampment, showing there was communication kept up between the enemies within and without the lines. These captures served to intimidate the rebels and make them more cautious about entering our lines.

The country around Mount Vernon, the home and grave of Washington, was among the places which the regiment was called upon to protect. Acotink Creek was the outer line in that direction, and Pohick Church, memorable for its associations with the Washington family, was frequently visited.

On the arrival of Gen. Sumner from Washington, the field officers and a squadron of the regiment met him at the wharf. After being seated in a carriage with his wife and son, the squadron, accompanied by the superb band of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, escorted him up King to Washington street, where the regiment was formed, in passing which he uncovered his head, allowing the wind to sport freely with his snowy locks, which we had already learned to

reverence. The regiment then conducted him to his camp three miles distant, where, when we were taking our departure, he said to the Colonel "he was proud of our appearance." That alone was more than the most eloquent speech, proceeding as it did from the heart of one we all loved, and whom we were doing our best to please.

The Hutchinson family gave two concerts at the Methodist Church, on Washington street, for our especial gratification. Their songs were all of a patriotic nature, and highly appreciated by us, but exceedingly distasteful to the secesh. This building was used on the Sabbath for a chapel, and our chaplain, Rev. Mr. Matlack, improved these occasions by teaching those purer and weightier matters of the law which all need, and especially those who are about to expose themselves to the deadly shafts of an implacable foe. No small number of our men were professors of religion, and they appreciated the privilege of having a house in which to worship.

About the first week in March, Government Detective Baker discovered and succeeded in breaking up a rebel secret society or club organized about a year previous, and arrested twenty-seven of its members, among them the leader, by the name of Dangerfield, a man of great wealth and influence with that class of people. He was taken to Washington and placed in prison.

The city of Alexandria, which had become so familiar to our men, with its scenes of suffering as well as amusement, is one of the oldest cities on the Potomac river. It dates its beginning back to colonial times, and its streets are named after monarchical fashion, viz: King, Queen, Prince, Duke, &c., &c., and before the war its population was estimated at 12000. Among the objects of interest are the Marshall House, an ordinary wooden hotel three stories high, and now famous for being the place where Col. Ellsworth, of Illinois, was killed, and where Jackson, his murderer, met a speedy and just retribution; Christ's Church, situated on Washington street, and surrounded by a cemetery ancient

and venerable, where among the old and crumbling tombstones, we observed the following epitaph.

“Afflictions sore, long time he bore,  
Physicians was in vain,  
'Till God was pleased, death should him seize,  
And ease him of his pain.”

This is the church where General Washington worshiped, and although its interior has undergone many changes and presents quite a modern appearance, the Washington pew is allowed to remain unchanged. It is a square family pew with seats on three sides, and on the door is a silver plate bearing the inscription “Washington.” It is a great resort for visitors, and during our stay in the city the pulpit was occupied by loyal preachers, mostly chaplains in the army.

Situated on the turnpike leading to Fairfax Court House, but within the city, stands what is familiarly known as the “Slave Pen;” a large brick building, or prison, with a yard enclosed by a brick wall some twelve or fifteen feet high, and over the main door in conspicuous characters you could read the sign of

“PRICE, BIRON & CO., DEALERS IN SLAVES.”

Had this slave pen a tongue, what tales it could unfold of breaking hearts and blasted hopes,—of babes torn from their mother’s breasts and sold in their presence on the auction block,—of husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, parents and children, torn from each other’s embrace never to meet again on earth. But it has had its day. Never again shall such scenes transpire within its walls. The war through which we have passed has been the death knell of slavery and slave institutions.

## CHAPTER IV.

Marching Orders—Advance of the Grand Army—Difficulties of Marching—Rebel Retreat—Wooden Cannon—Plains of Manassas—The Colonel's Joke—Disposal of the sick—Reconnoissance in force—First fight at Rappahannock Station—Men captured—A Surgeon hides in Bed—The 4th N. Y. Cavalry's Rebel Brigade.—Exploded Shell—A Shell story—Lient. Hotop's adventure, and capture by the 4th N. Y. Cavalry—A stormy night—Return to Alexandria—Colonel Viele and his conduct.

March 18th we were ordered to be in readiness to march early next morning. It was now evident something was to be done. A winter of inactivity was about over—the country had become impatient of delay—and our army, while lying in camp, had become reduced by disease; the administration had resolved upon a forward movement. Intimation of this determination had already been given, and thousands of the sick had been sent to Northern hospitals, to make room for those who might be wounded or disabled in the advance. All were anxious to take part in the forward movement, although the season was inclement; and as General Sumner came through the city at five o'clock in the morning he was surprised to find our men in line, ready to move according to orders. He informed the Colonel that seven o'clock would be early enough, and promptly at that time we marched out to Camp California, a distance of three miles, with the rain pouring down upon us, where we arrived at the General's headquarters. There were congregated a large army, and an immense train of wagons, with ammunition and rations.

We remained here for several hours, awaiting the movements of the different commands, and it was not until after ten o'clock that the army began to march. Never shall I forget the appearance of that army as the men filed across the creek, over the plain, and up the ravine, winding among the

hills of the opposite, a serpentine column of infantry, which was not unaptly represented by the term "Anaconda," a term long since given to it from the fact of its trying to coil itself around the enemy.

We, too, took up our line of march in due time, as escort to the wagon train. The rain continued to fall most of the day, and the mud was almost impassable, yet we plodded on, ambitious to meet the rebels in their strong-hold, the famed impregnable Manassas. At night having traveled some nineteen miles, we encamped in a field, where the camp fires of this army made a lively scene. It was late at night, however, before the wagon train arrived, (part of it being stuck in the mud,) and we were obliged to make a supper of what we had in our haversacks, which was little enough.

This, our first night out, passed without anything worthy of note.

Next morning we moved forward to Sangster's Station, where we remained two nights. There we learned that the rebels had evacuated Manassas and were retreating toward Richmond. Our men were somewhat chagrined, yet believed it to be an evidence of their weakness, and not a strategic movement. On the 12th inst., about sundown, we pushed forward through the mud, by way of Fairfax Station, to Union Mills, on Bull Run, where we arrived at nine o'clock P. M., and encamped for the night. Everywhere, to-day, did we find evidence of the enemy's hasty retreat. They had left considerable *debris*, and had burned some wagon and camp equipage, but nothing valuable remained. A slight skirmish had taken place between a few of the rebel Cavalry and a portion of the First New York Cavalry, at Sangster's Station, just before our arrival, in which one man was said to have been shot.

Our regiment was now ordered in detachments to different parts of the field, some to General Howard, others to General French, and a part remained at Union Mills to guard the trains. Friday and Saturday I remained at Un-



ion Mills, while the different detachments were scouting the country in all directions. Centerville, Fairfax, and the country up and down Bull Run, were thoroughly scoured, but no rebels found, except a few stragglers and occasionally some cavalry who kept at a respectable distance. Centerville,—the famous stronghold,—had its forts mounted in part with wooden guns, which frowned upon us very forebodingly, and served to create a great deal of amusement for our men. Manassas Junction, a fine and thriving village, had been burned to the ground and not a building was left standing.

On the morning of the 14th, while encamped in a thick grove, Joseph Bedee of Company B, was accidentally shot with his own carbine. Taking hold of the muzzle to lift it, a small limb caught the hammer and it was discharged; the ball entering the palm of the hand passing up the arm between the bones and out at the elbow, as the arm was bent. This was a very severe injury, from which, however, he finally recovered with a crippled arm,

On the 15th we were ordered to return to Fairfax Station, as it seemed impossible to forward provisions to this point. The roads were terrible,—all the bridges having been burned between us and Fairfax, and the streams were so swollen that it was almost impossible to ford them. We reached Fairfax Station just before dark, with a terrible rain pouring down upon us and many of the men sick. Bedee and another injured man were put on the cars and sent to Alexandria. The remainder of the sick were taken to a deserted house about a mile from the Station, where by tearing boards from the barn and fences, the windows were barricaded, and fires built sufficient to partially dry their clothing. The regiment encamped in a grove near the Station where they remained all night without food or sleep; trying by standing up, to expose as little as possible of their persons to the pelting and merciless rain. They made the best of it, however, sang and shouted to keep up their spirits and

many were the jokes passed through the camp. The horses without forage, stamped and pawed, and next morning were found standing knee deep in mud and water.

We had sixteen cases of measles in our camp besides four other sick men, and more were coming down hourly from exposure. Sending these to Alexandria, and after remaining here during the day and night we were ordered to return to Union Mills with half the regiment. We started at eleven o'clock P. M., and it was so terribly dark we could with difficulty find the road, but we waded along through mud and mire and reached Bull Run at two o'clock at night. Next morning the remainder of the regiment followed. The railroad had now been repaired as far as Union Mills, on Bull Run, so that our forage and rations could be brought to that place.

On the 17th the army forded Bull Run and advanced to the plains of Manassas. This country was well guarded by earthworks or forts, now deserted, showing that the enemy had been as busy as ants digging and ditching, but all had been abandoned without a fight. Part of the regiment advanced beyond Manassas to General French, but the greater portion remained with General O. O. Howard. We took possession of the rebel huts which studded the plain by thousands, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

From March 18th to 27th, the regiment was occupied scouring the country around Manassas meeting with no formidable resistance. It was divided into squads, a part being at Fairfax Station. Headquarters were at Centerville. The Colonel and staff boarded with a family by the name of Jameson, and while here the Colonel perpetrated a joke which is too good to be suffered to pass into oblivion. Quartermaster Van Patten was anything but an abolitionist, while the Colonel was noted for his anti-slavery views. Van Patten had a colored servant who made himself rather too free about the house to suit the family, who were intensely "southern;" persisting in drinking from the same gourd

that the white members of the household used, and doing other things which to them seemed the height of impudence. One of the young ladies in particular, found considerable fault with this servant, while she was greatly pleased with the Quartermaster. One day when she had been more than usually severe, the Colonel very coolly and nonchalantly told her that "it was no wonder that the negro was so bold, considering what an abolitionist his master was." Van Patten was absent at the time, and on his return they treated him with the utmost formality; and although he endeavored to explain, they could not be convinced that he was not one of the worst of "black abolitionists." The Colonel enjoyed this greatly, for he had previously been left rather in the background; but now *he* was the "great man," while Van Patten was obliged to yield the field to his more favored rival.

March 18th I returned on horseback to Alexandria, to endeavor to dispose of the patients in our hospital, leaving Dr. Crawford in charge in the field. Our sick in Alexandria which had been left to the care of Dr. Stull, had increased by the addition of those sent from the field, so that I found the hospital quite full, and as all the available men were needed at the front, we applied to the Medical Director for permission to send the sick to the general hospital, in order to relieve the hospital attendants. Dr. Porter, in charge of the general hospital, opposed this plan, and although the Medical Director gave orders to transfer the regimental hospital to him, he refused to obey them.

At length we made arrangements with Surgeon Goodale of the Ninety-fourth New York Infantry, which regiment had just arrived and was to remain on duty in the city, by which he was to assume the control of our hospital and take charge of the patients.

After remaining in Alexandria until the 26th, busily engaged in making the proper transfers, we packed up what medicines and hospital stores we thought we could carry in

a one horse wagon, and started for the front accompanied by Dr. Stull, a small detachment of convalescents and others. We had not proceeded far before we discovered that our wagon was overloaded and our horse baulky. Our driver also, "Biddy," *alias* Shipman, who had been our cook at the hospital, was found to be somewhat intoxicated, which with the baulky horse made rather a poor team. I took the saddle off of my horse and harnessing him to the wagon drove to Fairfax Court House, a distance of sixteen miles, where we arrived about sundown tired, and with a broken down conveyance. Leaving Dr. Stull in charge, I left the command to spend the night with Chaplain Matlack and lady, at Mr. Haight's some four miles distant. The others pushed forward as far as Centerville where they encamped.

March 27th, we expected to find the regiment at Manassas, but it had moved forward that morning, and finding it impossible to take our supplies further we took what we could carry on our horses, and followed as speedily as possible. During the afternoon we came upon the rear guard of General Sumner's corps, and about sundown, weary and almost exhausted, joined the regiment. They had seen, and driven before them, a few rebels. Six of the Fourth New York Cavalry had been chased by some rebels, when Lieutenant Hynes took a dozen men of the Eighth Illinois, and, after exchanging a few shots, drove them some distance into the woods, and then returned. The rebels found they now had men to deal with of a different stamp from those they had formerly encountered.

The regiment encamped for the night near the railroad station, and by morning found we had several sick men on our hands again, which we took to a log hut near by.

March 28th. Now for a taste of war. To-day our cavalry was ordered to take the advance, and the men were up early. A reconnoissance was to be made under General O. O. Howard. The command consisted of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, Fourth New York Mounted Rifles, Sixty-



ninth and Sixty-first New York Infantry, ("Irish Brigade,") Fourth New Hampshire Infantry, and a New York Battery, composed in part of men from Illinois. We marched along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, three miles, when we came upon the rebel cavalry, who disputed the ground, but fell back as we advanced. Our boys, however, had the satisfaction of "burning some powder at them." Occasionally the battery would open upon them and shell the woods, when they would suddenly disappear, burning the railroad culverts and bridges, the forage, hay and wheat, as they retreated. Unused to war as we were, this destruction of property seemed terrible. As the smoke rose in vast clouds and was followed by the red-tongued flames, which consumed the sustenance so much needed by the inhabitants, it seemed to a certainty that the avenger was at hand.

Our men enjoyed the day's sport to the fullest extent. Once, when near the Bealton Station, the rebels made a stand, and our army was drawn up in line of battle, but the enemy soon began to retreat, not daring to risk an engagement.

On arriving near the Rappahannock we found the bridge and depot in flames. They had run the last train over the bridge and then fired it. As we approached the river, they opened upon us a heavy fire from a battery on the opposite bank to which our artillery replied, and for a short time we thought we should have lively work. Our men stood undismayed and picked up the balls with as much composure as though they were playthings.

We encamped for the night in a grove about a mile from the river. Part of the regiment was thrown out on picket duty, to guard against surprise. That night there was some squealing of swine, bleating of sheep and cackling of poultry, but the men fared none the worse for the commotion.

Saturday, the 29th, we retraced our steps, and reached Warrenton Junction in the afternoon. We now learned that some of our men were missing. Battalion Adjutant Lombard, Sergeant-Major Rayworth, Tobey Leclare, W. W. Wil-



son and H. Crosby, having entered a house to get some refreshments, were surrounded, nearly in sight of our troops, and captured. Assistant-Surgeon Williams, of the New York Battery, who, with an orderly from our regiment, went to a private house for the same purpose, leaving the orderly to hold his horse, was also surprised and taken prisoner. It is said that when the Doctor found the rebels were approaching he attempted to hide in a bed, between the two ticks, but was betrayed by the lady of the house. That night it rained, and our camp in the woods without any shelter was, to say the least, very uncomfortable.

The next morning the whole regiment went over the same ground, in order, if possible, to ascertain what had become of the missing ones. The men marched by battalions; Major Clendennin commanding the left, Colonel Farnsworth the centre, and Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble the right. We learned that they had been surprised while stopping for refreshments; had fought desperately, but were overpowered and captured after having one of their number wounded. This day's work was very hard. We traveled twelve miles to the river, and returned, besides scouting over the country. It rained nearly the whole day.

March 31st a party of the Fourth New York Cavalry was sent out after forage, but soon came in with the report that they had encountered a brigade of rebel cavalry, who were coming down upon us. All hands were soon under arms and a part of the Eighth Illinois at once started in pursuit of the enemy, prepared for a desperate encounter. Moving cautiously, when about two or three miles from camp, they met a foraging party of about twenty of our Eighth Illinois men with bundles of hay on their horses—some tied so as to have a bundle on each side of the horse—others back of their saddles, which gave a very odd appearance to the group; and these were all the "rebels" that had been seen. Such frights were very common and disgusting.

One day we heard an explosion as of a cannon, in an ad-

joining camp, followed by cries of distress. We hastened to the spot and found that a Dutchman had picked up an unexploded shell and carelessly thrown it into the fire where his mess were cooking their dinner. It soon exploded, severely wounding several persons. The Dutchman was so badly injured that his recovery was considered doubtful. This accident occasioned considerable talk in camp, and one of the men related a case said to have occurred in Blinker's command; but I will not vouch for the truth of the story, which runs thus:

"A Teutonic soldier found an unexploded shell with the fuse still attached, and sitting down upon it smoking his cigar, (wondered if the d——n thing would burn) whereupon he touched his lighted cigar to it, and was not seen after the explosion."

April 1st, "All fools' day," was passed in camp with no particular excitement. At night groups gathered around the camp fires, and many jokes were played upon unsuspecting individuals. At the Medical headquarters, the Chaplain, Surgeon, Assistant Surgeon, Hospital Stewards, Quarter-Master Bisby, Commissary Chamberlain and son, with Shipman, the cook, and John Rogers, the color-bearer, composed a lively group, and perpetrated as many jokes as though they were at home, at an evening party, surrounded by all the luxuries of civilization. Our rations were getting scarce, and the railroad was repaired only as far as Cedar Run, two miles distant; which stream, when the water was high, was not fordable. Our supplies had to be brought from Catlett Station, and even there they were not received as fast as needed; but hoping for better weather, and abundant success, the men seemed to look on the bright side of everything.

April 2d, was cold and unpleasant. Another scout was ordered, and we went out in two parties—one under Colonel Farnsworth, and the other under Lieutenant Colonel Gamble. The party commanded by Colonel Farnsworth, when near the Rappahannock, came upon a squad of ten rebel cavalry,

who fired at one of our skirmishers. He returned the fire, and was at once re-inforced by five or six of his companions. The rebels after delivering a few shots, retreated, closely followed by our boys, firing at intervals. One rebel was evidently wounded; he fell forward upon his horse, but again righted and made good his escape, though the chase was very closely contested. Being thoroughly acquainted with the country, they could take advantage of every path and by-way leading through the woods. In the Lieutenant Colonel's party Lieutenant Hotop, of Company D., had a lively time, and narrow escape. Being in charge of the skirmishers, and finding they were becoming too far separated, he went to give them orders to close up, when he lost his way. Taking a track which appeared to lead around a swamp, he was suddenly surprised by encountering some half a dozen rebels, who called on him to surrender. He gallantly refused to do so; firing four shots from his revolver at them, and saving two for a greater emergency, put spurs to his horse and started toward camp. Upon coming to the first fence, his horse leaped over it, but when he reached the second, he found it too high to scale, and was obliged to dismount and open it, when his pursuers gained upon him, rapidly firing as they approached. He now discharged his two remaining loads, felling one horse and wounding one rider, which checked the pursuit.

While making his way into camp, he met a squad of the Fourth New York Cavalry, who took him prisoner, thinking they "had captured one of the rebel officers." The Lieutenant explained who he was, and wanted them to return and capture his pursuers; but no, they were bound to make sure of their one prisoner, and so marched him back twelve miles to General Sumner's head-quarters. After hearing his story, the General gave the Fourth New York men a severe reprimand, calling them "a set of d——d fools." On approaching the railroad bridge, the rebels fired twenty-five shots at our forces with no effect except that of amusing our men. At night the regiment returned to camp without loss.

April 3d, the weather was warm, and the sun once more blessed us with his presence. Our troops took a rest, much needed by both men and horses. Foragers were sent out to gather provender for the horses, some of which was brought in with teams, but more on horseback.

April 4th, was also pleasant, and we began to feel quite recovered from the hard labor we had performed. Sickness from exposure and excessive fatigue, was telling upon our men. Assistant Surgeon Crawford, Quartermaster Van Patten, and seven others, were sent to Alexandria, being too sick to remain in the woods.

April 5th proved to be an unpleasant day. It rained, with cold sleet, which lasted until noon. In the afternoon a foraging party was sent out. Returning in the evening I found Colonel Farnsworth had been taken about an hour previous, with cholera morbus, and was pulseless. Not a moment was to be lost—that night was spent in attending to his case, and the whole camp was filled with anxiety and fear for the result. Before morning, however, he was better, and we spent Sunday greatly relieved from our night of vigilance; and notwithstanding our uncomfortable position, the Chaplain preached to a good audience. In the afternoon another party from the regiment was sent out to scour the country, south and west; while a few of the officers and men paid a visit to the deserted mansion of Dr. Murray, who had abandoned his home and gone with the enemy, leaving his furniture, library, &c., to be destroyed by the troops. As usual in such cases, the men made free use of the library, taking such books as they wanted to read, and on leaving camp, threw them away. One day when passing the house of a Mr. Randolph, I saw books strewn over the fields for a distance of half a mile.

About eleven o'clock P. M., we were aroused from our slumbers by an order from General Abercrombie, then in command, (General Sumner having gone to Alexandria to ship for the Peninsula,) for a battalion of our regiment to



go on a scout to the Rappahannock, under command of Colonel Lucas, for the purpose as we understood of taking the rebels by surprise. The third battalion in charge of Major Dustin was detailed for the expedition. The party was composed of five companies of infantry, two pieces of artillery and one battalion of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. Too independent to call on the Eighth boys as guides, the Colonel took the lead. After marching on the wrong road for a distance of three miles, and discovering that his artillery could not proceed farther, at three o'clock he ordered a halt, to await the dawn, at which time the party again took up its line of march and reached the Rappahannock river about ten o'clock. After throwing a few shells across the river into the enemy's works, and seeing the rebs run like rats from a burning building, the return march was commenced; at this critical juncture the rain began to pour down upon the column greatly, fatigued, which made everything assume a very gloomy aspect. They were ten miles from camp, and the roads were almost impassable. Three companies took the lead and one acted as rear guard. The first named reached camp at four o'clock P. M., and the other company after dark.

Before this party returned we had taken Colonel Farnsworth and some twenty others across Cedar Creek, to Catlett Station, and put them on board box cars to be taken to Alexandria hospital, as their lives were not safe in these wet and stormy woods.

April 8th was a stormy day, and I felt thankful that a part at least of our sick men were safe in Alexandria—especially John H. Ehle of Company D, who had erysipelas from which he shortly after died. That day we received orders to return to Alexandria, and the camp was alive with preparations. During the night a large number had become too sick to ride, and we were very busy getting them across Cedar Run to the railroad. The bridge over the stream had been built about forty feet above the water, and as it had been burnt



by the enemy and not yet rebuilt, we were obliged to cross on the fallen timber which lay over the water, making it not only difficult but dangerous. By dint of unremitting labor we succeeded in getting our sick over the swollen stream, and returned to camp just as the regiment formed in line, ready to start.

The stream near the junction was forded with difficulty, and we proceeded as far as Owl Run which we found could only be crossed by swimming. A part had succeeded in gaining the opposite shore when Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble gave the order to counter-march. The rains of the previous twenty-four hours had increased the stream to such a degree that it was impossible for us to get our baggage over, and only with great danger the troop. Once more were our faces turned toward our former camp which we had left but an hour or two previous. The rain had now become nearly half snow, and the scene of a thousand horsemen floundering in the turbid waters, trying to ford an angry and threatening river, is one which I never wish to see repeated. We reached our old camp just before dark, and found that what little shelter the men had provided for themselves, by piling up logs, sticking stakes in the ground and covering them with their rubber blankets, was gone, and nothing but desolation greeted them. Even the poles and stakes had been taken and appropriated by the troops camped in the neighborhood.

The prospect was very gloomy indeed. The storm ceased about midnight, and after gathering snow to make our coffee, fires were built and the men sat up the remainder of the night to dry their clothes. Notwithstanding our desperate situation (which was increased by our rations being nearly exhausted,) when the news of the capture of Island No. 10, on the Mississippi, was received, there was a shout of joy went up from our camp and we seemed to be inspired with new courage. Contrary to my previous determination not to approve of issuing whisky rations except in cases of

great emergency, I signed a requisition for ten gallons to be given to the men that night. It may be as well to remark here that officers could obtain whisky on requisition approved by the commander, but the privates only by one approved by the Surgeon. I do not know as this was a departure from my settled purpose, for a great emergency had already overtaken us. The whisky however was so unequally distributed that only a few obtained their portion, while some indulged so freely as to make themselves offensive, and my purpose to wait for a *great emergency* to again approve of whisky rations was strengthened.

April 9th broke upon a suffering camp, and I fear I shall fail to portray the condition of the men, with nothing but their blankets to protect them from the tempest which was again raging. Weary and with scanty rations, surrounded by rivers that could not be forded, the sufferings of the soldiers was to us a reality, and not the picture which our boyish dreams had imagined. I will here quote from the diary of Dr. Stull, written upon the evening of this day :

“This whole day the storm has continued, and the situation of our camp is perfectly horrible. There stand the poor horses shivering as though they would fall to pieces, and the poor men, on scanty rations, must lie down in the wet and slop, with the covering of blankets only. My prediction that the Eighth Illinois Cavalry would see grief is again fulfilled. I went two miles to the cars and got some more of our sick men off to Alexandria this morning. It is strange what men can endure when obliged. We already have a sick list which is awful to contemplate. If our friends at home knew what we are suffering, I imagine there would be many moist eyes. I could punish the rebel leaders severely now, if I had the opportunity.”

April 10th, the weather was more favorable, and Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble determined to reach Alexandria by some means ; so starting in the direction of the turnpike leading from Alexandria, through Warrenton, and traveling

ten or twelve miles over a very rough and hilly road, or rather cattle path, we came to the pike, where we found the traveling good. At Broad Run we discovered the bridge had been destroyed and a few of us attempted to ford where the bridge had been. Lieutenant Chamberlain and I, with a few others succeeded, but some three or four became dismounted and it was with great difficulty they escaped drowning. The regiment then crossed at the mills, a short distance below without much trouble.

We reached the Bull Run battle-field before night but found the stream too high to be forded, and encamped for the night on that memorable ground. All around we could see the bones of our fallen heroes who perished on that fatal field. Being short of rations, there was little supper cooked that night, but a corn-crib was discovered which was appropriated to the use of our horses, and a smoke-house well supplied with bacon furnished meat for the men.

Next morning bright and early we took up the line of march for Blackburn's Ford; but here, too, the stream proved to be too deep and rapid, and going down still farther we crossed on a rickety bridge, which had been built by troops, and passing through Centerville and Fairfax Court House, reached Alexandria about five o'clock P. M. But oh, what a contrast between our going out and coming in. We had left Alexandria March 10th, just one month and one day before, with high spirits and buoyant hopes; in good health and well equipped. During that time we had marched hundreds of miles and endured untold hardships, and now returned jaded and worn, with about two hundred less in number.

The companies were soon quartered for the most part in their old places, and commenced to recruit themselves and their horses, preparatory to being shipped to the Peninsula.

We learned upon our return to Alexandria, that our sick had been most shamefully abused by the new Military Governor, Colonel Viele. He kept himself intoxicated the

greater part of the time, and was so abusive that his own men were in constant fear of him. He went to the hospital and ordered men to be sent to the field who were unable to walk about the house; and in every way he could, tyrannized over and abused them. His own Regimental Surgeon, Dr. Goodale, a very reasonable man, and to all appearances a competent medical officer, he ordered under arrest for the most trifling cause—or really without cause. He frequently attempted to exercise authority over the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, which were not in his command.

An incident, illustrating this man's military manner and overbearing impudence, is worth relating. Company D of our regiment, and the Commissary Department were located in large brick buildings on King street. It seemed that it was contemplated using these buildings for hospital purposes, and Colonel Viele, drunk and blustering, went there and ordered the Company and Commissary Chamberlain to move. Chamberlain reported the transaction to Colonel Farnsworth, who instructed them to place a guard over the premises, with orders to shoot the first one who should disturb them. Lieutenant Chamberlain requested Captain Gearhart to "send some of his Dutchmen, who *would* shoot—which was done. Colonel Farnsworth then wrote a note to Colonel Viele, telling him that "some one calling himself Colonel Viele, had been abusing and attempting to give orders about his men, and that to avoid a repetition of the offense he had placed a guard there with instructions to shoot the first man who should repeat the insult or attempt to interfere with his command." Colonel Viele replied that "he was Military Governor in Alexandria, and that he did not know Colonel F., or that he had any authority over the troops there." Colonel Farnsworth's reply to this insulting message was, "I command the Eighth Illinois Cavalry."

Our men awaited anxiously for Colonel Viele to return, and had he done so they would have made short work of him; but he dared not do it, consequently there was no

farther disturbance. We attributed the death of at least one of our comrades, Robert M. Gillett, to the ill-treatment received through the instrumentality of this man, and some of his subordinates.

Before leaving the city, Colonel Farnsworth notified the War Department of Viele's conduct, and he was soon disposed of, to the great relief of the soldiers and union citizens.



## CHAPTER V.

Embarking for the Peninsula—Landing at Shipping Point—Siege of Yorktown—The Rebels Evacuate—Our Pursuit—Cause of Retreat—A Battle Scene—Battle of Williamsburg—Capture of Lieut. Chamberlin and others—An Affecting Scene—Construction of a Bridge over Black Creek—First Battle of Mechanicsville—Destroying Meadow's Bridge—In sight of Richmond—The Eighth under General Stoneman—Battle Hanover Court House—A Picket in the Dark—A Dinner Party—Battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks—Flag of Truce—Stuart's Raid around the Army of the Potomac.

It appears to have been the purpose of General McClellan to transfer the army of the Potomac to some point on the Peninsula, and approach Richmond by that route. All the time we were scouting upon the Rappahannock, preparations were being made and troops embarked for that point. The Potomac river was now literally filled with boats and thousands of troops were leaving daily, and we only awaited transportation. Our sick were sent to general hospital or discharged, and every preparation possible was made to put the regiment in good order for the expedition. In this we were engaged until the 24th of April, at which time we embarked, the field and staff officers on board the steamer "Emperor." Two steamboats, the "Emperor" and "Knickerbocker," one steam tug and twenty transports were required to take the Eighth Illinois Cavalry down the river; making quite a fleet in itself.

Early on the morning of the 25th, we set sail for the Peninsula. That night we anchored in the Potomac near Matthias Point, not daring to sail with so many transports in tow on a stormy night.

The 26th was cold and rainy, and our fleet sailed to the bay; here all anchored except the steamer "Emperor" which went as far as the mouth of the Rappahannock where she anchored for the night.

Sunday, April 27th, we sailed at dawn. Although the bay was very rough we passed it in safety, and in the afternoon arrived at Shipping Point, where was crowded sailing crafts of every description; making a lively scene. That night and all the next day we remained on board the boats unable to disembark. Tuesday the 29th, however, we succeeded in landing a part of the regiment. Canal boats were brought up to the shore for a dock, or wharf, on which the provisions and stores were landed, but the horses were pushed into the water and made to swim ashore. The landing was completed May 1st.

Shipping Point harbor is at the mouth of Cheeseman's Creek, and was the base of supplies for the army. All was bustle and activity. Hundreds of boats and tugs were continually moving,—and the shriek of their numerous whistles made it seem as though some great commercial city had sprung up here as if by magic. That night Barney McGough of Company A, received a kick from a horse which fractured his lower jaw. The wound was properly cared for and next morning he was transferred to the hospital steamer, "Commodore," to be sent to Philadelphia. The country is low, but little above the level of the bay. The water used for drinking came from springs that were overflowed at high tide, and had to be procured when the tide was out. It was, at best, poor and brackish, and in twenty-four hours I could see its effects on our men, in producing diarrhœa. The sick list accordingly increased, and several men had to be put on board hospital boats in the harbor, to be sent to general hospital.

It being the first of the month, and the day we were to be mustered for pay, our Chaplain introduced the subject as to how it could be accomplished. Hospital Steward, Robert Sill, ever ready for a joke, and very witty, at once procured a mustard pot from the mess-chest, and proposed that the Chaplain be *mustar(d)* for pay immediately, to the great amusement of those present.

May 2d, having all safely landed, our Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel, Chaplain and Surgeon, paid a visit to the Head-Quarters of the army, which was some four miles distant toward Yorktown. The country was low and swampy, and in order to make the roads passable, they had been corduroyed; that is, poles or logs had been cut and laid side by side across the road, thus making a log road, over which, wagons went bouncing and pounding; and over just such roads our sick and wounded had frequently to be transported for miles. The reader who has never been in the army, will please recollect what a corduroy road is.

On reaching Head-Quarters, we found the army stretching across this narrow peninsula, from York to James river, and besieging Yorktown. Long ditches, or trenches were dug at night in zig-zag form, in which our soldiers lay during the day; in front of these were rifle-pits, confronting the rebel works. Above these, a man did not dare show his head for fear of the rebel bullets. At proper distances were forts of earth-works, mounted by heavy guns, between which and the enemy's works cannonading was kept up almost constantly. Every day some were wounded, and several severe skirmishes had taken place, but no general engagement, although daily expected.

We were attached to General Richardson's Division of Sumner's Corps, and after reporting, dined at General O. O. Howard's head-quarters. We learned that General Porter, in ascending in a balloon, to take a view of the enemy's position, came near being captured. The ropes attached to the balloon gave way, and the wind carried him toward the enemy, but a fortunate counter-current came in time to land him safely within our lines, after giving him a pretty good fright.

The night of the 3d was more pleasant than usual, and the enemy began a heavy cannonading which continued until about one o'clock A. M. Their pieces made the ground tremble to a great distance, and we felt that something was

about to happen, when early in the morning it was announced that they had evacuated Yorktown.

"Boots and saddles," was at once sounded, and the regiment was soon in pursuit. Our ambulances were loaded with the sick, who were taken to general hospital near Yorktown. As we moved forward, the day being warm, we found hundreds of the infantry had thrown away their overcoats and some other clothing, which literally strewed their camp ground. We approached and passed through the frowning earth-works of famous Yorktown, where some guns still remained, and hundreds of tents were yet standing, whose canvas shining in the sun gave the appearance of a comfortable camp, now deserted. The enemy had placed torpedoes in the sand, some of which had exploded and injured an officer and several men, and we were warned to take great care in passing their works. This cowardly and inhuman method of murder is justly befitting rebels.

As we passed the ruins of this ancient and historic place, we could not fail to call to mind the fact of its notoriety. That here, after a war of seven years for our national independence, Cornwallis surrendered his army and sword to General Washington, a fact that will cause Yorktown to live in our history forever. But now how changed. In place of the victory for liberty, achieved on this very spot, we were pursuing retreating rebels, who were attempting to destroy the life of the nation, born at the surrender to Washington, and involuntarily the question came, "When, degenerate sons of Virginia, the birth-place and home of Washington—will you fully realize you folly?"

Passing up York river, toward Williamsburg, we could everywhere see evidences of their hasty retreat, though nothing was left of any value. It seems that so long as the rebel ship Merrimac, was lying at Portsmouth, our vessels dared not ascend the James river; and rebel works at Yorktown and Gloucester Point, prevented us from going up the York. But as soon as the Merrimac, by her encounter

with the Monitor, ceased to be a terror, and James was open to us, Yorktown was no longer tenable, and this hasty retreat proved to be a necessity, although we in our ignorance, at the time thought our digging and ditching, and zigzag approaches in the swamps, had frightened them from the place; but I digress.

Pushing forward over muddy roads, made worse by rebel retreat, we came to Lebanon Church, an old brick building in the woods, at the crossing of two roads. Here the regiment formed for battle. The regular cavalry, with a battery, under General Stoneman, had taken the advance, and came upon the rebels about two miles from the place mentioned. They made a charge in which they suffered severely; the enemy being partly concealed in the woods. It is said that one of the captains distinguished himself in this fight. The horse of one of his men being shot down, a dozen rebels charged upon the dismounted man and beat him terribly. Seeing this the Captain charged singly on them, discharging his revolvers and then drawing his sabre, he actually drove them from the field and rescued his comrade. I can only account for this by supposing that the rebels had previously discharged their revolvers, and had only their sabres with which to fight.

Our regiment came to the ground thus contested, but finding it worse than folly to attempt an attack upon concealed batteries, and men posted behind trees, were ordered back to the point designated, to make way for the Infantry and Artillery which were rapidly approaching. It was a relief to see the tall boys of the Fifth Wisconsin, the rugged men of the Second Rhode Island, and the noble sons of New Hampshire, as they led the column. As the regiments and brigades passed on both roads with the occasional thunder of flying artillery, sweeping to the front, night closed in upon us, and we were obliged to suspend operations.

It was Sabbath eve—but not like a Sabbath at home. The wounded that had not fallen into the hands of the enemy,



had been brought to the church, where, with Assistant Surgeon Crawford, Hospital Stewards Sill and Stull, and the Chaplain, I visited them. This being our first battle-scene, it struck us very forcibly. Some were dying, others could not possibly recover, and all needed attention, but as yet, none of the wounds had been dressed. The surgeon in charge, though a regular, and a highly educated man, had evidently indulged too freely in the stimulants provided by the Commissary, and was blustering about doing nothing. After a moment's consultation, we all volunteered our services, which were accepted, and the entire charge being given to us, we went to work, and endeavored to do the best we could for the sufferers.

The first attended to was Patrick Kelly, of one of the batteries. His leg was shot nearly off, below the knee. After being shot, he refused to leave his post until he had loaded and fired the gun again, which he actually did, and was then borne from the field. His leg was amputated below the knee. A Lieutenant DeWolfe, of Chicago, belonging to a Regular Battery, was badly wounded. These two men bore their sufferings most heroically. Nearly the whole night was occupied in this manner, and in spite of our exertions, before morning two had died, and one more could not long survive. Lieutenant DeWolfe afterwards died in Washington, but Pat. Kelly recovered, and his comrades purchased a wooden leg for him, and within a year he wanted to enter the service again.

I have been particular in mentioning this Sunday's fight for the reason that no historian of the war, that I have read, has noticed it. All begin the battle of Williamsburg on Monday, and seem to know nothing of this battle of May 4th, 1862.

Monday morning was rainy—in fact, the rain fell almost all day. Our men had “stood to horse” all night; only relieving each other for short intervals, and the animals had not been unsaddled or fed. About ten o'clock firing, both

with musketry and cannon, began upon our left, where Gen. Hooker's command was stationed. It was terribly severe, and continued almost unabated during the day. The country was heavily wooded, therefore our artillery and cavalry could do but little, and the roads were blockaded with army wagons for miles.

Soon staff officers came back for re-enforcements, and orderlies were galloping to and fro with urgent demands for men and guns. One staff officer's horse was so jaded that our Colonel allowed an exchange, giving him a fresh one. As the battle raged in our front all kinds of stories reached us,—one moment it was rumored that the enemy was retreating and the next that Hooker's men were out of ammunition.

The battle had commenced on the left of our line, by the enemy's charging General Hooker's Division in large force, badly cutting up Sickles' Brigade. The Anderson Zouaves fought nobly but were compelled to fall back. One-half hour longer and all the line must have broken in confusion from lack of ammunition. As it was, one of the New York regiments having exhausted their ammunition, fixed their bayonets and took the galling fire of the enemy,—refusing to fall back, because this would bring destruction upon the whole division, and perhaps to the whole of General Heintzelman's Corps. Many a quivering lip asked, "Why don't Kearney come?" and others catching the accents amid the thunder of battle repeated the question.

Our artillery was useless in this part of the fight, on account of the timber and marshy ground, while that of the foe was well supplied with ammunition and mounted in three co-operating forts, the largest of which was called Fort Magruder.

"Oh, why don't Kearney come?" The one-armed hero of Mexico was coming as fast as possible, but the roads were everywhere blockaded with army wagons so that they were positively impassable; and these same wagons came near causing another defeat, as they did at Bull Run. Little did

we appreciate the service we were doing our country, when General Kearney came excitedly to our Colonel and asked for a company to clear the roads for him to advance. Captain Forsyth, of Company A, went to perform the duty, which was quickly accomplished by overturning wagons, thus clearing the road of all obstructions.

On reaching the troops and artillery who were standing in the rain waiting for an opportunity to move forward, the Captain met an officer who he supposed was the commander of artillery, and notified him that "the road was clear and he could move forward," when to his surprise he found he was addressing General McClellan,—there being so little distinction between officers in the field, that he did not recognize the General, although he had served with him during his campaign in Western Virginia.

Very soon the noble men of the Third Maine, and (Heintzelman's favorite regiment,) the Forty-third Maine, and the Fifth and Eleventh Maine, came on like giants of the forest; and then the favorite brigade came marching as if already victorious; alas! many of them to return to their western homes no more; then the Second, Third, Fifth and Seventh Michigan, and lastly the Thirty-seventh New York; when they reached the battle-field, how they did cheer. And right nobly did Michigan and New York sustain the brunt of the battle.

There must have been many a prayer sent up to God that day, that the noble men might be strong and courageous, and that they might be protected and saved—and many a heart stood still, and many a spinning wheel ceased its busy hum on the shores of lakes Michigan and Erie. Ah! little did they know of the gallant men that died, breathing the names of absent loved ones—little did they conjecture the scene of carnage that surrounded the weary soldiers.

The rebel cavalry had charged in strong force upon the Fifth Michigan, who repulsed the enemy with their bristling bayonets, and deployed in line and fired a deadly volley on

the retreating cavalry. They were outnumbered by the foe but not out-done. The repeated charges of the Fifth Michigan and Thirty-seventh New York, told fearfully on the enemy, and at last they were compelled to break and run—and then what cheers! It seemed not like the mere shout of the present, but as though the generations of the future had joined in the wild huzzas. It was heard down the whole line. The Irish Rifles (Thirty-seventh New York,) shouted in unison with the Irish Brigade, “We’ll give you Bull Run.” Then Sickles’ Brigade re-formed, the Anderson Zouaves lying flat on the ground to fire, one hundred yards in front of our batteries, which were firing over them. The invincible Michigans shouted next to the right of the Excelsior Brigade, and thus the cry was carried to the extreme right, where the Thirteenth Pennsylvania had turned back the assault of unnumbered infantry, and had borne the fire of the rebel cannon with the loss of but ten to twenty killed and wounded. The cheers which had come from the left to the right in front, were answered with strong emphasis by the Regular Reserves and Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

During the afternoon we were advanced toward the right of the line, to support our batteries, and although not actively engaged, we were under fire, and the cannon balls from Fort Magruder came tearing up the soil about us. Finally Hancock made a charge to the right which put an end to the strife—the rebels gave way; and the fighting ceased for the night.

About five o’clock P. M. General McClellan and Staff came up to General Sumner’s headquarters, (General S. having been in command during the day), and was received with deafening applause by all who knew him—even the wounded and dying joined in the shouts.

Night closed in on a weary, suffering army. All the houses and barns near our line were filled with the wounded. A terrible storm was raging, as if to drown the cries of the suffering, which many times could be heard above the howl-

ing of the elements. The regiment moved back a short distance, pitched a few tents and tried to picket the horses, but the poor animals having been without food for two days and nights, were restive, and would tear away from their fastenings and run frantically among the men, to the great danger of those attempting to sleep.

Early next morning (May 6th,) we advanced over the battle-field and occupied Williamsburg. In passing over the scene of the fight the dead were seen lying everywhere. Judging by the marks of shot and shell, it would seem that no man could have survived who was in range of the fire, as every tree and shrub was battle-scarred. Passing through a dense woods, thick with undergrowth, we came upon the "slashings," where the trees had been cut down in every direction to impede our progress, and give an opportunity to fire from the forts, and at this point seemed to have taken place the most desperate fighting. I observed two Zouaves lying side by side where they had bravely faced death. They must have been brothers, for their stature, their bronzed faces and general appearance were enough alike to have been not only brothers, but twins. Friend and foe lay in the embrace of death, as still and quiet as though no violence had hurried them into the great Beyond.

In company with Chaplain Matlack we passed across the field and then returned; the fallen timber being so thick that we could see but a few feet on either side of us. But we counted one hundred and six union dead, and ninety-six rebels. In one place we found the corpse of a stalwart rebel lying behind a tree, and still clenching his gun, his forehead pierced by a rifle ball. The tree before him was scarred so thick with bullet marks one could scarce put the point of his finger between them. By peering around the tree from the position he had occupied, we counted fifteen union soldiers lying within easy range of his gun, none being more than forty-five yards distant.

Passing by Fort Magruder and several other strong earth-



works, and by rows of rebel huts, now filled with the wounded and dying, we soon came to the old city of Williamsburg, the pride and the capitol of Virginia in colonial times, where her House of Burgesses had resounded with the eloquence of noble ancestors—now a dilapidated village. We encamped upon the common, in the suburbs of the town.

In taking a survey of the city, we called to mind that it was here that Patrick Henry thrilled the colony and the whole country with his patriotic appeal, in which he uttered these immortal words, “give me liberty, or give me death.” The old capitol and all the principal churches were used as hospitals; and we volunteered to assist in dressing the wounds of these suffering ones. The rebels had abandoned their wounded, and no time was lost in providing for their comfort the same as for our own men.

While dressing the wounds of an Irishman, who had enlisted at Mobile, Alabama, I asked him why he had enlisted. He answered that “all who refused to enlist were called cowards; and he would not be called a coward, so he entered the army.” He had no idea of the merits of the cause for which he was fighting.

In a private house near by, we attended a very intelligent Lieutenant, (an Adjutant,) from Florida, who had formerly been in the employ of the firm of Doggett, Bassett and Hill, of Chicago. He was in all probability on his death-bed, for I thought his wound would prove fatal.

On the 8th of May, Drs. James R. Wood and Ayers, together with several volunteer Surgeons and Chaplains, arrived and tendered their services. Surgeon R. K. Smith, Assistant Medical Director, informed me that their hospital stores had not yet arrived, and what to do for bandages and dressings, and how to provide for the men he did not know. I informed him that the good ladies of St. Charles, Illinois, had provided us with a large box of bandages, which we had brought with us; and that we had tents pitched where we could provide for the distinguished guests. And that box

being opened, actually supplied the wants of both union and rebel soldiers, until the hospital stores for the army arrived. Surgeon Smith said to me afterwards that "it was truly a God-send to him and the suffering men."

Surgeon James R. Wood was placed temporarily in charge of the wounded, and we detailed Peter C. Simmons, of Company A, to remain as nurse; as we were obliged to leave a few of our regiment, who were too sick to march farther. While here, it became necessary to procure some supplies for our horses, and Lieutenant Commissary B. S. Chamberlain was ordered to go to a certain farm, supposed to be about a mile distant, and look for forage. He, with his son Oscar, Quarter-Master Sergeant Stanley, and —— Ricord, of Company D, started to obey the order, but were attacked and captured by a squad of rebel cavalry. For an account of Lieutenant Chamberlain's capture and experience in rebel prisons, see appendix.

The army remained at Williamsburg from the 5th to the 9th of May, for what reason we could not divine; but our regiment was sent out in detachments, to scour the country in all directions, in which service they captured several prisoners. The battle of Williamsburg being the first great contest in which we had participated, or even witnessed, many sought an opportunity to look over the battle-field, and in doing so an incident occurred of such touching interest, we think it worthy a place in our history.

A Chaplain from Massachusetts, who had just arrived, was anxious to go over the battle-field, and in company with our Chaplain, Matlack, soon reached the place where the dead were being arranged in rows for burial. He informed Mr. Matlack that upon leaving home, he had promised Mrs. Benson, a widow lady, that he would ascertain the fate of her boy, Willie, and further remarked that the one he was in search of was an only son, beloved by a christian mother, and numerous friends, who were anxiously awaiting tidings of his safety. Mr. Matlack told him the regiment he sought

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was performing the sad duty of burying the dead. He was so fearful that Willie might have met with some misfortune, he hardly dared to introduce the subject ; but mustering up courage, he first asked if their regiment had been engaged in the fight.

“No, we came upon the field just as the battle closed,” was the gratifying intelligence.

He then told the men that he was commissioned by a widow lady, to look after her darling boy—the only support of her declining years—and that he almost feared to ask for him ; but as they had not been in the battle he felt greatly relieved.

Just at this point one of the men interrupted him by saying :

“Oh, we came up in time to have a little brush with the rebels, and one of our best men was killed.”

“The man I am looking for is named Willie Benson ; can you give me any information of him ?” said the Chaplain.

“We have just buried Willie Benson ; he was the only one in our regiment that was shot or injured ;” and while the strong man who could bravely face the life-destroying fire of the enemy spoke, his face turned deathly pale, and in his eyes glistened tears. His comrades, also, were very much affected. How sad the tidings the Chaplain carried to the anxious, waiting mother—how like a thunder-bolt it must have struck her—she who was watching and hoping, and praying for his return. And is this a solitary instance of the blight and desolation of home circles. Alas, many—too many—are the hearts that are yet sore and bleeding—mourning in vain for loved ones that perished in the late conflict.

On the morning of the 9th of May, one squadron of the regiment, Companies D and F, having been ordered to report for duty at General Key’s Headquarters, we were commanded to advance, and for some eight miles, found the road strewn with broken wagons, caissons, ambulances, &c., left by the rebels in their retreat. We reached a place called Burnt

Ordinary and pitched our tents for the night; but while preparing supper, orders came for us to go at once to the relief of General Stoneman, who with the Sixth United States Cavalry, had been skirmishing during the day. They had killed four or five of the enemy, and had lost four of the Sixth Cavalry, who were taken prisoners, and it was rumored had been shot after they were captured. The regiment was soon moving, and after the tedious march of the day, this night march was exhausting. Our animals had not eaten since morning, and we were so oppressed with drowsiness that I, for one, almost fell from my horse many times. Had we been attacked, we could hardly have aroused sufficiently to defend ourselves.

We reached General Stoneman, at Slatesville, at two o'clock the morning of the 10th, and the General expressed himself to Colonel Farnsworth, as "greatly relieved by our presence." In fact his situation was very critical. Some twenty miles in advance of the army with one regiment of recruits, had the enemy known his weakness they could easily have annihilated his little band of patriots.

When we arrived we found General Stoneman and staff lying rolled up, each in his blanket, with small fires burning near; and imitating their example we had a short nap before morning dawned.

May 10th we moved forward to New Kent Court House, and after a short halt, again started in pursuit of the enemy.

The regiment was now divided into two columns. One under Colonel Farnsworth, moved directly forward, and when about two miles from New Kent came upon the enemy. As the column was ascending a hill, through a wooded ravine, the rebels opened fire upon us. A shell exploded just at the head of the column, the pieces being scattered among the men like hail, and one large piece passing over the heads of the men the whole length of the column; Adjutant Gifford's fine horse was shot under him. Immediately our men deployed and began skirmishing through the woods;



when the enemy limbered up and made good their retreat. Having accomplished our object in finding out their position, we returned to camp at New Kent. It was really amusing to witness the animation of our men when they came in sight of the enemy.

The detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble moved in the direction of Bottoms' Bridge, on the Chicohominy. They also encountered the foe and did some lively fighting but with no loss on either side, the rebels retreating as our men advanced. Night found us in camp at New Kent. Here the old court house was still standing, (though in a dilapidated condition,) where Patrick Henry made his celebrated "beef speech." We stood on the same rostrum, and some of our men repeated extracts from that famous speech from the same stand occupied by that illustrious statesman.

Sunday, May 11th, was spent in camp by some, while a part of the regiment were sent to the front, and waked up the rebels batteries again. Sunday eve, Chaplain Matlack preached an effective sermon.

Monday 12th, we remained in camp until night, when we marched two and a half miles to Cumberland, on the Pamunky river, and the next morning up the river seven miles to the celebrated "White House," the famous home of that enchanting widow, Mrs. Martha Custis; afterwards Mrs. Washington. All of this country was full of historic interest. It was here that Washington first met the fascinating widow, when on his way to Richmond, on military duty, wooed and won her. This house which was the scene of this courtship, had been so repaired and changed that little of its former appearance remained. It stood on the right bank of the Pamunky river, surrounded by a large, fertile and highly cultivated plantation, and was owned by a son of General Robert E. Lee. The estate was then in charge of a Major Lee, of the regular army; a descendent (a nephew I think,) of the rebel General who was then at this plantation. We encamped in a clover field, and having some sick on hand



applied for the house to use as a hospital, but received a peremptory refusal from Major Lee.

We had not been in camp long before our men moved out against the rebel cavalry, who could be seen on the adjacent hills, watching our movements. Our men being deployed in skirmishing orders, came to a fence and ditch, (which, by the way, are very common upon Virginia plantations), and when attempting to jump the ditch the horse of Sidney Sessions, of Company L, fell; and his carbine exploded, the contents entering his body, killing him almost instantly. His remains were brought back to the White House, a rude coffin, the best that could be made, was provided, and he was buried by his comrades, on the banks of the Pamunky, a few rods from the house, under a noble tree. I saw a notice in a New York paper, written by a correspondent in Grant's army two years after the time of this accident, stating that they camped on this very ground, and particularly noticed this grave with the head-board, marked as we had left it.

The infantry were now coming up by thousands, and covering the vast plain bordering the Pamunky. On the 14th we moved forward two-and-a-half miles. We scouted as far in advance as Black Creek, a small but deep stream, over which both the bridges on the railroad leading from West Point to Richmond, and the wagon-road bridge, had been destroyed by the retreating enemy. Here we remained until the 17th, when we moved forward two miles farther. General McClellan and staff arrived at the White House on the 16th inst. Our long delay in this locality was to us a great wonder, and in company with Colonel Farnsworth I went to General Stoneman's headquarters, and there learned, to some extent, the cause of our detention. The bridge over Black Creek having been destroyed, West Point engineers had taken a survey of the spot—its bearings and distances—had made a profile view of the structure to be erected, with proper estimates, etc.; had even re-surveyed it, and sent their estimate to headquarters for approval, which had consumed

much valuable time, and was likely too occupy many days more ; while this immense army was waiting to cross the stream.

"I expect they will be ready to commence work to-morrow," said General Stoneman.

"I can take a few of my men and construct a bridge in half a day," remarked Colonel Farnsworth.

"Will you do it?" said Stoneman.

"I will, with your permission," was the reply.

"You can have a detail of all the men you need," said General S.

"I want no detail but my own regiment," replied Colonel F.

In this brief manner the question was settled, and early next morning a small squad of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry went to work, and in two hours and a half constructed a substantial bridge of logs across the stream and at once crossed over, and soon captured a prisoner. General Stoneman crossed, and then dispatched a messenger to General McClellan, stating that he was "beyond Black Creek, and was moving forward to Richmond." Soon after the bridge was built the engineers arrived on the ground, and were highly incensed that they had not the privilege of erecting the structure. The whole army train crossed without difficulty, no change being made except to build a staging in the middle, as the stringers were so long that the bridge would swing too much. I mention this incident to illustrate the fact that much of the delay in the movement of the troops was due to a want of tact or aptness in the officers to do things in a rational manner. In army parlance there was too much "red tape."

That night we encamped on Dr. Webb's farm, and on the 19th again advanced some six miles, (all the time driving the rebel cavalry before us,) to Coal Harbor, in newspaper and army reports erroneously spelled *Cold* Harbor, which is nothing but a country tavern, at a cross-roads. The First Battalion, under Major Clendennin, some few miles to the right,

near the Pamunky, captured two loaded teams and eighty-five mules and horses, and brought them safely into camp, with not a few negroes, who fell in with the train. One negro, called Joe, witnessed the capture and at once left his team and plow standing in the furrow, and came with the others. He was very tall, and his clothes were patched with cloth of so many colors, that the original garment could not be determined. He danced for joy at the idea of being free, and his demonstrations were so ludicrous that he attracted the attention of all beholders. In this portion of Virginia the better, or more educated whites had either left their homes out of fear, or were in the rebel army, and the poor and ignorant who remained, were truly objects of pity—ignorant in the extreme and untruthful in their representations, while the negroes, although nearly as ignorant, always gave us the best information in their power. At one house where we called for a drink of water, a poor old lady asked us “if we had actually come to take away all their niggers, and kill all the white folks?” Poor, simple woman, she had lived half a century and had never been ten miles from the house she then occupied.

Our teams and ambulances having been left behind, we encamped for the night without even blankets; pickets were thrown out in all proper directions, as we were far in advance of the army, and had reasons for being doubly cautious; fires were built, the horses picketed, and some rails laid on frail crotches stuck in the ground for a partial protection from the night air. The Chaplain and Medical Staff crept under them. It was no uncommon thing for horses to get loose and endanger the limbs and lives of the soldiers, by running over them. Falling asleep with this thought uppermost in his mind, the writer dreamed that a horse was upon him, and sprang to his feet striking his head against a rail which supported the others, thus bringing down the whole rail tent on the sleeping victims. For a few moments, consternation seized them, but no one was seriously injured, and order being again restored, a little sleep was obtained.

May 20th, as we had taken the advance heretofore most of the time, to-day the Sixth United States Cavalry (a new regiment,) moved out first. They neglected the precaution we had observed of throwing out skirmishers, but moved down the road through a dense forest, towards Gaine's Mill, where they were fired upon by the rebels. Some were killed, and several severely wounded. Our regiment advanced to the scene of the conflict, and encamped near Gaines' Mill.

On the 21st, Companies E and K, had a lively skirmish, which resulted in driving the rebels farther toward Richmond. We now had a number of sick on hand, and Hospital Steward Stull was sent, with an ambulance and eight patients, back to White House, where a hospital had been established. We remained here awaiting the arrival of the infantry, until the 23d, when General Smith's Division having come up, we again moved toward Richmond. We advanced without much opposition to Beaver Dam Creek, within six miles of Richmond, when a rebel battery opened fire upon us very lively. For a few minutes things looked rather serious, as the shells came thick and fast; but the fences were soon thrown down on either side of the road, the regiment formed in line of battle, the artillery brought forward, and in ten or fifteen minutes the rebel batteries were silenced. Our men stood to horse, in line of battle, all that night.

#### BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE.

Early on the morning of the 24th, an advance was made upon Mechanicsville, which, by the way, is a small town five miles from Richmond on the north side of the Chickahominy, and half a mile distant from the river. Here several roads converge into one grand turnpike, which leads to the city. Its name is supposed to be derived from the fact of its great superiority in mechanic arts; for most of the towns in this part of the State contain only one blacksmith shop, but this one actually had two, besides several other houses. The enemy made quite a stand at this village, but were vigorously shelled by our artillery. The firing was so severe



that many houses were completely torn to pieces. The rebel aim was also very accurate. One ball passed through the ranks of Company L, shattering the left elbow of Corporal Samuel Dodge, carrying away his haversack, rubber blanket and the pommel of his saddle, and breaking his pistol in the holsters, buried itself in the ground near by.

The Second Battalion of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, under Major Dustin, supported both flanks in this battle, and the remainder of the regiment were actively engaged in performing picket duty. After the rebels were driven across the river, Captain Rapelje, with Company I, undertook the perilous task of destroying the turnpike bridge. He succeeded in reaching the river, and four men, John J. Gosper, Albert Gorty, Erastus Wright and Aaron W. Chase volunteered to destroy the bridge, which they did successfully by chopping off the timber which supported it, being all the time in easy range and under the fire of the enemy's guns. For the skill with which he handled his company, and the daring displayed by the officers and men, he deserved and received due credit. The same day the First Battalion encountered the rebel cavalry some two and a half miles north of this point, and in the engagement one rebel was killed and several wounded. They also destroyed portions of the railroad and burned the bridge. The rebels began to stand in great fear of our carbines, as they had none so efficient.

Early that morning the Fourth Michigan had a severe fight across the Chickahominy, a few miles below us at New Bridge, in which they chastised the "Louisiana Tigers" most terribly. We saw many of the wounded, and it is a remarkable fact that most of them died; the mortality among them being almost unprecedented. We were now within sight of the spires of Richmond, and only five or six miles distant. The Chickahominy river was the dividing line between the two armies, our cavalry protecting the right, and our pickets extended up the Chickahominy and railroad



to Hanover Court House, and thence toward the Pamunky.

We now took possession of Walnut Grove Church for a hospital, where our sick were comfortably cared for. During this time since the 10th inst., Companies D and F, who were detached from the regiment and reported to General Keys, had seen service in another part of the field. They had been scouting, skirmishing and doing *Orderly* duty, and had therefore seen the movements of the left of our army. On the 11th, a part of the squadron went out on a scout and captured fourteen rebels, without losing a man. On the 13th, General Key's Division reached New Kent Court House, where they remained three days, at which time, fourteen men of Company D were ordered to report to General Casey. Among the number, was A. P. Thoms. This service gave them an excellent opportunity of knowing the movements of the army, as they were employed in carrying dispatches to all parts of the command. This portion of the army advanced to the Chickahominy, and to the left of the York River Railroad Bridge. On the 20th, quite a lively skirmish occurred at this bridge, when General Casey's infantry and artillery drove the enemy from the bridge so rapidly that they failed to destroy it completely. On the 23d, another advance was made, and some severe fighting took place, and the rebels were forced back beyond Savage Station. On the 24th the fighting was renewed.

While leading his men in the thickest of the fight, General Negley had his horse shot, and immediately mounted the gallant steed of A. P. Thoms. This time the rebels were driven as far as Seven Pines, near Fair Oaks, only seven miles from Richmond. The enemy were finally forced back to within five or six miles of their Capitol, and the army set to work felling trees and erecting works of defence, to strengthen their position.

At this time our right, which was held by the Eighth Illinois and other cavalry, was posted as heretofore stated, and our left rested on White Oak Swamp. The main body of

the army was near the center of this line ; General McClellan's headquarters were on the northwest side of the Chickahominy, while Generals Keys, Casey and others, were located on the south side. The stream, winding through heavy forests and swamps, east of Richmond, from a northwesterly to a southeasterly direction, formed the respective fronts of the two armies, as far as New Bridge, where our line crossed it, thus making the line of the main army, from northwest to southeast, about ten miles in length, besides the cavalry on each flank, which extended many miles farther. Across it ran seven roads in the following order : The Brook Turnpike, the Mechanicsville turnpike, the Nine Mile road, York River R. R., the Williamsburg road, the Charles City road and the Darleystown road.

On the 27th of May a force, under command of General Fitz John Porter, moved up on our right toward Hanover Court House, while the Eighth and others, under General Stoneman, went in the same direction in supporting distance. About 4 o'clock P. M., General Porter's command met the enemy near Hanover Court House, and a desperate battle was fought in which we did not participate. We, however, came upon the rebel cavalry, and on reaching the railroad captured and destroyed a train of cars. The train was trying to make its way from Hanover to Richmond ; but when the men found themselves within our grasp they abandoned the cars and took to the woods. We took possession, ran the train up the road as far as we wished to reconnoitre, and then returned and set it on fire.

It was nearly dark, but having destroyed the Virginia Central Railroad at this point, it was thought desirable to pass over to the Richmond & Potomac road some ten miles distant and destroy that also, so as to interrupt communication with Richmond from the north. But we had no guide who knew the way, and as it was known that the rebels were on the alert, guarding against this very movement, it was considered a very perilous undertaking. However, General

Stoneman's order that it be attempted must be obeyed, and the regiment advanced through pitchy darkness, without guide or compass. It had gone but a short distance when the vanguard came upon the rebel pickets. In order that the movement might be conducted as secretly as possible, orders had been issued not to fire, but if possible to capture any pickets they might encounter. George Gould and John Vincent, of Company K, were in the advance, when a picket demanded :

"Who comes there?"

"Friends," was the reply.

"Dismount, advance and give countersign," was the next command.

Our men were in a dilemma. They dare not fire, on account of their orders, and they were too far in advance of the column to receive support. Their only hope was to keep the picket from firing or giving the alarm, until their comrades came up; but delay to comply with the first order was dangerous. Seeing our men hesitate, the picket again demanded them to dismount and give the countersign, or he would fire. By this time some of their picket reserves had approached, and they fired upon our men and then ran to the reserve station. One ball took effect in the shoulder of George Gould, producing a severe wound. This aroused their whole camp, and the command was obliged to return satisfied that a more dangerous or inconsistent attempt to destroy a railroad had never been undertaken.

Having failed in this we returned a short distance and encamped for the night, which, by the way, was rainy and very unpleasant. Our relaxation from labors, consisted in the men keeping their horses saddled and themselves ready to mount and fight at a moments notice. I think that nothing but the darkness of the night prevented our foes from attacking us immediately, as we were a small squad many miles from the main army on roads very muddy, and encumbered with a section of artillery which we could not

use in that timbered region. Early next morning we returned to a cross-road and rested. We had some prisoners at this place that our men had captured the day before. The manner in which they were taken I do not recollect, but I know there was great gallantry displayed, which formed the topic of conversation in the regiment.

While we were stopping here, the prisoners taken at the battle of Hanover, (some six hundred in number,) were marched past. Colonel Farnsworth asked one of them, an Irishman, how he came to be in the army, and what he was fighting for. He answered that "he was fighting for the men that pushed him into it." This is all he appeared to know of the merits or demerits of the cause in which he had risked his life. We remained here until the next morning, while the troops who had fought at Hanover returned to their former camp, and on the 29th we returned, via Mechanicsville, to a camp one mile from Walnut Grove Hospital.

Our regiment now guarded the right wing of the army for ten miles along the Chickahominy and Virginia Central Railroad, having picket stations and reserves at various points.

On the 31st of May and 1st of June, was fought what is known as the battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks; on the south side of the Chickahominy between Bottom's Bridge and Richmond, and within six or seven miles of the latter place. The ground was low, flat and heavily timbered. On the morning of May 31st, Major Beveridge crossed the Chickahominy to take command of his battalion on that side of the stream; but before joining his men he heard rapid firing, and hastening forward discovered General Casey's men falling back before an impetuous attack of overpowering numbers, and General Keys advancing to their support. He reported to General Keys, and was directed to keep his men well in hand and as near him as possible. Already many of the Eighth were actively engaged. Lieutenant Granger of Company F, was Aid-de-camp to General Keys, and A. . Thom<sup>s</sup>



and several others were acting as orderlies. Companies D and F soon found their camp invaded by Casey's retreating division, and the enemy's shells were falling and bursting among them. From this time the battle raged with great fury, and the part the Eighth took was mostly in the discharge of duty as aids. They were everywhere in the fight, and were highly complimented by Generals Keys, Negley and others. The remark was made by a reporter that "the Generals were aids for the Eighth Illinois Cavalry."

Company D lost one man killed, and Corporal Love of Company F was severely wounded. Major Beveridge, Captain Cleveland, Captain Gearhart and their Lieutenants, displayed undaunted courage and bravery and well deserved the praise so liberally bestowed by their superior officers.

In this day's battle Companies D and F lost all of their camp equipage, extra clothing, blankets, &c. We will not attempt to describe the struggle. The ground was fought over and over again, lost, then regained, until night closed in upon another of those terrible battle scenes of this destructive war. It was the Williamsburg scene embellished if possible with greater horror.

The men lay upon their arms that night. Before dark however, reinforcements arrived from the north side of the Chickahominy, General Sumner in command, and when the next morning the enemy attempted to turn our right at Fair Oaks Station, they were repulsed, and the second day's fight resulted in advantage to our side. This battle caused terrible slaughter, and delay in our prospective advance on Richmond. Our reported loss was 5739 in killed, wounded and missing. Among the wounded was General O. O. Howard who lost an arm. The enemy admit a loss of 4233.

On the 2d and 3d of June I made an ascension in the balloon "Excelsior," near Mechanicsville. Cannonading was kept up on both sides, though the army held, substantially, the positions occupied before the battle. We could look down on Richmond, having, at the distance of five miles, an



excellent "bird's eye view" of the rebel capitol; but I became convinced that balloons could be of little service in this timbered country. The camps of the confronting armies could be determined by the smoke of their fires issuing through the trees, which with their dense foliage entirely obscured the movements of those below. Hundreds of thousands of troops could be moved for miles without being discovered from the balloon. However, it was an agreeable but expensive pastime; and Captain Allen promised to let me have another airy flight when we entered Richmond, which we were daily expecting to do, but which pleasure we were forced to forego.

Many of the incidents connected with picket life on the Chickahominy were very amusing, as well as instructive. The inhabitants who had ventured to remain on their farms were opposed to dealing in United States currency, known as "Greenbacks," but would readily dispose of anything they had to spare for Confederate notes. By some means, I know not when or how, our boys became possessed of a considerable sum of currency of this description, with which they carried on quite a lively trade with the country people. They purchased butter, giving from a dollar to a dollar and a half per pound in Confederate currency, and chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, etc., were to be had at like exorbitant prices; and when southern money was wanting, there seemed to be little lack of these commodities. One day some officers from another camp called upon Colonel Farnsworth and dined with him in the usual way. A few ponchos spread on the ground served for table and tablecloth, but when the guests were seated, *a la Turk*, chickens, roast pig, honey, butter, etc., were brought forth, to the utter astonishment of the visitors. They remarked that they had no such fare in their camp, and wondered how he obtained these luxuries. The Colonel replied that he had learned one important lesson from the Scriptures which he religiously observed. He did not know that he could quote the text correctly but the lesson

was this: "Eat what is set before you, and ask no questions, for conscience' sake."

On another occasion Company K, (Captain E. J. Farnsworth,) being on picket, an invitation was sent to camp for several of the officers to visit the picket post. On their arrival they found the Captain's headquarters in an elegant mansion, which had been deserted by the owners—the colored people preferring to remain and take their chances with the Yankees. The guests were ushered into the splendidly furnished parlors, and after a short time were invited into the dining hall, where the table was groaning under its weight of luxuries. Colored waiters were in attendance, as in the most fashionable hotels, and one course after another was served. The china was of the most exquisite pattern, and silver spoons, forks, etc., in abundance. After the substantials were dispatched in the most approved style, the dishes were removed, and the waiters brought from the cellars some of the rich old wine, such as Virginia planters usually keep.

After dinner an elegant carriage, with silver mounted harness, was brought to the door to escort the guests to the picket posts. Could the old rebel—the owner of this splendor—have looked in upon our party, either at the table, or in his fine, family carriage, I think he would have cursed the Yankees more bitterly than ever.

The following incident will illustrate the opinion General Sumner entertained of the daring and intrepidity of "our boys:"

A Lieutenant commanding a New York Battalion reported to him for duty—when the General ordered him to the front—and if possible ascertain the position of the enemy.

"How far shall we go?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"As far as you dare go, and you will find the Eighth Illinois miles ahead stealing horses," was the General's reply.

On the night of June 3d the enemy made a demonstration on the left of our army which was commanded by General Keys. The fighting was severe, and a part of the Eighth

Illinois was under fire, but no casualties occurred. The rebels were repulsed and the lines remained as heretofore.

Our hospital at Walnut Grove Church was at this time in charge of Assistant-Surgeon Crawford. Peter C. Simmons, of Company A, who had been left as nurse at Williamsburg, having returned to the regiment, was now acting as nurse at this hospital. He gave a glowing account of the attention paid him by the officers at Williamsburg, where he was chief nurse of a hospital. He had a colored servant assigned him while there, who blacked his boots, and gave him so much personal attention, that his natural dislike for the colored people seemed to have been lessened. At Walnut Grove Church occurred an incident too good to be lost, which, in the end, proved almost a tragedy; and from which circumstance can be traced the loss of his life.

Captain Hooker had a colored servant boy who was taken sick in camp and sent to the hospital in the evening. The mosquitoes being very troublesome, no more candles were kept burning than were absolutely necessary to give medicine and perform other duties. Simmons took the boy in charge, not knowing he was a negro, undressed and washed him thoroughly, put on hospital clothes and placed him in a bunk, made by putting together two benches with backs, which served as pews in the church, and filling them with straw. During all this proceeding, in consequence of the darkness, he did not discover that his patient was black; but when he came to administer a dose of medicine by a lighted candle, the fact was revealed that he had washed and dressed a dirty negro boy. He became enraged and declared he "would not attend upon or give medicine to a nigger." In consequence of this he was returned to his company, and during the retreat to James river was captured, taken to a rebel prison where he was detained for many months, suffering great privations, but was finally exchanged and reached the parole camp at Alexandria Virginia, greatly broken down in health and spirits. After considerable

detention he was discharged, but soon after died in a hospital in Washington City.

Nothing of interest transpired for some time. We were in daily expectation of marching into Richmond, and wondered why we delayed so long. The northern newspapers, among which the New York *Herald* was most conspicuous, were brought daily to camp by news-dealers, and sold at prices ranging from ten to twenty-five cents each; the monopoly of this trade being given to certain individuals who, it was said, supplied the headquarters free of charge, but made thousands of dollars out of the soldiers. These papers kept the men excited with rumors of an advance, which in their eagerness to occupy the city they readily believed, although the accounts of the fighting which took place they knew to be, in most cases, altogether erroneous.

On the 10th of June we visited the Third Battalion at Fair Oaks, where Captain Cleveland and some of the men were unwell. In company with Major Beveridge, Captains Gearheart and Hooker, we visited the battle ground of Fair Oaks. Hundreds of the rebel dead lay rotting above ground, which was literally covered with maggots crawling in all directions for more than half a mile, and the stench that arose from these putrid bodies was almost beyond endurance. And yet a part of our army were on duty and encamped upon the ground. After the battle, the rebel prisoners were sent out under guard to bury their dead; but instead of doing it properly, they merely threw a few shovelfuls of dirt over each corpse where it lay, and the heavy rains which prevailed soon washed this away. In one place, on a piece of ground not more than eighteen or twenty feet square, lay eighteen dead bodies partly uncovered, with the flesh falling from the bones and crawling with maggots. One still grasped with his bony hand the ramrod with which he was loading his gun when he was shot. This we pulled from his hand and brought home as a memento of the terrible scene. While we were viewing the battle-field the rebels, probably



thinking we were a party of officers on a reconnoissance, opened upon us, sending several cannon shots into our camp, but no one was injured.

On the 13th inst., a flag of truce party went through the lines to carry dispatches to the enemy, which was no uncommon occurrence. Having a curiosity to see them within their own lines we accompanied the party. Lieutenant Sumner was the bearer of dispatches, and Captain E. J. Farnsworth, Lieutenant Colonel Gamble, Major Clendennin and myself, with ten or a dozen attendants composed the party. After passing our pickets, a Sergeant and Corporal were sent about ten rods in advance of us bearing the flag of truce, (a white handkerchief tied to a stick about five feet long.) When we had advanced about a mile beyond our picket line, we observed a troop of cavalry off to our left some half a mile. We continued to advance, and when within hailing distance were commanded to halt. The flag bearers with our Lieutenant Colonel, Lieutenant Sumner and others, went forward to meet the rebels, when lo, they proved to be a party of the Sixth Regulars who were out scouting. It was a pleasant surprise and no damage done. We continued our march and in due time arrived upon the neutral ground, Hughes' Corners. There we met two rebel Captains, Captain Waller of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, and Captain Rice of Cobb's Georgia Legion, with a number of attendants. The rebels were rather morose, but a courier was dispatched to their General with the documents, and after imbibing (a few times,) the contents of a canteen which was passed around freely, and discussing matters and things generally, they all shook hands and parted, apparently friends, yet ready to slay each other in battle at the first encounter. Such is war, and such the usages of civilized society.

On the 13th of June the rebels performed a feat, which for daring and gallant action, is unsurpassed in the history of the rebellion. Our regiment was on the extreme right of



the army, and had been performing the arduous duty of picketing ten miles of the line, along the Chicohominy, and extending from thence toward the Pamunky river. The remainder of the distance, some eight or ten miles to the Pamunky, had been left open. Our Colonel, and also General Stoneman, had urged those in command at headquarters to have this gap filled, giving as a reason, that the enemy might come round in our rear and do great damage. Three days in succession General Stoneman made written statements of the case, and twice received the promise that General Cook would send out pickets on our right to communicate with ours, and fill up the vacant place, but he did not. So the rebels took advantage of this neglect, and sent out a strong force from Richmond around our right. Some two thousand cavalry, three cannons, and several regiments of infantry. They came across four companies of the Fifth Regular Cavalry and cut them to pieces terribly, killing and wounding a large number. They burnt a train of wagons, and three schooners on the Pamunky river, set fire to the railroad bridge in the rear of General McClellan's grand army, destroyed the telegraph wire, took sixty prisoners, and "played smash generally," and then went on their way rejoicing. All this occurred through sheer neglect; the danger having been pointed out by Colonel Farnsworth and General Stoneman for many days before.

After this event our regiment continued doing picket duty, and occasionally going out in scouting and foraging parties, but nothing of note transpired until the 26th of June. On June 22d, Robert Fish, of Company L, died of typhoid fever, and Dr. Stull lay very sick of the same disease. In our march up the Peninsula, we had captured a good milch cow, which had supplied the hospital with good, fresh milk, but some evil-disposed persons, not having the fear of God or the army before their eyes, stole her from us, to the great discomfort of the sick. The First New York Cavalry, called the "Lincoln Cavalry," encamped by the side of our hos-

pital and were very noisy ; besides which they let their dead horses lay in close proximity to us, until we were obliged to complain to their Colonel to abate the nuisance. Some of the most ignorant of them still persisted in occupying our grove for improper purposes, notwithstanding our protests. Dr. Crawford, becoming incensed at their stupidity, took his pistol and pointing it at them commenced firing blank cartridges, which so frightened them that we were troubled no more.

It would be well now to take a view of our position before describing the exciting events which are to follow. We reached this place on the 23d of May, a little more than a month previous, and although we had scouted and reconnoitered the country for miles in all directions, virtually held the same position we then took. From day to day we expected to capture Richmond, yet no attempt to that effect had been made. We had fought a severe battle at Fair Oaks, but had made no advance in that direction. We labored night and day on picket and camp duty, and in taking care of the sick whose numbers were daily increasing. In addition to those of our own regiment, we had taking charge of the balloon corps, detachments of several infantry regiments, and a squadron of Massachusetts Cavalry, on duty at General Stoneman's headquarters. This immense army had to be supplied from its base at White House. Most of the forage and other supplies came by railroad ; but we brought ours by trains from Dispatch Station, some eight miles distant, and occasionally had to send a train to White House Landing, twenty-five miles distant. The roads were very muddy as the showers of rain had been copious. As the daily round of duties were performed each would ask the other "what next?" "What next?" We will see! Stonewall Jackson's success in driving the federal forces from the Shanandoah Valley was immediately followed by his marching with a large part of his army to reinforce the troops defending Richmond. This may or may not have been





BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM GAMBLE.  
OF EVANSTON ILLINOIS.

*Chicago Lithographing Co Chicago*

known to General McClellan, but it was <sup>now</sup> known to us, who had not given up the hope of entering the Southern Capitol.

On the 25th, four companies went out on picket. They consisted of Companies H, L, G and C. H, on the Hanover road, L, on the Ashland road, and G and C as reserves. Companies E and K, on being relieved, proceeded to Ashland and drove in the rebel pickets and their reserves, to Ashland Station, so rapidly that they left their dinners uneaten and their haversacks hanging on the bushes. Having arrived at the station they found a large force of the enemy disembarking from a train of cars, who immediately formed into line of battle to receive them. During the skirmish that followed we cut the telegraph wires, carrying away fifteen or twenty rods of it, and then retreated.



## CHAPTER VI.

Second Battle of Mechanicsville, and first of the Seven Days' Fight—Death of Captain Hooker—Ex-Governor Wood a Volunteer—Battle of Gaines' Mill—Destruction of the Stores at Dispatch Station—Retreat from Savage Station—White Oak Swamp—Night march to James River—Arrival at Haxal's Landing—Leading the way to Harrison's Bar—Battle of Malvern Hill—Burning Army Wagons—Reconnoissance of Captain Southworth—Second Battle of Malvern Hill—Sergeant Kinly in a critical situation—Capturing Carter's Horses—Evacuation of Harrison's Landing—March to Yorktown—Embarkation—Arrival at Alexandria.

June 26th, the morning was ushered in bright and clear. The boys on picket were up at peep of day, and were cooking their breakfast when the sun rose in all his majesty to witness the scene of bloodshed and suffering that was to follow. Major Dustin's Battalion was on picket, with reserve posts at Atlee's Station, Mrs. Crenshaw's farm, Shady Grove church and the Cross-Roads. Early in the morning the Major left Atlee's Station in company with Captain Hooker and Orderly Armsby, and visited Company H at the Cross-Roads, and then rode out beyond the videttes, on the road to Hanover Court House. About half a mile beyond the videttes on the right of the road was a large plantation. At this point they left the road, passing through a gateway. After riding first through an open field and then through a small belt of woods, they came in sight of a farm house. Hastily taking a view of the surrounding country they started to return, intending to reach the road by the same gateway; when within about fifty yards of the road a volley of about a dozen shots was fired at them, by what proved to be the advance guard of the rebels, from an ambush on the other side of the road nearly opposite the gateway.

Captain Hooker was shot through the body, the ball entering near the pit of the stomach. Being cut off from the road they were compelled to take a circuitous route in order to gain the reserve post of Company H at the Cross-Roads. It was with great difficulty that Captain Hooker could cling to his horse, and after gaining about one half the distance his strength failed him and he was unable to ride further. Major Dustin assisted him to dismount, and there in a small pine grove, ministered to his distress as well as he was able. Despairing of getting him within our lines, and knowing it was his duty to reach his command as soon as possible, Major Dustin told the suffering man he must leave him. He seemed conscious that his wound was a fatal one, and pleaded earnestly to have them remain with him. In vain the Major urged his imperative duty to his battalion.

"Oh, Major," he cried, "I would not leave *you* if you were in my place."

Promising to send for him if possible, the Major left him and hurried back to the Cross-Roads. A line of skirmishers was immediately ordered out, and men were sent to bring Captain Hooker into our lines; but the enemy came upon them so rapidly that the effort had to be abandoned. I afterwards learned that on falling into the enemy's hands he was placed in charge of Dr. Overton, a physician of the neighborhood, who cared for him until his death. Thus it will be seen that the Eighth Illinois Cavalry received the first fire, shed the first blood, and made the first mortal sacrifice in the memorable seven days' fight and retreat from before Richmond.

It will be borne in mind that there are many small streams in that vicinity, all running into the Chickahominy, and most of them lined by swampy ground thickly covered with timber and underbrush. These streams are crossed by roads running parallel with the river, which would pass alternately over a beautiful plantation, across a swamp, and so on for twenty miles perhaps. Our pickets would be thrown

out on the right and left immediately beyond the swamp, to watch the approaches. Thus the pickets were placed on the 26th of June. Company H had seven posts besides the company headquarters. One man was on the lookout at each post, while the others would rest, cook, &c. While Corporal Teeple and George Baker were in an oat-field after fodder, they heard firing at Smith's post, and on coming out of the field to the top of the hill, found that the pickets had fallen back to headquarters. Soon squads were seen coming in on double-quick; as a courier had been sent to order them back, for the enemy was approaching. Company H was formed on the left of the road and awaited the foe. Companies C and G came up, and as they slowly retired the men were placed where they could see and not be seen, and many a leaden messenger was sent to check the opposing army. The enemy advanced very carefully and slowly from the fear of masked batteries or the deadly carbine. Our men deployed in every field and remained as long as possible, and then passed the defile. A similar movement was enacted on the other roads held by the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

Meanwhile messengers were dispatched to headquarters giving notice of the progress of the enemy, and the "Pennsylvania Bucktails," a splendid regiment of infantry, with others, were sent to our assistance, and came up to our retiring cavalry at Shady Grove Church. With their assistance the foe was kept back until three o'clock in the afternoon at which hour we fell back, leaving but a vidette to give notice of the enemy's advance. At every defile we felled trees across the bridges so as to impede a rapid advance of artillery; but on came the hordes of rebeldom, and when near Mechanicsville the noble "bucktails" became engaged in a sharp struggle in which many were captured, and more placed *hors du combat*. In this engagement — Stevens, of Company L, was wounded in the arm, which was amputated by Assistant-Surgeon Crawford. Company B was on the road leading by Pole Green Church when the enemy came down upon

them in force. They made a vigorous defence in which William Chambers was shot through the heart and instantly killed, but one of his comrades at once avenged his death by shooting his adversary. This man's horse was shot and in the fall he was severely injured, and was reported killed by his captain. The enemy came upon him and supposed he was dead so adroitly did he imitate a dead man. After they passed on he made his escape through their lines and reached our lines in safety.

The infantry having now advanced to the front, our regiment came to camp and prepared for any emergency. The regiment was drawn up in line "standing to horse" ready for any duty that might present itself, when a venerable figure approached, dressed in citizens clothes, with snowy locks surmounted by a high-crowned "stove-pipe hat," and entered into earnest conversation with Colonel Farnsworth. This was no other than Ex-Governor John Wood, of Illinois. Being on a visit to the army and finding events becoming every moment more and more thrilling and important, he wished to volunteer his services, and in every possible way, even at the risk of losing his life, aid the glorious work of saving our country. His appearance was anything but soldier-like. Our Colonel advised an exchange of the "tall hat," for a slouch or felt one, recently captured from a rebel, and with sabre, belt and spurs, obtained in like manner, well strapped on and well mounted, he soon changed the citizen into a soldier, of whom our men felt proud; and through that memorable retreat from the Chickahominy to James river, Governor Wood was found among the foremost in battle; his venerable white hair streamed in the wind as he lifted his hat and waved it to cheer the men on in hours of deepest peril and gloom, and gave courage and hope to hearts almost ready to despair. And now that victory has crowned their efforts, the recollection of his daring and chivalrous example sends a thrill of delight to every heart of that noble band of patriots with whom he fought. They all count him as one of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.



The Eighth was soon ordered to support a battery on the road, near Pole Green Church, where a host of the enemy's forces were expected but did not come. Near Mechanicsville the fighting became terrible, infantry and artillery were warmly engaged and gradually gave way before superior numbers. As the turnpike crossing the river at Meadow Bridge was uncovered, General A. P. Hill's troops crossed from Richmond and pressed hard upon our forces, which, after an obstinate resistance, retreated from Mechanicsville across Beaver Dam Creek, to some rifle pits, which had been hastily constructed on the crest of the hill. Concealed from view by the dense foliage our artillery was posted, waiting in silence for the work to begin. Below, and in front of this line, hidden by the swamp, lay a line of infantry watching the movements of the foe, who put their artillery in range, and the earth was fairly shaken with the roar. Here they were checked; they ordered a charge, and down the hill they came, on double-quick and into the swamp, where our hidden line arose and poured deadly volleys into the terrified army. The artillerymen had viewed the scene in breathless suspense, but now came their turn to work, and grape and cannister were showered into their routed line until they fairly laid in heaps, and only the darkness of the night put an end to the work of carnage. The terrible loss of the enemy is partly admitted by their historian. Pollard in his "Lost Cause," says of this charge:

"D. H. Hill's leading brigade, under Ripley, advanced to the support of the troops engaged, and at a late hour united with Pender's brigade of A. P. Hill's division in an effort to turn the enemy's left. In the excitement and darkness, Ripley advanced his line through the open fields and had reached the road and swamp in front, when suddenly the enemy opened with grape at twenty yards, and mowed down whole files of our men. The word "to charge" rang from wing to wing, and our men running down the bank to the road beneath were stopped by the impassable swamp



and abattis; to the right, up the rising road, cannon also blazed in their faces, and well-posted infantry poured in showers of small shot. Retreat was the only alternative, and under the cover of the darkness it was effected with little additional loss. The fire was continued until about nine o'clock in the night when the engagement ceased, and thus closed the first day of the battles around Richmond."

A little before dark it became evident that our position was very critical. A cannon ball struck the anvil of McGregor of Company B while he was standing by it shoeing a horse. Colonel Farnsworth said to him "that will do McGregor, move out of here." The old Scotchman replied, "Yes, Colonel, I think I will." The Quartermaster and Commissary lost no time in removing their stores, and the old camp was hastily abandoned. The hospital at Walnut Grove Church was well filled with the sick and every effort was made to have them removed. One four horse ambulance, a two wheeled cart and one army wagon were our only means of transportation. The sick (among whom was Dr. Stull, lying very low with the typhoid fever,) were loaded into these vehicles, but all who were able, were required to walk. It was dark before they were in the conveyances, and to our great annoyance the hospital happened to be in the direction in which the enemy were firing, and one shell struck the roof of the hospital before the sick were all removed, tearing it terribly, but inflicting no injury. In our haste, and for want of transportation some of the hospital furniture was abandoned. One article in particular was overlooked and left. It was a very large quilt, manufactured by some union ladies of Evanston, Misses Lizzie Sherman, Ella Judson and Nanna Fussy, and presented to the Surgeon of the regiment through Major Beveridge. The design of the quilt was very appropriate, as the word "Union" was stamped on every inch of it. It fell into the hands of the enemy; I am quite sure that no secessionist could sleep well under such an array of "Union" as it presented. The sick

were moved about four miles across the creek near Gaines' Mill, and there remained lying in their ambulances for the night. The horses were not unhitched from the wagons, and all were kept in readiness to move at any moment.

Early in the morning while preparing some breakfast, a staff officer rode up to me and intimated that this was not a safe position for our sick, and we at once determined to remove them to Savage Station, and get them out of danger if possible. We were soon moving again, but it was noon before we reached the Station, and knowing that the right wing of our army was falling back, we were very anxious to get the sick on board the first train, fearing the railroad would be destroyed in our rear and we be compelled to abandon them to the mercy of the enemy, which would prove fatal to many,—and in fact the train which carried the poor fellows to White House Landing was the last one that passed over the road.

While transacting the necessary business with Surgeon Swinburne, in charge at Savage Station, he asked me "how matters were progressing across the Chickahominy." I informed him that our forces were falling back before the enemy, and gave that as a reason for our anxiety to get the sick removed. A nervous old man connected with the Maine Soldier's Aid Society overheard our conversation, and immediately proceeded to General Heintzelman's headquarters, and with fear and trembling told what he had heard. Very soon we were waited upon by a drunken staff officer, who heaped upon us the most profane and insulting epithets; swearing we had told a lie, and that our forces were driving the enemy before them; and ordering us to report back to our regiment; threatening to put us under arrest, &c., &c. So much for "staff officers." I only regret that I do not know his name. I saw him once after that at White Oak Swamp. He was then cursing and swearing because the road was blocked with teams, which he feared would cut off his hasty retreat. His bleared eyes seemed to see an enemy in every tree and stump in his rear.

We returned to an open field near the Chickahominy where our teams and quartermaster stores were picketed, and were soon greeted with the sound of artillery and musketry, which was the beginning of the battle of Gaines' Mill.

Before daylight of June 27th, our forces were withdrawn from the line of Beaver Dam Creek, and formed a new line near Gaines' Mill Creek, whose banks were high and formed a good defence on our right; but toward the Chickahominy receded and left a large tract of bottom land which led to the swamp bordering the river. General Stoneman with part of his cavalry, was several miles to the right, on the Pamunky, and his communication with the main army being cut off, it was feared he would be surprised by the enemy; so an order was given to notify him of the situation. This perilous task was entrusted to Major Clendennin, who sent a squad from his battalion; it was gallantly performed; and by this means, his command was saved. He marched down the Peninsula to White House, and thence to Yorktown, and finally joined the army again after it reached Harrison's Landing, on James river.

About noon the enemy were seen approaching our new lines, and the Eighth Illinois Cavalry were mostly placed to support batteries. The battle raged with great fury, and for some hours the enemy were foiled in their attempts to force our lines. But late in the afternoon Jackson arrived with his command, and hurled his fresh troops upon our soldiers who had fought the day previous and were now almost exhausted. Our troops resisted their furious advance in a praiseworthy manner, but on came the fresh columns of the rebels with victorious cheers and well-filled cartridge-boxes, while ours were nearly empty. Our reserves under General Slocum now came up and the enemy was driven with great loss. The "Irish Brigade" here distinguished itself, and added fresh courage to the desponding troops.

The continuous volleys of musketry seemed mingled into the grand roar of a great cataract, while the louder and

deeper discharges of artillery bounded forth over the hills and down the valley with a volume that seemed to shake the foundation of the universe. The smoke was so thick that the sun was gloomily red in the heavens, while the clouds of dust in the rear, caused by the commotion of the moving squadrons of cavalry, was stifling. And still the places of the exhausted rebels were constantly being supplied with fresh troops, and our line began to waver. Hundreds of stragglers, wounded and exhausted, were rushing to the rear. The lines were being dangerously reduced, until a line was but a scattering few, and the dust, confusion and roar of artillery, announced to every one that a panic was imminent. A few brave regiments who had but half an hour before rushed to the rescue of the broken ranks, were falling back, and every moment becoming less in numbers.

The scene was heart-sickening. Our Colonel quickly issued orders to form by squadrons into single line across the field, and let none but the wounded with an attendant, pass. With drawn sabres, we demanded a "halt" to all but the bleeding; and several times were officers and men ordered to halt and form into line, when they would open their shirt-bosoms and exhibit a ghastly wound, or lift the lid of an empty cartridge-box, or show a shattered gun; and some were coming with an arm or finger dangling. Through the clouds of smoke and dust we could see our line retreating slowly, and hopelessness was depicted on every face of the infantry that approached. Not a man in the cavalry but waited the order to "charge," but it never came. These that were rallied were soon in compact line, and moved forward with but the bayonet as a defence. The coming stragglers halted, thinking these were fresh troops, and joining them formed a second line and waited an attack. Cheer after cheer arose from this line as they advanced. The enemy threw shells in our midst, and one bursting among us struck our color-bearer, John Ryan, (the "little boy" to whom the flag, presented by the ladies of Alexandria,



was entrusted,) fracturing the knee-pan, and proving a very serious wound; and Thomas Brown was also shot in the thigh with a minnie ball.

Our reserve batteries, Robertson's and Tidball's, now belched forth death among the rebel ranks, when the firing slackened and darkness put an end to the scene. During the night, detachments brought in the wounded, for the enemy had not dared to advance. Our army withdrew across the river and thus ended the battle of Gaines' Mill.

During the evening, Lieutenant Cool, of Company I, was sent with a detachment to the right near Coal Harbor, and attempted to remove an ambulance which was found there, but was attacked by the enemy, and after a spirited skirmish withdrew without loss. It was evident the enemy would follow down the left bank of the river, and sever our communication with our base of supplies at White House. While the battle was yet raging, Companies E and K, under Captain Kelly, were sent to Dispatch Station to picket and guard our hospital and supplies, where they remained that night. Early next morning the enemy's pickets made their appearance, and as our army had commenced its retreat, orders were sent to destroy the supplies there. He kept the men in as conspicuous a place as possible so as to make a display of force, while the sick were being removed from the hospital, placed in army wagons and sent to Savage Station. The hospital was then set on fire and the building, together with a large supply of hospital stores, was consumed. The enemy advanced as soon as they saw the smoke rising above the trees, and our forces fell back to the Station, destroyed the stores there and moved toward the Chickahominy.

Lieutenant W. W. Taylor, with a squad of men, was in the direction of White House, and was not notified of this movement. In order to allow him to join the main body before being entirely cut off, Captain Kelly, with a part of the squadron, went to open the way for Taylor, when the enemy, with superior numbers, made a charge upon him



accompanied by yells and a volley from their pistols and carbines. The charge was met bravely and for a time withstood, but being outnumbered the Captain was compelled to fall back, which he did, followed a short distance by his adversaries. Lieutenant Taylor, hearing the firing and coming to the conclusion that he dare not remain longer for fear of being captured, took a road to the left, and succeeded in reaching the squadron. Our only loss was the capture of Kitsmiller, of Company K, whose horse fell with him when he was struck by a sabre, stunned and made prisoner. One horse was captured from the rebels. The squadron then recrossed the river and joined the army, having accomplished in a gallant manner all it was sent to do.

Early on the morning of the 28th of June, our wounded were taken to Savage Station in the hope that they could reach White House by railroad; soon the regiment was in motion, and when drawn up near the Station we noticed a long train of cars loaded with wounded who were being removed and placed in tents and on the ground—several acres of land being already covered. Colonel Farnsworth now informed me that the railroad had been cut in our rear, and he was ordered to take the advance in the retreat of the “grand army of the Potomac.” We at once selected the cases of wounded that belonged to the Eighth Illinois and put them in an ambulance, for removal to a place of safety. It was heartrending to hear the groans and pleadings of others who wished to be removed, fearing to fall into the hands of the enemy, but we were about to retreat, we knew not whither, and could with difficulty take our own men.

While waiting for the order to march, a Mrs. Fogg, agent for the Maine Soldier's Aid Society, with an old gentleman named Rogers, (also from Maine,) came to us, greatly excited as they had just learned that our communications were cut off, and wished to be protected in the retreat. Mrs. Fogg had an ambulance assigned her to convey her supplies, and having much more than could possibly be transported in one

ambulance, she freely offered to distribute them among the soldiers, sick or well. She gave us a few boxes of crackers, several dozen eggs, a fine cheese, &c., which we managed to stow away in our already overloaded ambulance, for we feared that rations for the sick would become scarce ere we reached a place of safety. Her ambulance was now brought into the train ready to move, when we were informed that Mrs. General Richardson, with her nurse girl and infant child, were also at the Station. They had come to spend a short time in camp and by this unexpected attack were unable to be sent back by railroad, and must accompany the army and share its fortunes. An ambulance was assigned to them and brought into the train, and we were directed by Colonel Farnsworth, to take special charge of them.

The railroad and telegraph having been destroyed by the enemy, and all communication with the White House interrupted, (the country between that point and our forces being now occupied by the enemy's cavalry,) General McClellan called for three brave and discreet men to bear dispatches through to the above mentioned place. The order came to our regiment, and Colonel Farnsworth selected Sergeant Bushnell, private Beckwith, and one other man, to perform the perilous undertaking. Guided only by the stars of heaven and a small pocket-compass, they entered the forest, swam the Chickahominy river, threaded the winding paths which led through the dense forest, avoiding the enemy's cavalry that everywhere kept a vigilant watch for this or like movements, and early next morning reached White House Landing in safety and delivered their message. The immense hospitals were at once discontinued, and the sick and wounded were at once placed on hospital steamers. The Quartermaster and Commissary supplies, of which there were millions of dollar's worth, were partly saved by being put on transports, and the balance committed to the flames, just as the enemy's advance made its appearance. The enemy had made great preparations to capture our supplies

at this point, but in this they were foiled, owing to the successful manner in which our men succeeded in evading them and delivering their important dispatch.

About noon of June 28th we began the retreat in the direction of White Oak Swamp, which place was held by General Keys' command. We had not proceeded far when Brown, of Company I, who had been wounded in battle the day before, came hobbling up to the ambulance, having determined to follow the regiment rather than take his chances with the enemy. The road soon became thronged with the retreating army. Wagon trains, artillery, infantry and cavalry crowded every thoroughfare and path, through forest and field. Ere long the men that had been sent to destroy the stores at Dispatch Station, joined us, and before dark we reached White Oak swamp. The bridge was a very poor one, and the swamp difficult to pass, but by dint of great perseverance, our ambulance and wagon train, as well as the ladies, were got safely across the stream, where we encamped for the night. During all that long, dark night we could hear the teamsters yelling, swearing and whipping their horses and mules, as they floundered through the deep mud of White Oak Swamp.

On the side of the stream we now occupied, the bank rose to a considerable height, along which cannon were planted to check the enemy, should they attempt to follow. During the afternoon when looking back from an eminence over the country we had abandoned, we observed a dense cloud of smoke rising many hundred feet in the air, followed by an explosion which caused the earth to tremble as if some volcano had burst forth its hidden lava from the bowels of the earth. The spectacle was grand beyond description. It was the destruction of the immense stores of ammunition at Savage Station that could not be removed.

During this afternoon, was fought the battle of Savage Station, by General Sumner, who commanded the rear guard of the retreat.

Early on the morning, 29th, (Sunday,) the wounded came straggling along, and the stream of suffering humanity increased as the day wore on. It was late in the afternoon when our Colonel received orders from General Keys to take the advance and conduct an immense train of ambulances and wagons through to James river. Arrangements were rapidly made, squads of cavalry thrown out in front and on the flanks. There were about seventy ambulances in the train and many hundred wagons. The ambulances were all loaded to their utmost capacity, yet thousands of sick and wounded men were on foot, begging earnestly that they might be permitted to ride. The night became very dark; vivid lightning flashed athwart the sky, peals of thunder rent the air, which, mingled with the roar of cannon in our rear, made the night hideous in the extreme. Squads of rebel cavalry were in our front to dispute our advance, but dare not attack us in the darkness; and although the road could not be seen save when a flash of lightning broke in through the inky blackness, we were ordered not to light a lantern for fear the enemy's cavalry, which hung upon our flanks, would send the deadly minnie ball into our midst. Many times did we dismount and pull the weary or wounded footman out of the road and from under the horses hoofs, where they had sunk down, too much exhausted to go farther or even crawl from beneath the wheels of the train, which would have crushed them to death. The women, too, were almost frantic with fear, and no wonder, when the stout-hearted soldiers, who had faced the leaden hail-storm of the recent battles, were ready to faint and give up in despair. The horrors of that march will never be revealed until those terrible swamps give up the dead who sank that night, to rise no more. It may be thought by some that I am coloring the picture; but remember, boys, that while you were rushing through the swamps and brush, seeking the rebel cavalry or finding the best roads leading to James river, I was with the train of



ambulances, caring for the sick and wounded and know of what I write.

About three o'clock in the morning of June 30th, our advance reached James river at Haxal's Landing, a short distance below Malvern Hill. The teams were driven into wheat fields and meadows, and the tired drivers sank down for a short rest. Shortly after daylight the regimental headquarters were pitched in the grove on a hill overlooking the place. Mrs. Fogg called upon us for the last of the cheese, egg and crackers she had given us for the sick, (which she had drawn upon from time to time during the retreat,) as "she was preparing a breakfast for Mrs. Richardson, herself and some of the officers at headquarters." After the terrible night just passed, such a breakfast must have been very refreshing; so thought we—and the poor sick soldiers looking out of the ambulances. But let it not be thought that the sick and wounded of the Eighth went hungry. The trouble experienced, was a want of time to prepare their food in the best manner. All had plenty of hard tack and coffee.

Early in the day General Keys and staff arrived, and expressed himself highly gratified with the manner in which the head of the column had been brought to the river. Two gunboats were lying at this point—the "Monitor" and the "Galena." The commander of the Monitor informed the General that in consequence of the height of the banks he could not afford protection to the trains, and suggested that a location be sought in the vicinity of Harrison's Bar, some seven or eight miles distant by land, but more than twice that distance by water. Shortly after this, General McClellan arrived, and went on board the gunboat Galena. About noon Colonel Farnsworth received orders to proceed to the place suggested near Harrison's Bar, and look out a camping place. This duty was assigned to Major Clendennin, who, with Captain Clark and myself, started, accompanied by an escort taking the train headed by our own ambulances.



At this time firing was again heard in our rear, and toward Richmond, which continued until after dark; and we afterwards learned that a terrible battle, known by the various names of Nelson's farm, Glendale and Frazer's farm, had been fought,—said by General Sumner to be the most severe battle since that of Gaines' Mill. The enemy was repulsed, but under cover of the darkness our forces again retreated. But to return to *our* movements. Colonel Farnsworth and most of the regiment remained on duty at the front, while Major C. and his squad sought Harrison's Bar. Without guides we proceeded down the river a few miles and came to a turn in the road which seemed to us to lead in the wrong direction; this was followed for a mile or more, when seeing some negroes harvesting, Major C. called to them to "give directions as to the road to Harrison's Bar." They appeared greatly frightened, said this was the right road. The Major tried to induce one of them to go with us as a guide, but he declined, fearing the wrath of his master. Major C. then drew a pistol and ordered him to mount one of our horses and lead the way. With fear and trembling the poor fellow obeyed; taking us safely along, through bye-roads and across fields, to Harrison's Landing, which without a guide would have been difficult to find.

The country through which we passed had not been disturbed by the appearance of a hostile army, and wheat fields, with ripe grain suffering to be harvested, were on either side. The Harrison farm was a large plantation in the highest state of cultivation; as was the Westover plantation adjoining. Large fields of corn, waist high, and wheat fields whose ripe grain reached to the backs of our horses were now driven into by our teams, which immediately began locating along the banks of the river, and for half a mile back. The Harrison mansion—the birth-place of the late President, William Henry Harrison—is a large brick farm-house, three stories high, with an attic almost equal to the fourth story; surrounded by a grove and court containing eight or ten acres.

It stands on a fine elevation, some forty or fifty feet above the river, and almost as many rods distant from the landing. Near the landing is a large brick tobacco-house, and on the hill directly back of this, the old family burying ground. Fruit in abundance was to be found here, and the cherries with which the trees were loaded were the largest and richest I ever tasted. The change from the forest and swamps through which we had passed, to this beautiful plantation, overlooking the placid waters of James river with but a single vessel lying at anchor off the bar, was equal to the transit from a terrible thunder-storm to a bright clear sky. With the immense wagon trains that came rushing along, came thousands of stragglers and wounded men. Major Clendennin was chief officer in command here, and we knew of no surgeon, yet arrived, whose rank was superior to our own. Accordingly we went to the Harrison house to occupy it as a hospital for our sick and wounded. The tenants had deserted the premises. There were a few colored people in the negro quarters hard by, but the mansion was barred and bolted. We soon found means of gaining admission, and at once set to work preparing it for the reception of the soldiers. A guard was placed around the premises, and during the night we admitted some two hundred wounded. In the meantime Assistant-Surgeon Crawford and Hospital Steward Robert Sill, were busily engaged at the tobacco-house dressing the wounds of those that presented themselves there. All night the trains kept coming in, and by morning the grounds about our hospital were well-filled with sick men who could not gain admittance to the house.

On the morning of July 1st, we found ourselves surrounded by thousands of wounded from all parts of the retreating army, who had straggled along or been brought by the teams; with little or nothing to eat. These men could scarcely bring themselves along without being encumbered with rations; and in fact having been in the thickest of the battles when wounded and barely escaping capture, had no

## THE EIGHTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

rations to bring. The scene of suffering was terribly sickening; food was now of more importance than surgery, though there were loud calls for the latter. Mrs. Fogg made herself very useful by her unremitting labors and devotion to the sick and wounded. With great difficulty, in the confusion which prevailed, we succeeded in obtaining *six beef-cattle* from a Quartermaster who had just arrived, which were immediately slaughtered. Kettles were obtained by the assistance of the negroes, and beef soup and hard-tack were very soon distributed to the famishing men. The medical men who came in were greatly fatigued, and but few could be prevailed upon to go heartily to work—many sank down from sheer exhaustion.

Order being partly restored, the wounded were receiving all the care we could give them, when two steamboats, from Fortress Monroe, arrived at the landing, and shortly after the surgeon recently in charge of the general hospital at White House, with fifteen assistant-surgeons, a corps of nurses and six cooks, came to this hospital and reported for duty, expecting, no doubt, to find the medical headquarters of the army here. We at once offered to resign the hospital to his control, but he refused to take charge, saying he must report to the Medical Director, who had not yet arrived; but he would leave his corps of assistants. We were very glad to hear him make this announcement, for the supplies they furnished were all needed, and the cooks made excellent use of the beef we had provided.

During this day the battle of Malvern Hill was fought, and we could distinctly hear the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry. Before night we succeeded in getting our wounded on board the two hospital boats which lay at the bar. The wounded kept coming in all that night, and early in the morning the rain began to fall in torrents and continued all day, making the roads almost impassable, but giving some relief to the thirsty soldiers. D. N. Gross of Company E, had been wounded near White Oak Swamp, a

ball had passed through his ankle joint, but he rode from the battle field to the landing—a distance of about ten miles. Hastily dressing his wounds we carried him on board the steamboat just as the planks were being drawn in, and the boat started for Fortress Monroe. His injury proved to be very serious, for with the utmost exertions and best care his life was barely saved with the loss of his foot. Had he been left behind he would doubtless have died.

While the rain was pouring down in torrents and every shelter and out-house was filled with the sick and wounded, Surgeon Letterman arrived, and took refuge in a small wedge tent which the Major and I had erected. We now thought that we should be relieved and enabled to return to the regiment, but soon ascertained that he had come to relieve Surgeon Tripler, as Medical Director of the Army of the Potomac, and refused to do anything until he had reported to that officer. He did not know where to find him, as the army headquarters had not yet reached this place, consequently we remained in charge until late in the afternoon, when we were relieved and returned to the regimental headquarters which were a few rods from the landing. The condition of the roads and the soil in the cultivated fields, with thousands of men and horses passing over them, was horrid beyond description. The road toward Malvern Hill was blocked by broken wagons, caissons and abandoned baggage of all kinds; barrels of pork and other commissary stores, and numberless tents, camp and garrison equipage were strewn around for miles.

The throng rushing to the boats for transportation was so great it was ordered that none but the wounded should be admitted, although there were many cases of sickness that needed removal and the most careful attention.

That evening the Chaplain of the "Pennsylvania Buck-tails," (whose regiment had been nearly annihilated, and who had himself suffered almost beyond human endurance,) came groping into our midst and was hospitably received by



Chaplain Matlack. He was so worn out by constant exposure that we feared for his life. His limbs were so congested from the ankles to above the knees they had the appearance of blood, and besides a high fever was parching his lips; what to do with him in this condition was the question. It was raining and we had no shelter for him—removal or death was evidently his portion. In this dilemma we resorted to strategy. Obtaining a stretcher he was placed upon it, and our Chaplain took one end and a stout soldier the other, while I led the way through the crowds that lined the river banks; coming to the guard we removed a portion of the bandage we had placed on the Chaplain's legs, which deceived the guard who thought he was wounded, and we had the satisfaction of placing him safely on the vessel.

Our hearts ached to witness the crowds of sick soldiers who, whenever a surgeon passed, implored his aid to get them on the boats. Webster Fuller, of Company M, was brought in wounded and carried on board a hospital steamer.

The night of July 2d was very rainy and Dr. Crawford was taken sick, and on the morning of July 3d we succeeded in getting him on board a boat bound for Washington. The sick and wounded of the Eighth had been well cared for compared with those of other regiments. The same day that we were deprived of our valuable assistant, Crawford, we removed our quarters to Westover Landing, and on the 4th we again moved about a mile and a half above the Harrison House, and encamped in the woods. The day was pleasant but intensely warm, and sickness was on the increase.

Governor Wood, of Illinois, had accompanied us through this series of battles, and was now in camp with us, quite seriously indisposed. So much so that we were extremely anxious for his welfare.

From the time of our arrival at Harrison's Bar to the 4th of July the camp was in the utmost confusion; but the wounded having been sent off, the camp pretty well fortified



and order restored, we had time to take a long breath. Let us now take a retrospective view of the field and see what the Eighth Illinois Cavalry have done.

Colonel Farnsworth, with his regiment, was put in charge of the immense train of wagons which were moving on two or three different roads. The regiment was stretched out on these roads to protect the trains and keep them moving, and on Tuesday, July 1st, most of the train was brought to camp, while the battle of Malvern Hill was in progress. Notwithstanding the drenching rain which commenced Wednesday noon, the troops came in towards the Landing by thousands, and a part of the Eighth was sent out on a scout on the Long Bridge road, and were near that point when an orderly reached them saying they must return, as the rear guard of the army had passed. A large number of army wagons which could not be brought through in time to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, were burned by our boys. They returned to Haxall's Landing, where they remained until Thursday noon, as a general engagement was anticipated. One of the finest things of the week was the bloodless capture of a rebel battery of four guns, and some three or four hundred prisoners, by an Indiana regiment, (I think the Thirteenth,) of General Shield's Division, which had been landed scarce twenty-four hours. A Zouave regiment engaged them in front as they were getting range on some of our wagon trains, while the "Hoosiers" shifted around and came within a few rods of their rear without being discovered, when the rebels to a man surrendered.

Somewhere in the vicinity of Haxall's or Malvern Hill, Peter C. Simmons and Barney Carlin, who were with the "led horses," delayed too long when the command fell back, and were captured by the enemy, or, in army phrase, were "gobbled up," and carried prisoners to Richmond. The regiment was kept busy scouting, picketing and arranging the lines, while no small number were acting as orderlies for the

different Generals, carrying dispatches to all parts of the command day and night.

The Fourth of July passed quietly, with no magnificent demonstrations. The soldiers were too weary and disheartened to indulge in great rejoicings. The weather was extremely warm; the thermometer frequently rising as high as one hundred and two degrees Farenheit, in the shade.

About this time, General Stoneman took command as Chief of cavalry. From this time until the retreat to Yorktown and the embarkation for Alexandria, there were few incidents of historic interest. The river being shallow for quite a distance from the shore, there was an excellent opportunity for bathing, and in the evening thousands of soldiers could be seen enjoying this exercise. Part of our regiment were on picket all the time.

President Lincoln visited this place, rode along the line of defence, and was heartily received and cheered by the troops.

On the 8th of July, Colonel Farnsworth received a leave of absence. He had suffered with a diseased leg previous to is entering the army, and constant duty in the saddle had so increased the difficulty, that it became necessary for him to obtain a respite. The command of the regiment now fell upon Major Clendennin. As is usual with all volunteers, when not actively engaged, some uneasiness or chafing arose among the officers and men, which resulted in the tendering of several resignations; in some instances for the best of reasons, and in others no doubt there was some intrigue displayed. Among those who resigned were Battalion Adjutant Gifford, Captain Dana, Chaplain Matlack and Captain Cleveland, all of whom were deeply regretted by the troops they had so ably commanded. Our sick list became larger each day, applications for furloughs were very numerous, and their refusal caused much of the discontent which was manifest. On the 16th of July, Major Jones paid off the regiment for March and April.

Having been suffering with the dysentery for some two weeks, and having all the sick in the regiment to attend, I found my health failing so rapidly that I applied for a leave of absence. For several days I lay on a stretcher and examined and prescribed for from seventy-five to a hundred patients daily; Dr. Crawford not yet having returned from Washington.

On the 17th of July, Acting Assistant-Surgeon was sent to the regiment to supply my place until Dr. Crawford's arrival, and on the 18th I left for home on a leave of twenty days.

On or about the 20th, Majors' Beveridge and Clendennin proceeded with half the regiment as far as Turkey Creek Bridge, in the direction of Malvern Hill, driving the rebel pickets before them. They were fired upon by a rebel battery, and withdrawing in the direction of Haxall's, they were often greeted with the "whiz" of the deadly missile. One shell burst near a picket post of Company H, and wounded Sylvanus Brott in the foot, at the same time killing his horse. They succeeded, however, in capturing a fine horse belonging to the rebels, and brought in two citizens.

On the 22d another attempt was made to feel the enemy's position on Malvern Hill by a double movement. Captain Waite with about forty dismounted men engaged their attention in front, and Major Beveridge with about one hundred mounted men crossed a mill-race on the right and had an encounter with the cavalry pickets. J. C. Clemens was slightly wounded in the leg by pieces of a buckle shot from his bridle by a minnie ball, which entered his horse's neck. Matthew Nisson and the blacksmith of Company L, were also wounded, and one of our horses was killed. One rebel was captured, together with his horse and arms. He belonged to the Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

The next day Major Clendennin drew the enemy into a sort of ambush, and getting a cross fire on them turned the

charge they were about to make into a rapid retreat. Several saddles were emptied and some horses captured. Our forces then withdrew, as there was a large body of the enemy's cavalry near.

On Saturday, August 2d, the horses were kept saddled and ready for active service. In the evening all the regiment except three companies, who were on picket, reported to General Hooker. The latter, with infantry, artillery and cavalry, moved out to near Haxall's, where our men remained until about twelve o'clock, to support the batteries and be ready for any emergency. It was expected that our lines were to be attacked, but the enemy did not make their appearance.

On Sunday the chaplain of the Thirty-ninth Illinois Infantry, addressed our men in the morning, and in the afternoon Companies H and K received orders to go out on a reconnoissance toward White Oak Swamp. The object of this expedition was to find some road by which a movement could be made around Malvern Hill, so as to bring a force between that place and Richmond, without being discovered by the enemy. The expedition was under command of Lieutenant Southworth. Leaving the lines about sundown they slowly felt their way up the Quaker road to a wood-colored church, (leaving pickets at every cross-road,) when leaving the main road they pushed as far in the rear of Malvern Hill as possible. In order to learn the position of the enemy, some of our men entered citizen's houses, and pretended to be rebels who had just come out on picket duty; and by ingenious conversation with the women succeeded in learning the exact position of many of their picket posts, and all returned safely to camp, having thus obtained the necessary information.

On Monday evening nine companies of the Eighth Illinois, the Eighth Pennsylvania and Sixth Regular Cavalry, reported to General Hooker, who with Generals Sedgwick, Kearney and Couch, moved out of their works with their divisions

and four splendid batteries, which made up a fine army. It was evident that there was work ahead—Malvern Hill was to be attacked from the rear. The Eighth Illinois marched in advance until twelve o'clock at night without meeting the foe, and then went into camp. At daybreak, on the 5th of August, they again started, and after going a mile came to the Charles City road, where was found a heavy picket post, which was driven back towards New Market. Turning to the left, they moved down toward James river, directly in the rear of Malvern Hill; opposed only by a few pickets. On arriving at the point where our terrible line of batteries so fearfully reduced the rebel ranks at the first battle of Malvern Hill, the enemy commenced firing upon us. Benson's battery replied, and for two hours there was a furious cannonading. The fire of the enemy was well directed, killing and wounding a number of our infantry. After a time the fire was slackened and renewed at intervals, and then suddenly ceased; when it was ascertained the rebels had retreated toward Richmond. It appears there was a road nearer the river than that occupied by our forces, leading to Richmond. The general in command, though notified, for some reason neglected to occupy it, and the enemy taking advantage of this omission, made their escape, although our numbers were five times that of their own. When the firing ceased General Pleasanton sent the cavalry down to this road just in time to capture a few of the rear guard. Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble gave the order to "charge after the flying troops," and away our boys sped until checked by coming upon the enemy. The rebel cavalry which had hastily formed for a charge, fired and then broke in all directions; but their infantry, which were concealed at a bend in the road poured in a fatal volley. Sergeant O. J. Moss, of Company L, fell pierced by three balls. Duggan, of Company C, was also killed, and they were brought off the field as we fell back, which we did as the artillery approached. Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble was shot in the chest



and severely wounded. He came back looking very pale, but still rode his charger. Three others were wounded. Falling back a short distance to give Tidball's flying artillery the road, we had the satisfaction of seeing the rebels driven from the field. The total loss of our regiment was two killed and five wounded. The federal loss was not great, and the number of rebel prisoners was about seventy-five. One caisson was all the booty we know of. The command remained at Malvern Hill that night, and on Wednesday returned to their former camps, the Eighth Illinois forming the rear guard.

During the time the army remained at Harrison's Landing some incidents occurred worth mentioning, the date of which I am unable to determine. At one time a battery placed on the south side of James river by the enemy, opened upon the federal camp. Several were killed and considerable confusion created, but the fire was returned and the enemy's guns soon silenced. The enemy would also fire with musketry into our vessels as they were passing up and down the river, endangering the lives of all on board, when it became necessary to convoy steamers, and have gunboats patrolling the river constantly.

At another time while part of the regiment was on picket at Haxall's Landing, Companies A and F, with a company of the Eighth Pennsylvania, were ordered out on a scout, in command of Captain Forsythe. I give the incident in the the language of one of the party:

"We took the right, instead of going directly toward Malvern Hill; crossed Turkey Creek, and seeing what were apparently pickets at a house on a hill in the distance, our column approached it. The two forward companies were rising the hill, having crossed the small bridge at the foot, when the third company was opened upon from a piece of woods on our flank, for a moment creating confusion, more among the horses than the men. We turned on the ambuscaders and soon routed them out of their cover. Following

them up through the woods we came out into the opening just in time to help repulse a charge on Company A and the Pennsylvania boys ; they having gone around the house and received the charge in front while we gave the enemy an unexpected reception on their flank as they passed. When they retreated we retired getting out without a scratch. Their papers reported a loss of two killed and several wounded. It was a brisk skirmish for a few minutes, and one of our wonderful escapes when pitted against superior numbers."

A Lieutenant of the Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers, with twenty of his men, was directed to make a reconnoissance to ascertain if Malvern Hill was held by a large force. He was told to use all possible secrecy, and not reveal the object of the enterprize. He was also advised to call upon the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, for a detail to act as guides. Sergeant John A. Kinley, Ira Kennicott and Ira Pettys, with one or two others, undertook the perilous task of conducting the party through the enemy's lines. Passing out on the old mill road, up the Turkey Bend swamp and crossing the mill-dam, they cautiously made their way through the lines between the enemy's pickets unobserved ; and when coming near the hill the men were secreted in the swamp. While there the rebel patrol, or picket relief, passed in the rear of them, so near that the clanking of their sabres against the horses was heard distinctly. After they passed, the Lieutenant and Sergeant Kinley advanced through the brush some half a mile to the edge of the woods, and the sergeant stripped off hat, coat and boots, and with a field glass in hand climbed a sweet-gum tree some eighty feet high, to obtain a good view of the enemy. His object was attained, for there were the rebels in plain sight, with a very small force—not more than a squadron. But off to the left about half a mile, some half dozen pickets were discovered, who, by their movements, had evidently observed the Sergeant, or at least mistrusted that all was not right. They formed in line of battle and

made an advance toward the tree. In this dilemma Sergeant Kinley was not long in descending, "bear fashion," and without waiting to put on boots or coat, caught up his clothes and gun, and with the Lieutenant started on double-quick for their men. Climbing the tree had greatly exhausted the Sergeant, and being bare-foot he could with difficulty keep up with his companion. The Lieutenant finally out-ran him, and notified his men, who soon came to the relief of their brave and courageous comrade. They then started for camp, and again evaded the pickets and reached their regiments after dark; having accomplished the great feat and obtained most valuable information.

After the last battle of Malvern Hill, (before related,) the army commenced its retreat from Harrison's Landing; the Eighth Illinois Cavalry bringing up the rear.

There was a wealthy planter, by the name of Hill Carter, living a few miles below Haxall's Landing, whose property was protected by safe guards of soldiers, stationed at convenient places on his premises. His cribs were well filled with corn, estimated at twelve thousand bushels, while many of our horses were starving—and this was no exceptional case—the rebels were generally thus protected. Carter had two sons in the rebel army fighting against us; and the Eighth boys could with difficulty submit to seeing their noble horses perish for lack of the sustenance he might have provided; and being prevented from using his corn, they determined not to leave the place without some of the fine horses of which he boasted. Accordingly as the army withdrew, and the pickets were about to be drawn in, a little strategy was practiced upon the old gentleman. The guards had been withdrawn, when Sergeant Kinley went to the house with a squad of men, and told Carter that things were transpiring which made it necessary that he should remain within his house that night, and that the first one who showed his head out of the door would be shot. Carter protested, but it was of no use—the orders had been imperative—and

making a virtue out of necessity he retreated within doors. The Sergeant then placed his sentinels so that they could watch the doors, and soon after dark the boys proceeded to the stables and selected the three best horses they could find; which were safely conducted to the retreating army, and did valuable service.

In the spring of 1864, one of the sons of Hill Carter was captured at Warrenton, by a party under Captain Corbit, and while taking him to Washington he was told that "those horses proved to be noble animals, and were still in the regiment;" at which information he appeared greatly chagrined.

The army crossed the Chickahominy near its mouth, on a pontoon bridge, the Eighth Illinois being the last to cross. A few minutes after it was over, the fastenings were loosed and the boats floated down the stream. A number of stragglers soon appeared on the opposite bank, and were taken on board the pontoons. Five or six smoky gunboats were just below as guards, besides several tugs used to tow the pontoons, of which there were about a hundred.

Tuesday morning we took up our line of march for Jamestown. It will be remembered that this was the first place settled in Virginia. But little now remains to call to mind its former history.

At Williamsburg, six miles distant, the regiment left the rear, and passing through town halted in a meadow to feed the horses and to refresh and rest the men. A patch of potatoes was discovered, and a skirmish at once ensued, in which the potatoes were completely vanquished. At six o'clock Wednesday morning we were on the march again, reached Yorktown about ten o'clock A. M. During the retreat the dust was very deep, and rose in clouds so as to almost smother both men and horses. Everything was completely covered with it on reaching Yorktown, and numerous ablutions in York river were necessary to restore the original color. In the meantime the work of shipping the army was proceeding, and our regiment waited their turn to take boats for Alexandria.

A new organization of the regiment had been made just previous to leaving Haxall's Landing. From right to left the companies standing as follows :

FIRST BATTALION, MAJOR CLENDENNIN.

Company G, Captain Medill, commanding squadron.

Company A, Captain Forsythe.

Company E, Captain Kelley, commanding squadron.

Company B, Captain Smith.

THIRD BATTALION, MAJOR DUSTIN.

Company I, Captain Rapelje, commanding squadron.

Company M, Captain Martin.

Company C, Captain Clark, commanding squadron.

Company L, Captain Waite.

SECOND BATTALION, MAJOR BEVERIDGE.

Company K, Captain Farnsworth, commanding squadron.

Company D, Lieutenant Verbeck in command.

Company H, Captain Southworth, commanding squadron.

Company F, Captain Ludlam.

Lieutenant Hynes of Company G, Adjutant.

While at Harrison's Landing the cavalry brigade to which the Eighth Illinois belonged, was under command of General Pleasanton, and some of the officers of the Eighth were on the General's staff.

The regiment shipped at Yorktown on the 30th of August, and a part arrived at Alexandria September 1st, and the remainder about noon, September 2d.



## CHAPTER VII.

A view of the situation—Advance into Maryland—Battle of Poolville—Capturing the Ninth Virginia colors—Battle of Barnsville—Capturing of Sugar Loaf Mountain—Battle of Frederick, Maryland—Battle of Middletown—Battle of South Mountain—Battle of Boonsboro—Battle of Antietam—A day's delay—Artillery duel—First reconnoissance to Shepherdstown—Second reconnoissance to Shepherdstown—Battle of Martinsburg—The rebels' opinion of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

Having now returned to the point from which we started for the field, in March, let us take a view of the situation. It is plain from what has transpired that the so-called Peninsula Campaign had proved a grand failure. But why, even after our retreat from before Richmond, have we been brought back to defend the Capitol? While our army was lying on the James river, General Pope having been put in command at Washington, advanced on the line we first essayed, and when upon the Rapidan met the enemy, who, with their main army, were making rapid advances in order, if possible, to overpower him and reach Washington before he could be re-inforced by the army under General McClellan. To meet this new movement our army was withdrawn; a part reaching General Pope in time to participate in the bloody engagements which were then being fought. Generals Fitz John Porter, Kearney, Stevens and other commands, were among the troops engaged. We will not stop to argue the point as to who was to blame in these terrible battles. The second Bull Run battle was fought while our regiment was in transit from Yorktown, and that of Chantille the day before it landed at Alexandria. In these engagements the much lamented Kearney, Stevens, Taylor and

Colonel Fletcher Webster (son of Daniel Webster,) fell, a martyr to their country. Just at the close of these battles, and as the enemy were rushing on toward Washington, our regiment landed, and was sent to the front without a moments notice.

Colonel Farnsworth, as well as the writer, had been home for a short time on sick leave, but had returned as far as Alexandria, and were there awaiting the arrival of the regiment. There was also a number of recruits with us, among whom were George E. Corwin, afterwards Veterinary Surgeon, Franklin Mighell, Fink and Hooton. We were there when the battles just recorded took place, and had the painful privilege of volunteering our services to assist in attending the wounded, as thousands needed such assistance. It was here that we first met Miss Clara Barton, one of the heroines of the war.

The regiment brought with it several sick comrades. Dr. Crawford, who had returned to Harrison's Landing shortly after I left in July, was again unwell, and after obtaining rooms for a hospital, on Wolf street, he and Robert Sill were left in charge, while I, with Dr. Stull, (who had returned from hospital improved in health though still feeble,) followed the regiment to the field of action. Majors Clendennin and Beveridge were among the sick left at Alexandria.

Tuesday, September 2d, the regiment moved to Munson's Hill, and was at once put on duty as videttes and scouts.

Wednesday, the 3d, while skirmishing with the enemy's advance on the Leesburg turnpike, Scott, of Company E, was shot through the foot. Although there was considerable firing of artillery and some small arms, but few casualties occurred.

September 4th, we had just laid down upon the ground for the night when the order came for us to "march." The command was soon in motion, and crossing the Potomac river upon the Aqueduct bridge at Georgetown, passed through the city, and reached Tennellytown about eleven

o'clock at night, where it again attempted to rest, but, as before, was doomed to disappointment, for notice was received to again take up the line of march. At twelve o'clock the march was resumed and continued the remainder of the night and until ten o'clock the next day, when we reached Darnstown, Maryland, where we rested for an hour, partook of some refreshments and were then in the saddle again for a scout; but returned to the grove at Darnstown to camp for the night, having marched forty-six miles since leaving Munson's Hill, without feeding our horses.

The enemy had gone up the Potomac on the Virginia side and made dashes across into Maryland, carrying off conscripts, and it was our purpose to prevent this. It was here that we became associated with a part of the Third Indiana Cavalry, (who came under command of Colonel Farnsworth,) true western boys, to whom our men became so attached in the course of the war that they appeared like members of the same regiment.

I would here remark that the men of this regiment furnished their own horses, which consequently had no government marks upon them; and it is said that they were among the best mounted men in the field, and while in the enemy's country, although they lost many horses in battle, always managed to keep well mounted, and generally had a few horses to spare.

On Saturday, September 6th, the First Massachusetts Cavalry were fired into near Poolville, and suffered severely in wounded and prisoners.

September 7th a party of the Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana made a reconnoissance, and dashing into Poolville created quite a sensation among the rebels, capturing two prisoners, one horse, saddle and equipments and putting the rebels to flight. Captain Farnsworth led the charge and rushed through the town on a fiery little mustang, actually running down the enemy mounted on their picked horses. This move was made by order of Colonel Farnsworth on his

own account, and revealed the fact that the rumor that Poolville was occupied by a large force, was false, the place being held by a very few. The information thus obtained and what was gained from the prisoners was highly important, and when reported to General Pleasanton, under whom we were now serving, he bestowed a high compliment upon us for "having a way of doing business on our own hook. The same afternoon we had services in the church at Darnstown, and patriotic songs sung by the regiment. Major Dustin, who had been absent, returned to take leave of the regiment, having been appointed Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois Infantry. Colonel Farnsworth was put in command of the cavalry brigade, and Major Medill assumed command of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

Monday morning we advanced to Poolville. The Third Indiana being in the front had a severe fight just out of the town. The rebels withstood a charge of the Indiana boys, and for a short time the struggle was severe; but the enemy were routed and driven from the field, leaving eight dead and about twenty wounded. For a considerable length of time before the charge, our two pieces of artillery were engaged with an equal number of the enemy's guns, which were effectually silenced, their horses having been shot down so that it was with difficulty they withdrew their guns from the field.

Off to the right, Company D, of the Eighth, had a spirited encounter with the enemy, which they drove before them, killing one, with no loss to our side. An accident occurred to Charles Wilhelm by his horse falling and breaking his collar bone. The loss to the Third Indiana was eleven men wounded—one fatally and several severely.

That night we encamped at Poolville, and on the morning of the 9th were again moving forward in the direction of Barnesville, up the Potomac. Passing over the scenes of the previous fight, a short distance brought the contending forces again into close quarters. The regiment was now

divided into several detachments. One of these under command of Captain Farnsworth, encountered the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, and immediately charged them. The enemy formed in line and withstood the attack for a moment, but gave way before the determined charge of our men, in doing which some of their horses were shot down, and others falling over these, both men and horses were thrown into heaps. Some escaped through fields and woods, while others were chased and overtaken by our superior horsemen. The enemy sustained a loss of one killed and several wounded, and eight prisoners together with their regimental colors all of which were brought to headquarters.

On a road a few miles to the right, another detachment commanded by Captain Kelly met the rebels and engaged them in a fierce combat, driving them at full speed through Barnesville and nearly two miles beyond. In this engagement they captured thirteen prisoners and wounded five men.

The following incident is related by a member of Company B: "In this charge Corporal George M. Roe, of Company B, rode a splendid horse that he had brought from Shabbona, Illinois, known by the name of "Lamkins Billy," and which had been sold for his incurable viciousness. In the cavalry service Billy seemed to have found his element, and was one of the fleetest horses in the army. Dashing in at an uncontrollable speed in the excitement of the chase amid the clouds of dust he carried his rider far in advance of the rest of the regiment and beyond a group of four dust-covered flying rebels; when Roe finally stopped him and turned back, the four rebels approached, with revolver in hand George summoned them to surrender. One moved to get out his revolver and George shot him through the mouth. Then covering the three remaining with his revolver he held them in the road some five minutes when some of Captain Kelley's company came up and they were all taken prisoners. Three good horses and four rebels with their equipments were the result of this capture."



After passing Barnesville the enemy attempted several times to rally, but at each attempt were frustrated and broken up. A Lieutenant Williams was firing his revolver at our men when Captain Kelly came upon him. It was a desperate moment. The Captain ordered him to surrender, but he refused, at the same time pointing his pistol at his opponent, was about to fire, when Captain Kelly, being a little more expert, fired first, the ball passing through his liver and lodging in the abdomen, produced a mortal wound. He was taken to a farm house and all the care and attention bestowed upon him that the case demanded, but he did not survive the day. Before his death Captain Kelly called upon him and expressed his regret at the necessity which compelled him to fire. The Lieutenant exonerated him from all blame, saying "I refused to surrender, and would have shot you if I could have fired first."

Our regiment halted at Barnesville and the rebels soon made their appearance and deploying as skirmishers advanced through an open field upon a part of our men, who were thrown out in front of the village. Near headquarters a section of our artillery was placed, and when they had approached near enough to be within good range, the guns were opened upon them, firing over the heads of our men. The first shot struck in the midst of the enemy and produced a great scampering, to the delight and amusement of our boys; the second shot falling short carried away the nose of a horse, on which was seated Solomon Jewell, without, however, injuring the rider. Among the prisoners was one Dr. Rose who was very anxious to be left to attend their wounded, but as he was then a fighting man he could not claim the privilege of non-combatant, accorded to surgeons and chaplains, and so was taken along with us. The rebel wounded were left with a rebel citizen doctor, at Barnesville.

That night we remained at Barnesville and our wagons came up from Rockville with provisions. On the night of September 9th, S. S. Boen, of Company B, was attacked

while on picket, but emptied his assailant's saddle and brought his horse and equipments into camp.

In sight of Barnesville, and only a few miles distant, stands Sugar Loaf Mountain towering high in the air, from whose summit the country can be seen from a great distance in all directions. On the top of this mountain was a rebel signal station, where their signal flag could be seen waving all day and their signal fires swinging to and fro at night.

September 10th, the Sixth United States Regular Cavalry attempted to take this mountain and capture the signal station, but were unsuccessful. One or two companies of the Eighth Illinois were ordered to support them, but when the rebel artillery opened their fire, the Sixth Cavalry beat a hasty retreat, leaving our men in a very critical and dangerous position. They however extricated themselves without loss, while the Sixth Cavalry lost a number killed and wounded.

Other detachments of the regiment were sent in various directions; one toward the mouth of the Monocoey, where it drove in the rebel pickets and had a lively skirmish.

On the 11th, another expedition was planned to capture the mountain. Our regiment was to take a round-about route and encircle the east side. Other cavalry some other sides, while General Franklin's infantry, which was just arriving, was to defend the west; but the enemy probably discovered our movements from their elevated position, so that after a hard day's march we actually took the mountain, though not until they had made good their escape. A party of our regiment advanced to the summit and fired a volley therefrom.

Early in the morning of the 12th, we were called to march and it proved to be a very tedious days work, as it had rained the previous day and night, making the roads very muddy. At Clarksville, six miles distant, we came upon General Sumner's corps, in which were several men from Aurora, Illinois, in a New York battery, viz: Thomas Bates,

Oscar Bates, Henry Cushing and Henry Morgan, as good and true soldiers as any other western boys. We also met General Bank's corps marching up the river to intercept the army under General Lee, which was also ascending the Potomac, and was said to be crossing at Point of Rocks—which is the place where the Potomac makes its way through the Katochin Mountains. The roads being crowded with these troops we were obliged to take a circuitous route, and actually traveled thirty-three miles to reach Frederick City, which by a direct route was but sixteen miles distant from our starting point in the morning.

It was dark before we arrived at Frederick City, but there were many evidences of union feeling existing there, and we received a most hearty welcome and greeting. The rebels had left there a few hours before our arrival, and a detachment of union cavalry had entered the town during the afternoon. Passing through the city we encamped about a mile beyond, without blankets, as our baggage had not arrived. We were informed that the rebels had received about three hundred recruits here, and lost a few men by desertion. We concluded the citizens were pretty equally divided in sentiment. While the place was in possession of rebels, the business men were forced to sell their wares for confederate script, or have them confiscated without any remuneration, one alternative being equal to the other. Many were thus ruined, for the town had been pretty thoroughly pillaged. On the hills but a short distance to the west, and in plain sight, the enemy's camp-fires were burning, and we rested as well as we could, expecting an encounter the next morning.

September 13th, at early dawn the bugle calls could be heard in the camps, and the troops prepared for an advance. On reaching the first range of hills west of the city we found the enemy with their artillery well planted to dispute the pass. An engagement ensued and lasted until noon, in which our regiment met with no loss. The artillery practice

was lively, but the infantry coming up soon drove them from the position, and we went forward in hot pursuit.

In the beautiful valley between the Katochin and Blue Ridge Mountains, is nestled the village of Middletown, where the enemy made another stand, but were again driven from the field by our brave and noble patriots. On falling back they set fire to the fine bridge which spanned the stream, in order to impede our progress. The fire communicated with a large barn and a machine shop, which were totally destroyed together with their valuable contents. This wanton destruction of private property did not tend to gain friends for the perpetrators, and we were received with joyful demonstrations. The ladies came into the street with large slices of good bread well buttered, and distributed among the men, vying with each other in acts of kindness and loyalty. !

We forded the river and pursued the retreating enemy toward South Mountain, where they again formed in line of battle. A detachment consisting of one squadron of the Eighth Illinois and a part of the Third Indiana, under command of Major Medill, went towards Harper's Ferry, and became engaged with a superior force, in which we suffered severely. Eight men belonging to our regiment were wounded and a large number of the Third Indiana. Corporal Plover, of Company A, was mortally wounded, and George Bower, of Company F, was shot through the stomach, from which wound he almost miraculously recovered. One man of the Third Indiana had his skull split open by a sabre stroke. F. B. Wakefield of Company G, was taken prisoner by the rebels, who after taking him a short distance attempted to kill him. They gave him several cuts over the head with sabres, and leaving him for dead fled for fear of pursuit. He, however, rallied and made his way into our lines. For this brutal treatment he swore vengeance on his would-be murderers, and it is said that he well redeemed his pledge and satisfied his wrath. Such inhuman conduct toward prisoners is now denied by rebel historians, but the Eighth



Illinois Cavalry can attest to the truth of the statements.

The wounded of this battle were placed in a church at Middletown, and the ladies turned out by scores to attend to their wants, and furnished refreshments and all necessary comforts. At the pass at South Mountain, A. P. Thoms succeeded in capturing two men, and S. G. Eggleston of Company D, was shot through the thigh, severing the main nerve and rendering him a cripple for life.

September 14th occurred the memorable battle of South Mountain. Having driven the enemy into the mountain fastnesses, where they had planted their cannon so as to command the passes, cavalry could be of little use, and we awaited the arrival of the infantry. The battle did not rage with fury until after noon. From our position on the turnpike leading from Frederick City to Hagerstown, we could watch the battle as it progressed. The rattle of musketry became terrific, and for a time our forces drove the enemy, when they would be repulsed, but again advance with shouts and cheers. While this was in progress, skirmishing was going on in our front and to the right, and ere long the whole line of the mountain reverberated with the sound of arms. From rock and cliff and overhanging precipice the thunder of cannon was echoed with a roar that was almost deafening. Just at dusk men came along bearing on their shoulders a litter, on which was the lifeless remains of General Reno; but the battle still raged and grew fierce in front and to the right. At last General Hooker's division gained the mountain's crest, turned their position and put the enemy to flight; while in the center the sharp crack of the rifle and the lightning flash of the musketry could be heard and seen in the darkness until after nine o'clock.

Many of the wounded were brought to a farm house on the turnpike, where straw was scattered in the yard, on which they were placed and the surgeons and assistants were wearily working all night to relieve their distress. While engaged with the wounded a voice called out at a short dis-



tance, "Dr. Hard, is that you?" I answered the summons and found Lieutenant Arthur Ellis, of the Sixth Wisconsin Infantry, severely wounded in the leg. He had been a resident of my own village from childhood, and knew my voice although he could not see me. We spared no pains to make him as comfortable as his wound would admit. In this memorable battle Daniel Snyder, of Company E, was killed.

Early in the morning it was found that the enemy had retreated, and our regiment took the advance in the pursuit. In passing over the scenes of the previous night's engagement there were to be seen many marks of the bloody encounter. Behind a stone fence, where the rebels had been firing, and from which they were driven only by a desperate bayonet charge, lay a number of their dead; and on the right, where General Hooker's command had so gallantly charged and defeated them, the dead could be counted by scores.

Our regiment was now divided; six companies, led by Colonel Farnsworth, taking the main turnpike, and another party taking a route over the mountains, to the left. After passing the summit of South Mountain and descending into the valley, we found almost every house and barn converted into a hospital for the rebel soldiers. We dismounted at a few places to see how they were being cared for, but before we had made much of an investigation found that the regiment was in hot pursuit, and we were compelled to again mount and follow at a brisk canter.

It was about three miles from the mountain to the village of Boonesboro, where a brigade of the enemy's cavalry, headed by Fitz Hugh Lee, made a stand. Colonel Farnsworth ordered a charge, and so impetuous was the onset that the enemy broke and beat a hasty retreat, closely pursued by our men. Several attempts were made by the enemy to rally and form a new line, as often they failed. Thus for a distance of two miles was kept up a running, hand to hand fight until the rebels had scattered on different roads and

through fields, making further pursuit unavailing. In this encounter great courage was displayed on both sides, of which many interesting incidents are related. One of these is that Colonel Farnsworth became engaged with one of the enemy, whom he shot from his horse, but while on the chase after him, another was in pursuit of Farnsworth, and with uplifted sabre was about to strike a deadly blow, when a man of Company B, (I regret that I have not been able to procure his name,) seeing the danger of our loved and honored leader, fired, and brought to the ground the Colonel's assailant. Many were the encounters no less daring and perilous. Fitz Hugh Lee was unhorsed, and made his escape through a cornfield. His horse and equipments fell into our hands. Our loss was Sergeant Robert McArthur killed, and twenty-three wounded. Among the wounded were Captain Kelly, Solomon Jewell and — Jones; the latter we found lying in a field some fifty yards from the road and by his side a rebel, who was so covered with blood and dirt that he scarcely looked like a human being. Upon examination, however, it was found that his wounds and bruises were not of a serious nature, and he was taken into camp a prisoner. Jones was shot through the chest; the ball entering one side between the ribs, and lodging under the skin of the opposite. For a week he was unable to breath when lying; and yet he recovered, was discharged, and enlisted again and did good service in the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry. Corporal Flagg was severely wounded in the arm, and Morris Stull was struck with a sabre.

Eight dead rebels were found along the road, and many wounded. One poor fellow, mortally wounded and suffering the most excruciating pain, implored us to kill him outright. We took his name and address, and promised to write to his family; assuring him he could live but a short time we gave him an anodyne to mitigate his agony, and passed on to attend to others. Returning an hour later we found he had expired. Among our captures were four pieces of artillery.

The following brief account of a gallant and strategic transaction which well illustrates the daring of our men, we copy from a report of Lieutenant Granger :

“ On the 15th of September when General Pleasanton’s brigade was leading the advance of the union forces through Boonsboro in pursuit of the enemy retreating from South Mountain, I had the honor to be one of General Pleasanton’s Aids, and as such was in some degree assisting and directing the movements of our cavalry in pursuit. It having been reported to me by a Captain of General Richardson’s staff that some rebel cavalry were effecting their escape by some by-road, to the left of the Sharpsburg road, I sent Sergeant Joseph Clapp, Corporal George Brown, privates Morris and Wecham, under command of Sergeant Will A. Spencer, all of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, whom the officers directed as to the position of the rebels, and they willingly and eagerly started in pursuit. I am happy to report that their success far exceeded my most ardent expectations. Sergeant Spencer and his Squad, surprised and sent back in charge of a single one of their number several men whom they had found armed and equipped ; and when about two miles from Boonsboro, with a force of but three men besides himself, he came in sight of the enemy’s strongly fortified picket line. Here this squad of four surprised a corporal and thirteen men from the Third North Carolina Regiment, armed with Enfield rifles and equipments, guns loaded and capped, but so determined was their bearing that the fourteen threw down their arms and marched away from within rifle-shot of their picket lines without even so much as snapping a cap. These fourteen, together with the thirty-four others, making forty-eight, were marched back to Boonsboro, and thence to Frederick City. I may say in addition that in the battle of Fair Oaks, as staff officers to General E. D. Keys, Fourth Corps, I had occasion to compliment Sergeant Spencer for gallant and courageous conduct,

A. P. GRANGER,  
Lieutenant and Adjutant Eighth Illinois Cavalry, and A. G. Brigade.”

Our loss in prisoners was trifling, but among those taken were Henry Churchill and A. V. Teeple. An account of the capture of the latter we give in his own language, copied from a private letter, written at Patrolled Camp, Maryland:

“Our squadron in coming to the front was charged furiously by the rebels, and in rallying to withstand it my horse stumbled two or three times, throwing me to the ground. After regaining my feet and while re-mounting, the rebel officers at the head of the company dashed by and struck me on the head. I was soon hurried to the rear, for the shots were pouring through their ranks thick and fast. Tying up my head which bled more than it hurt, I rode by my escort to Williamsport, some eight miles distant, where he waited till I could have it dressed. This was done by a good, union surgeon. He said the skull was not fractured, only cut partially through. This timely aid caused it to commence healing, and it is now quite well. I was taken to Martinsburg, Virginia. Thanks to the kind-hearted cavalier in charge, I had the unusual privilege of riding my own horse to the prison door. I then went to the federal hospital, Dr. Ira Brown in charge, where were sick of the former garrison, including some thirty of the Sixty-fifth Illinois Volunteers, and a few of the Second Illinois Artillery. Among my “Sucker” friends and even former acquaintances, I was quite at home. From this time we drew our third rations, (I mean United States rations,) which, with the bountiful supply of the union citizens, constituted a good larder. Not one of the hospital patients there but would say ‘God bless the union inhabitants of Martinsburg.’ The whole week the booming of cannon was heard, and it did not recede or lessen in loudness, much to the pleasure of our convalescent party. If ever the roaring, incessant thundering of cannon sounded cheering, we experienced it there. We were parolled Wednesday, the 24th inst., and on Friday we started for Harper’s Ferry via Charlestown, arriving there Saturday evening.



Next morning took the cars for this place where we arrived to-day. There are at a rough estimate, three to four thousand here at present."

Of the wounded among the enemy was Lieutenant Hil Carter, from whose father our men had taken three valuable horses while on the Peninsula. He was severely but not fatally injured.

The number of prisoners taken in this fight was about five hundred; and let it be remembered that this was accomplished by a part of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. I challenge the world for an example of a more daring or better executed charge and one that was better followed up than this at the battle of Boonsboro. General Pleasanton was with us in person, and was delighted with the manner of our fighting and the great success of the day.

One incident I must relate, and though it necessitates using my own name, I think I should not withhold it through modesty. It was dark before our wounded were properly cared for, and the infantry and cavalry were now passing through the town by thousands and going in the direction of Sharpsburg, whither the army of General Lee had retreated, when some farmers came in from the country and informed us that two of our cavalymen were wounded, and now at the house of a certain doctor in a little village called Mount Pleasant, some four or five miles to the right. This story was repeated by other parties, and knowing that in the rapid pursuit of the enemy our men had scattered in various directions, we concluded that the report might be true. After consulting Colonel Farnsworth, at about ten o'clock at night, we took an ambulance and an orderly and started in search of our men, our route being in an opposite direction to that taken by the army. On arriving at the village, although it was now about midnight, we found the inhabitants all astir and every house lighted. The events of the two preceding days had been so exciting that everybody was awake and on the alert.



Upon reaching the doctor's house we found none of our men there, but two rebels had been wounded by our boys and taken there preparatory to being taken to camp. We were about to return when a young man considerably intoxicated, came and informed me that in a house near by was a rebel soldier, secreted by the women in the parlor. One wing of the building was used for a store, and thought if I would go through the store into the parlor I could capture him without difficulty. I was inclined to believe his story, and although I knew surgeons were non-combatants, the temptation was too great to resist. So halting in front of the store, after removing my surgeon's sash, we walked through the store and into the parlor without knocking; and there seated upon a sofa in an elegantly furnished room was a soldier in rebel gray, with a plate of cake and pie of which he was making a supper. In one corner of the room stood his musket, and by his side lay a revolver, while three ladies were treating him to the luxuries of the house and bestowing upon him their sweetest smiles. Presenting a pistol I demanded a surrender of his arms and told him that he must go with us. He made no resistance; but the ladies were very indignant, and heaped all manner of opprobrious epithets upon the "impudent yankee who dared to enter their house without knocking," for which we determined to pay them with interest. Coming to the door and seeing the ambulance he asked if he might ride, as he was very tired. This I thought offered a chance for retaliation upon the women, and I inquired.

"How long since you changed your shirt? Are you not lousy?"

At these questions the women were in a towering rage, but the man very nonchalantly replied:

"It is about three weeks since I had a clean shirt, and I reckon I have a right smart of graybacks."

We passed out, but the women overheard the answer and retreated. On looking back through the open door we saw

them with candles in hand examining the sofa and carpet, and from their excited appearance and the "live" condition of our prisoner, we concluded they found they had entertained more "graybacks" than they at first anticipated. Our prisoner was marched before us to Boonsboro, and added one more to the great number already in captivity.

The union citizens of Boonsboro, of whom there were many, were untiring in their devotion to our wounded, of which service the Eighth Illinois still retain grateful remembrance. The regiment marched to near Keedysville and went into camp. The enemy had taken up a strong position at Sharpsburg, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, the line between the two armies being Antietam Creek; and our cavalry were employed in ascertaining their position.

September 16th, we remained in the woods a mile or two in advance of Keedysville, and not more than that distance from the enemy's line, and were engaged in reconnoitering. The artillery were amusing themselves with desultory practice with but little effect, and infantry and artillery were arriving by thousands. To our left the garrison of Harper's Ferry had been attacked and surrendered to the enemy, much to the astonishment and chagrin of all who learned the sad intelligence. That night a part of the Eighth New York and Twelfth Illinois Cavalry eluded the guards and made their escape from Harper's Ferry, and going around via Williamsport and Hagerstown were enabled to join the union army.

On the morning of the 17th, a little after daylight, the battle of Antietam was fairly commenced. At first we were held in reserve, but were soon ordered to the front to support a battery near the center of the union line. We had to cross the stone bridge over Antietam Creek, on the turnpike leading from Boonsboro to Sharpsburg, in direct range with the enemy's cannon, where but a few moments before several of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry had been killed while crossing, among whom was the Colonel of the regiment;





BREVET BRIG. GEN! DANIEL DUSTIN.  
OF SYCAMORE.

none of our brigade were injured although the fire was terrific and almost incessant. We were soon posted in support of Robinson's battery, under cover of a hill, which afforded some protection from the enemy's shot and shell which, passing directly over our heads, would strike the opposite bank of the stream or dash into the waters. Our own guns were placed on the hill in our rear and also firing over our heads. The roar of the cannon of the opposing armies combined, produced an almost deafening noise.

Occasionally a slug from the cartridge would fall in our midst. In this manner several of the Third Indiana were wounded. At one time one of the rebel shells fell short without bursting, and striking the hill in our front came tumbling and skipping along, passing through our ranks into the creek some twenty yards in our rear. The men, as by instinct, suddenly opened their ranks and let the unwelcome messenger pass without doing any damage. After remaining in this position for several hours, we moved up the creek a distance of about half a mile, while the shells were passing over our heads from the front and rear, but almost miraculously none of them did any damage. On our right the battle raged with varying success. General Hooker was in command in this part of the field, and was wounded, and General Sumner supplied his place.

To and fro the armies swayed over a field that was repeatedly won and lost, until the ground was strewn with dead and dying, and neither side gained very great advantage. On our left, at the lower stone bridge across the Antietam where General Burnside commanded, the battle was terribly sanguinary, the crossing was finally effected, but the slaughter was heart-sickening. In the center I think our success was probably better, but purchased with an almost inconceivable loss of life.

The "Irish Brigade" and One Hundred and Thirtieth Pennsylvania, here made a desperate charge over an open field and dislodged the enemy from a lane, which had been



gullied out by the rain, so that it made, with the stones piled along its edge ready to be made into a fence, an excellent barricade. They also drove them from a cornfield in front of the lane, from which a deadly fire had been kept up for many hours. Night closed upon a hard fought battle, wherein we thought the union army had achieved a victory.

After dark our regiment was marched back half a mile and rested for the night, confidently expecting to renew the battle in the morning, as we knew the enemy had been forced from their position along the whole line of conflict. The night was spent in caring for the wounded. At a farmhouse, used for a hospital, we again met Miss Clara Barton. Many of the wounded had been taken back to Keedysville, where Assistant-Surgeon Stull and I labored most of the night. Among the wounded we had to treat was Major Sedgwick, who was mortally wounded by a severe shot in the spine. It is useless to recite the tales of suffering. It was a repetition of our former battles with which we had now become familiar.

It seems that during the progress of the battle, the victorious rebel forces from Harper's Ferry had reinforced General Lee; otherwise it is doubtful if he could have held out during the day. Little rest was obtained that night, and all were prepared for an early advance in the morning; but morning came and went, with no orders to march.

During the forenoon Dr. Stull and I went out to the field where the "Irish Brigade" had made their famous charge, with the hope of aiding some of the poor, suffering rebels, who still lay upon the field, weltering in their own blood and surrounded by their dead comrades. We reached the lane and were attempting to aid a rebel captain, who told us they had not so much as wet their parched lips for thirty hours, and implored our assistance not only for himself but for the suffering ones around him. While we were thus employed some rebel sharp-shooters, who lay concealed behind a board fence scarcely forty rods distant, fired upon us. The

first shot struck within two feet of me, throwing the dirt upon my clothes; while the second passed in close proximity to Dr. Stull's nose. We thought this was a little too warm work, and that we could not lend these miserable creatures our aid, upon such conditions, and consequently beat a hasty retreat. As we left they sent up a wail for help so piteous and imploring, that to this day I am haunted by the recollection. No other attempt was made to rescue them until the next morning, when on visiting the ground again not one was found alive. The captain we attempted to assist had evidently bled to death for want of attention.

This lane was less than sixty rods in length, and when the dead were taken out to be interred they numbered nearly one thousand. They were buried in pits, two to three hundred being placed in each pit, or hole. No advance or fighting occurred during that day. Most of the regiment remained in camp, while a portion went on a scout.

September 16th. Early in the morning we received orders to advance, but during the night the enemy had escaped across the Potomac. We made a rapid march over the battlefield, and through the village of Sharpsburg. Here nearly every house and building gave evidence of the terrible battle, and several had been set on fire by the bursting of shells and were now mouldering ruins. Even the "Liberty Pole," in the center of the town had been struck and shattered. Passing on we came up with a few stragglers, but all their troops and valuable stores were on the Virginia side of the Potomac, and the bridge at Shepherdstown had been destroyed.

As our brigade was ascending a hill the rebel batteries which had been placed in a commanding position on the Virginia shore, so as to enfilade the road, opened upon us a heavy fire. The first shots passed over our heads, and burst in the rear of the column. The firing was very rapid and accurate, but a little too high, and for a wonder none of the shots took effect. The brigade fell back under cover of

a hill and let the artillery advance, and for a short time there was a lively artillery battle.

Early this morning, before our arrival, the Fourth Michigan Volunteer Infantry crossed the river, surprised and captured four cannons from the enemy, some of which were now turned upon them. In this movement several young men were conspicuous and daring, among whom were Lieutenants M. J. Vreeland, Sage, Maltby, Bancroft and Gordon, the latter being severely wounded. After the firing ceased we were ordered back.

Before daylight, on the morning of the 20th, Colonel Farnsworth received orders to move with his brigade in the direction of Winchester; and in due time the command was upon the march. Upon arriving at the river, opposite Shepherdstown, we found that some of the infantry had already crossed and were engaged with the enemy. One Pennsylvania regiment, called the "Corn Exchange," had but recently entered the service, and in this their first fight were sadly defeated, and a large number killed, wounded and taken prisoners. Part of the cavalry had forded the river and were on the opposite shore, while a part were in the water, when they were ordered to countermarch. This command was given none too soon, for the enemy had reached the bluff and had commenced firing into our ranks. Surgeon Beck, of the Third Indiana Cavalry, was riding by my side when a bullet struck his horse just back of the saddle. Our artillery was brought into line, and when all was ready, opened with twenty guns, which not only silenced the rebel guns but drove them from the field. During the cannonading we were greatly amused at the antics of one of the colored servants named Clay. He was so frightened that he went around ducking his head and at times even lying down upon his horse's neck, with his white eyes rolling around in the most abject fear.

Some of the members of the Eighth met with very interesting adventures along the river. They fought on their own

account, firing like sharpshooters whenever they had a chance to make it tell upon the enemy.

Companies D and F were sent on a reconnoissance up the river to Falling Water, which they accomplished successfully.

The 21st was Sunday, and we remained in camp at Sharpsburg. Many taking occasion to go over the battle-field of Antietam. Hundreds of horses lay there in the sun and the stench arising from their putrid bodies was very offensive. All the dead soldiers had not been buried, and their skins had become so blackened and their bodies so swollen they scarcely looked like human beings. Near the lane where the "Irish Brigade" made their great and gallant charge, boards were placed at the mounds with inscriptions like the following: "Here lies seventy-four rebels." "Here lies General Anderson and eighty dead rebels." "In this hole are one hundred and forty-two dead rebels," and many others, all taken from the short lane we have before described.

We now had a respite from hard service for a few days, enabling the officers to make out their muster rolls and discharge papers, and the men and horses to recruit their exhausted energies. On the 23d, several of those left sick at Alexandria returned; among whom were Dr. Crawford, Captains Waite and Forsythe and Lieutenant Hotop; and those discharged for disability were Sergeant Plummer, W. D. Stiles, Daniel McMillen and Uriah Hazelton.

The night of the 23d, an order was received to be prepared with two days rations, to march to Harper's Ferry. At early dawn the camp exhibited a lively appearance, horses were saddled, rations cooked and all things made ready; but no further orders were given until late in the afternoon when the command to "unsaddle" greeted our ears and all was quiet again.

On the 25th, a reconnoissance was made across the Potomac, Colonel Farnsworth commanding in person. The crossing was effected without opposition, at the ford below



Shepherdstown where the former attempt had been made. Ascending the hill through a deep ravine the body of a soldier was discovered, too much decomposed to be recognized. Near the village we encountered the rebel pickets who beat a hasty retreat, but our movements were ordered and executed so quickly and with such celerity, that the village was surrounded and occupied before many were aware of our presence. The place had the appearance of one immense hospital, nearly every house being filled with wounded which had been taken from the battle of Antietam. Among them were some union prisoners which we provided for with great pleasure.

We drove the enemy some three miles beyond the town, and took about thirty prisoners, among them Lieutenant Colonel Lee of the Thirty-third Virginia Infantry. He was finely mounted and equipped, and expressed himself greatly chagrined at being captured. Toward evening the regiment returned to camp with their prisoners, proud of their day's work.

September 27th, S. S. Boone of Company B, received a severe flesh wound.

On the 28th, our newly appointed Chaplain, Rev. Philo Judson, arrived and preached his first sermon.

September 29th, a reconnoissance in force was made, General Pleasanton commanding. Colonel Farnsworth being unwell our brigade was under the command of Colonel Williams, of the First Massachusetts Cavalry. Halting for a short time at Shepherdstown, our wounded men, found there, were conveyed across the river in small boats and sent to Sharpsburg.

While engaged in the discharge of this duty we observed those in charge of a hospital near the river, took especial pains to prevent our going around a certain house. Our suspicions were aroused, and thinking there might be some soldiers secreted there, one of the officers of the regiment was made aware of the facts. He at once instituted a search, though strenuously opposed by the family. No soldier was



found but a fine cavalry horse with full equipments was discovered in a cave in the hill, which made an excellent addition to our own animals.

A few miles further on at a farm-house we found Colonel Magill and other rebel officers, suffering from severe wounds. The Colonel had an arm amputated at the shoulder, which, for want of proper care, was alive with maggots. After dressing their wounds we learned that the Colonel had been educated at West Point, and was a classmate of General Pleasanton.

The command, as in most cases, was divided into squads which took different roads. The First Massachusetts Cavalry woke up a rebel battery, and about one hundred of the regiment were hotly pursued by the enemy, who followed them on "double quick" until they came to our regiment when the pursuit suddenly ended. The result of this day's work was the capture of a few soldiers, the paroling of about five hundred sick and wounded, the transferring several of our men to our own hospitals and a safe return to camp without loss, after having discovered the enemy's position. That evening Rolla D. Pope accidentally discharged his pistol, wounding two of his own fingers and three of J. J. Miners, the latter so severely as to require amputation.

September 30th one squadron, under Captain Waite, went to Shepherdstown to act as escort for the Provost Marshal, where they had a lively skirmish. A man belonging to Company B, made such a sudden dash on a rebel picket that he barely escaped by leaving his pistol and sabre.

It became necessary that a reconnoissance should be made in the direction of Martinsburg, to see what had become of the retreating army of Lee. Our army, or a large portion of it, was encamped in the vicinity of Sharpsburg. General Pleasanton, in command of the cavalry corps, was directed to execute this perilous duty, and if possible reach the town. Selecting the Eighth Illinois, a portion of the Eighth Pennsylvania, and one battery of Regular Artillery, he crossed

the Potomac at Shepherdstown, at an early hour on the morning of the 1st of October, the Eighth Illinois being in the advance. We had proceeded but two or three miles when the advance guard, under command of Captain Forsythe, came upon the enemy's cavalry. The Captain, with a furious charge, such as he was in the habit of making, gallantly dispersed their advance, but finding them in too strong force to be easily driven, a section of the artillery was brought forward and forced them to retire, which they did very reluctantly, stoutly contesting every part of the road to Martinsburg, a distance of seven or eight miles.

On approaching the town our troops were ordered to make a dash into it, which they did, capturing a number of the enemy, releasing some of our men held as prisoners of war, securing a quantity of plunder and driving a large force of them out of the place. It was about one o'clock when we entered and took possession. During the forenoon the rebel cavalry manifested that stubbornness and confidence which is always inspired by the consciousness of superior numbers. Our forces sustained a loss of several wounded but none killed. We killed one or two of their number. Numerous bodies of the enemy had been seen at a distance during the day, and while we remained in possession of the town they still lingered, keeping up a constant on fire our pickets and advanced posts. Our prisoners showed by their conduct that they had very little idea of being obliged to re-cross the Potomac with us. From the inhabitants, some of whom were union at heart, we learned that a large force was encamped about us; and we afterwards ascertained that during all this time, up to four o'clock in the afternoon, the commander of the rebels was engaged concentrating his forces ready to "gobble up" our entire command whenever we attempted to return. However we had a word to say on that subject.

At about four o'clock P. M., General Pleasanton having gained all the information possible of the situation of the rebel army, made preparations to return. This move called for

more military skill, caution and courage than it had required to advance. We were twelve miles from Shepherdstown, the nearest ford, with a force not to exceed eight hundred men, (our regiment being very much reduced at that time,) and with an opposition of five or six times our number on all sides, well acquainted with the country, of which we were comparatively ignorant.

On withdrawing, the Eighth Illinois was placed in the rear of the column, the rear guard being commanded by Major Medill. Scarcely had our pickets left their post before the rebel cavalry came pouring along in pursuit. The streets were filled and completely blockaded with them. A section of our artillery, placed on a slight eminence just outside of town, and trained to bear on a bridge, with a few well directed shots held the enemy in check for a short time, and created considerable confusion in their ranks. This enabled our advance to move some distance ahead, when the artillery was withdrawn, leaving Captain Clark, with his squadron, in the extreme rear. Ere long those in the front discovered that the enemy had taken advantage of Captain Clark's position and were sending terrific showers of shot into the midst of his gallant little band. The Captain sent word to Major Medill that it would be impossible for him to hold out much longer, when one squadron of the Eighth Pennsylvania was placed in a commanding position to assist in repulsing the enemy; but their commander seeing the situation of affairs, and knowing that it would be a warmly contested point, abandoned his position without firing a shot. We then placed two pieces of artillery in position and opened fire upon the rebels to protect Captain Clark. It was, however, like firing against a tornado. The enemy by passing on either side of the road were enabled to rush madly on, seemingly determined to surround us at all hazards. Our artillery was obliged to fall back to prevent being captured.

Major Medill ordered his squadron commanders to form their men on the side of the road facing the rear "as

quick as ever God would let them." Captain Southworth's squadron was on the right facing towards the advancing rebels. He scarcely had his men in line before they were upon him, but a couple of volleys from their carbines, at short range, checked the pursuit for a sufficient length of time, to allow Captain Clark's squadron to pass and take a new position, when the two squadrons, together with that of Captain Farnsworth, discharged such effective volleys into their very faces that they were repulsed and held at bay until the artillery could be placed in proper position, which sent such volleys of cannister into their midst they were compelled to yield the field, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

It was now dark, and after holding our position a short time, until it was thought the enemy did not propose another attack, the General withdrew his forces, and we were not molested again on our return to the Potomac, which we safely crossed a little before midnight.

General Pleasanton complimented the regiment very highly for the coolness and courage displayed, and also Major Medill for the manner in which he commanded his men. The discipline which our men had undergone, was here fully displayed by our squadrons halting from a swift march and delivering their fire as regularly and coolly as on the parade ground, and by taking one position after another while retreating before a superior force and under a severe fire, in a manner which would not have been excelled by any troops in the world.

Official reports showed the enemy's loss to have been one hundred and fifty, of which number forty were killed and buried on the field. The Eighth Illinois lost but sixteen men, twelve wounded and four missing. The rebel commander was very much chagrined at not having captured the regiment, and is said to have remarked that "he could never give any satisfactory reason for not having done so." The reason was, we are happy to inform him, our men would not let him accomplish his object.

October 2d was spent by the men in resting and recounting the deeds of daring and the narrow escapes of the previous day; and by way of variety an unpleasant misunderstanding occurred between Captains Hynes and Farnsworth, in regard to the distribution of the horses which had just arrived for the regiment. Such harmony had heretofore existed among the officers, that a little "family jar" was looked upon as a serious matter; but mild counsels prevailed and all dissatisfaction was soon forgotten. Towards evening the four men who were missing arrived in camp, having been paroled. They reported that they were well treated by General Stuart, who led the rebel charge. The General said "he knew it was the Eighth Illinois Cavalry he was fighting, by the way they withstood his charges." General Fitz Hugh Lee told them that in our charge at Boonsboro, his horse was killed and he had to run into a cornfield and then walk ten miles to effect his escape. In the estimation of the Confederates, the Eighth Illinois was the best, and the Third Indiana Cavalry the next best regiment in the Federal army. One of the rebel officers sent his compliments to Captain Clark, saying "he liked his style—he was so cool—and that he would have been highly pleased if he could have made him a prisoner; but that little d——l (Captain Waite,) that was along with Clark was a saucy little cuss." All this was no faint praise, coming as it did from the enemy.



## CHAPTER VIII.

Grand Review by President Lincoln—Bribing a sentinel—Stuart's second raid around the Potomac Army—Harper's Ferry—Advance into Virginia—Battle of Philamont—Battle of Barber's Cross-Roads—Capture of the hospital at Markham's Station—An Irish woman's generosity—Battle of Little Washington—Battle of Amisville—Capturing General Wade Hampton's dinner—Farnsworth promoted to a Brigadier-General—Battle of Fredericksburg.

October 3d, all the troops were ordered out to be reviewed by President Lincoln and General McClellan. The ground chosen was that part of the battlefield where Generals Hooker and Sumner had fought. Our brigade was drawn up in line near the Hagerstown turnpike ; surrounded on all sides by numberless graves, filled with the dead of the recent battles. After standing two or three hours, the review commenced. The President appeared dressed in citizens clothes, wearing a high crowned hat, his long, lean figure contrasting strangely with the compact form of General McClellan. As they approached, the battery belched forth its thunders in a grand salute ; where, but a few days before, it was dealing death to traitors. The review being ended all returned thankfully to camp.

October 4th. Colonel Farnsworth's illness had increased to such an extent that it was thought best to have him leave the field for a short time. We accompanied him as far as Harper's Ferry on his way to Washington.

October 5th was the Sabbath, and Chaplain Judson preached in the morning and evening. Lieutenant and Commissary, B. L. Chamberlain, returning to camp from his captivity in rebel prisons, where he had been since the 6th

of May, entertained us with an account of his capture and experiences; a history of which will be found in another chapter. He met with a hearty welcome from his old comrades in arms.

October 6th the regiment removed to a new camp, about a mile nearer Harper's Ferry, situated in a field where there was no timber, and where all the fences were protected by the infantry guards. We were at a loss to know how to procure a few boards with which to make bunks, tables, &c. Some of "the boys" had attempted to obtain some boards from a fence near by, when they were promptly told by the guard that they had orders not to allow the fences to be disturbed. In this dilemma Dr. Crawford, ever ready to invent an expedient, said he could manage it. Taking with him a colored man, a hatchet and a bottle of whisky, he sauntered around the field until he came to a sentinel guarding the fence near some wheat stacks. After a few moments conversation the bottle was drawn from the Doctor's pocket, and the sentinel was seen to imbibe a deep draught, and then walk leisurely round to the opposite side of the stack. The colored boy at once set to work tearing off boards, which were soon brought to our tent. This proceeding occurred in plain sight of the regiment; thinking the guard had been removed, about a dozen men started on the same errand, but ere they reached the spot the Doctor had left, the sentinel was again at his post, and not another board could be taken.

On the 7th, we visited a barn used for a hospital by the enemy and in charge of their own surgeons. One case in particular attracted our attention; it was a soldier whose lower jaw, chin and tongue had been shot away, and who was still living. To our surprise the surgeon in attendance had made no effort to cover the wound or protect it from the flies that were swarming around. What the final result of the case was we never learned.

We remained in camp without much to excite us until the 11th inst., when early in the morning the Orderly's call was

sounded, and shortly after "boots and saddles." The orders were, to be prepared to march "light," with three days rations. It was found that a large number of the horses were without shoes, so that but about half the regiment were in a condition to go. It was rumored that General Stuart was making a raid into Pennsylvania, and we very correctly conjectured that he was circumscribing McClellan's grand army again as he did on the Peninsula. All being ready, the regiment, or that part which was able to march, started in command of Captain Clark, General Pleasanton in person leading the expedition. Our course was first up the Potomac to Hagerstown. Halting there a few moments we started for Williamsport, and had gone but a few miles when we came to a halt, fed our horses a few cornstalks, and then counter-marched to Hagerstown. Passing through the place our course was directed toward the mountains which were reached. We then marched along the base to the Blue Ridge a few miles, ascended, passed over it and down into the valley of the Monococy, at a place called Mechanicstown which we reached at half past ten at night. Some of our men were taken sick and had to be left. The regiment attempted to rest, but had barely unsaddled when orders were given to move forward again, as all were eager to overtake and capture Stuart.

Our course now lay down the Monococy Valley. The road was good and the regiment went forward at a canter. By the time our sick were cared for, we found ourselves in the rear; and although we put our horses upon the gallop for most of the time, we rode eighteen miles before overtaking the regiment.

Passing through Frederick City, Maryland, we reached the mouth of the Monococy river about nine o'clock Sunday morning. Here we found the rear guard of the Confederates; a few shots were exchanged and one man captured; but Stuart and his raiders had succeeded in re-crossing the Potomac at White's Ford, just in time to evade an engage-

ment; and thus ended "Stuart's second great raid around the Army of the Potomac."

General Stoneman, who was in command of a division at Poolville, six miles distant, reached this point a short time after, and why he could not have intercepted the enemy was a mystery to us; but it is probable he was not informed of their presence until it was too late.

The enemy had succeeded in taking several hundred horses from Maryland, and getting them across the river in safety. At Chambersburg they captured a large quantity of Quartermaster's stores, consisting in part of army clothing, which they immediately exchanged for their ragged gray. This deceived our troops and came near being the means of our losing some soldiers. Captain Forsythe, with a squad of men, came upon a number thus dressed in United States uniform, and demanded who they were. He was answered by a shower of bullets. A lively skirmish ensued without our side meeting with any loss or injury.

We now encamped in a field, having marched eighty-six miles in twenty-six hours. Many of the men and horses had given out on the way and came straggling along all the afternoon. During the night, the more to add to our discomfort, we had a drenching rain.

Monday, 13th, we returned to Sharpsburg, a distance of thirty-five miles, greatly fatigued; the whole distance traveled being one hundred and twenty-one miles. It is doubtful if better time or more rapid marching was made by any command during the war. The mistake, if any existed, was in our being sent round *after* the enemy instead of anticipating his course and intercepting him. All felt deeply the disgrace of allowing the rebel General to pass around our army and gather spoils, which he had now done the second time; yet no blame attaches to our cavalry. One half the labor and marching, in the right direction, would have intercepted him and forced an engagement.

October 14th, orders were issued early in the morning to

move camp, and during the day the regiment marched to Knoxville, some five or six miles below Harper's Ferry; without even resting from the effects of their late unprecedented march. But in time of war orders must be obeyed. Finding a poor place for the regiment to encamp, Major Medill ordered another move, and we went some two miles farther from the river, where we pitched our tents.

*Harper's* The scenery upon our march that day was unsurpassed east of the Rocky Mountains. The Potomac and Shenandoah rivers unite and pass through the Blue Ridge mountains at ~~Harper's~~ Ferry, making one of the grandest gorges ever beheld. Wirt's description is not in the least overdrawn. The place is also memorable for the exploits of John Brown and his companions, whose visionary and untimely attempt at revolution cost them their lives. On the Virginia side of the river, Loudon Hights were surmounted by cannon, and from Maryland Hights great batteries looked down on the village and up the river, threatening all who approached from that direction. The wagon road, railroad and canal all pass between the river bank and the mountains; being crowded so near together, that there is scarcely room for two teams to pass; while above are over-hanging rocks, hundreds of feet high, threatening to fall and crush us to atoms. But there they have hung for ages, and may remain for centuries to come.

October 16th the non-commissioned officers, mustered out under an order from the War Department, started for home.

October 17th Major Beveridge, having recovered from his late illness, arrived and relieved Major Medill, who had been in command during the entire Maryland campaign. It was known that a large number of our men who had been sent to the General Hospital from time to time, were now detained in a convalescent camp, near Alexandria, and although repeated application had been made to have them returned to the regiment, they did not reach us. Accordingly I obtained orders to go there and examine into the matter, and



in company with Major Medill, visited Washington and Alexandria, and found thirty-two of our men in convalescent camps, a large number of whom were able, and wished to be returned. We succeeded in obtaining the release of a part of them; and with a large amount of our baggage, which had been left at Alexandria, and an unusually large mail, we returned to Knoxville, Maryland, on the 23d.

During our five day's absence nothing of importance transpired. Our Quartermaster received a lot of horses and clothing to be distributed through the regiment, and Lieutenant Beach, of Company A, returned from the city; upon whose arrival, for some reason, yet unexplained, a few of the officers had a lively time. There were various rumors as to the cause, but being absent, we are not prepared to vouch for the accuracy of any of the reports. Battalion-Adjutant Lumbard also visited the camp, after a protracted imprisonment.

We found the citizens about Knoxville in a very unpleasant state. Both armies had successively occupied the country, and to avoid molestation, the inhabitants had misrepresented each other, making accusations of being rebels or union—depending upon the army that was present. Families that had lived peaceable neighbors for fifty years, were thus embittered against each other; producing a state of society but little less deplorable than that in Virginia, where the whole country had been devastated.

Early on the morning of the 27th, Sergeant-Major Samuel Smith put his head into our tent and announced "orders to march at seven o'clock." As it had rained all night we predicted a movement. A large part of the army had encamped in this neighborhood, and a pontoon bridge had been laid across the Potomac river at Berlin. More than a month had elapsed since the battle of Antietam, and yet no advance had been made, though all had expected to make a move upon the "sacred soil of Virginia," before this. While lying here we ascended the loftiest peaks of the Blue

Ridge, and descended into the deepest valleys—in fact had “done up” the country pretty thoroughly; and now only waited the order which came upon this cold, rainy morning. Several of our officers were sick and had taken board with a family by the name of Crampton; among them Captain E. J. Farnsworth and Lieutenant Van Patten. On account of the illness of the former, our Colonel particularly requested me to remain with the Captain. Drs. Crawford and Stull accompanied the regiment. In due time the brigade started, leaving a detachment in charge of the regimental property, the sick, our Veterinary Surgeon, Corwin, (with his lame and disabled horses,) and a large number of new horses which needed shoeing. Having crossed the Potomac on the pontoons they passed through Lovetsville, and encamped on the premises of a secesh. They made free use of his corn-shocks for the horses, as well as a reasonable amount of the good things obtainable in the neighborhood for themselves. It was a rainy day and the following night was very unpleasant.

About noon on the 28th the rain ceased and the Eighth Illinois dashed forward to Purcellville, where they drove in the rebel pickets, capturing three. Soon after the Eighth New York and Third Indiana came up and passed on. The Eighth New York overtook a rebel battery, and after having three men and several horses wounded, returned and encamped near our regiment.

An old secessionist by the name of Gregg, was owner of the premises and “the boys” made themselves free with the chickens, turkeys, sheep, pigs, apples, milk, etc., found on his or adjoining plantations. One old lady implored protection of one of our men which she mistook for an officer, to save her bees; and while promising her to do all in his power to guard the property and control the men, all the available honey disappeared. These simple people seemed to think that they could send their sons into the rebel army to destroy our country and murder our soldiers, and that we

would not only protect them, but spend our time in guarding their chicken-roosts, pig pens and bee-hives. But they soon learned that western soldiers came for other purposes. That afternoon Drs. Stull and Crawford and Samuel Smith made a descent upon a porker weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds, and much to the amusement of the soldiers, who seldom missed their mark, especially when something to eat was the target, after shooting four or five times they conquered, and brought him into camp.

During the time they remained in this place, the country was thoroughly picketed and foraged; the men lived on the enemy, and nothing found in the rich valley was too good for the soldiers. At this place our teams came up with provisions, and twenty-seven men from the old camp at Knoxville, twenty horses and one of the ambulances obtained from the Medical Director.

On the 30th of October two squadrons of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and one of the Third Indiana were scouting on different roads, when Captain Ludlam's squadron discovered some cavalry in the distance. Lieutenant Russell sent Corporal White forward to ascertain who they were; not being able to recognize them in time to escape, he was taken prisoner by the rebels, and Lieutenant Russell had a very narrow escape. The Third Indiana captured one prisoner, but we could ill afford to give an Illinois boy for a rebel.

November 1st, A great portion of the infantry had now arrived, and orders were given to advance. Our course was directed southerly, along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, and we formed the van-guard of this great army. At Philamont we encountered the enemy; the Eighth Pennsylvania and Third Indiana being the first troops engaged. The above named regiments had several men wounded, and some killed; and the surgeons found plenty to do in caring for the sufferers. The Eighth Illinois were on duty in another part of the field and suffered no loss.

November 2d. An account of this day's doings I quote from Dr. Stull's diary:

"We moved at eight o'clock, on the road toward Uniontown. As we passed through Philamont the Brass Band struck up a tune which made the rebel pickets skedaddle, thinking the infantry had arrived. We had not moved far before the artillery opened, when the fight commenced, and continued all day; we all the time driving the enemy by inches, and by dark had driven them about six miles. The Eighth New York had several men wounded, one from whom I extracted a ball. The infantry of General Doubleday's brigade came up in the afternoon and took part in the battle, losing several men. Our men were in very warm positions, as supports to batteries, but escaped injury until just at night, when Samuel McGonnel, of Company A., was instantly killed by a cannon shot. Though the shot and shell fell around them like hail, and their comrade had fallen from his saddle, yet, true soldiers as they were, they never moved from the ranks; even the brave, fallen hero's horse stood still, although riderless. The nerve that holds men in place in such exigencies is of no common or base kind. A half dozen comrades quietly dismounted and performed the last sad rites of burial, while the artillery sounded the funeral salute; and darkness closed the scene, but picket firing was kept up all night.

What loss the enemy sustained in this conflict we do not know; but our artillery exploded one of their caissons, disabling one gun, and there is no doubt they suffered more than we. General Burnside arrived near night and surveyed the scene."

November 3d. Skirmishing began early and was continued during the day. The enemy was driven back six miles, to Ashley's Gap, near Upperville. In this mountain pass they were nearly secure. No casualties occurred to our brigade.

November 4th. The regiment was delayed a few hours, waiting for the teams to arrive with rations, which came before noon. The hard tack marked "B. C.," which the

boys interpreted "Before the Christian Era," was distributed and the command moved out in the direction of Manassas Gap, but had no fighting to do; the enemy retreating as we approached. We encamped for the night at Piedmont. The Fifth Regular Cavalry had a skirmish at the Gap and lost two men killed and twelve wounded. One squadron of the Eighth Illinois went to the town of Linden, near the summit of the mountains.

November 5th. We moved early in the morning, and, passing General Averill's brigade, took the advance. Taking a southerly course along the mountains, we found the enemy strongly posted at Barber's cross-roads. They saluted us with a shot from their cannon, which fell short, and our artillery was brought forward and replied. The Eighth Illinois at first moved to the left to support the artillery, and the Eighth New York, Third Indiana and Sixth Regulars were farther to the right, engaged in skirmishing. The artillery practice of our adversaries was excellent. Captain Forsythe barely escaped one of their shots, which threw the dirt over and about him. The road was barricaded with rails to protect their cannon from a charge, but Companies B and E made an attempt, and would have captured their guns could they have been followed by a sufficient number of supports at the proper moment. The enemy were in superior force, and by the aid of the barricade and a deadly fire, finally succeeded in withdrawing their guns. "Charge" and "counter-charge," followed in quick succession, and for a short time the fighting was desperate; but our men were invincible, although attacked by at least a full regiment of Stuart's best cavalry. Three of the enemy were killed and a large number wounded. One, who fell into our hands, was Lieutenant and Adjutant Talaferro, of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry. His thigh required amputation, which was skillfully performed by Surgeons Rogers and Stull. We also captured four prisoners, one of whom was a Captain. But for the victory we have to record the loss of two brave



men killed: Corporal William Mace and John Brown; while eight of our number were wounded, viz: Josiah Richardson, Company L; Charles Plant, Company E; George S. Sager, Company E; B. F. Horner, Company E; E. H. Burdick, Company B; Martin Fancher, Company B; James McConnel, Company E; Harrison Hakes, Company B.

During the engagement two hospitals were established—one for each cavalry brigade—and after the battle the inmates of both were removed to Markham Station, on Manassas Gap Railroad, and there placed in a vacant building, which had been used some time before as a hotel. Beds were made on the floors with the blankets belonging to the wounded.

Assistant-Surgeon S. K. Crawford was instructed by the Medical Director to take charge of the hospital, and with the limited means placed at his disposal, to do everything within his power to increase the comfort and guard the lives of the wounded. He assumed the charge, hoping that two or three days would bring relief, and allow the removal of the sufferers to Alexandria, (the nearest point accessible by rail,) where there was an established hospital.

However, on November 10th, hope gave way to disappointment, for instead of friends coming to his relief, the enemy sent two companies of the Second Virginia Cavalry, under command of Captain H. C. Dickerson, who paroled the wounded and their attendants with the exception of the Doctor, who was protected by a recent cartel governing the exchange of prisoners, which declared medical officers and chaplains non-combatants.

Upon entering the hospital they passed from bed to bed very rapidly, frequently stepping upon the wounded; demanding whatever they had of value, in money or watches; stealing the blankets from the beds; pulling the overcoats with unnecessary force from under the heads of the men, who shrieked out piteously as their wounded limbs were thrown about by the violence used in removing their cover-

ing. These actions were not restrained till after all the desirable clothing had been appropriated by the chivalrous (?) captors. Once through the hospital these men proceeded to the kitchen and there helped themselves to the remaining provisions; leaving less than five pounds of hard bread, the only rations with which to feed thirty wounded men—and five attendants—for an indefinite period of time. In addition to the above, they also took all the extra clothing of Dr. Crawford, one of his horses, and his colored boy, (who afterwards became the body-servant of General Stonewall Jackson). Through the interposition of one of the wounded rebels, of whom there were three in hospital, who were taken away at the time, the Doctor's best horse was left, in consideration of the aid he had extended to the rebel wounded.

Markham Station is located in a basin, having an inlet and an outlet through which commerce is carried on with the outer world. Rebel pickets were posted along the circular hills, who enforced the instruction of their commanding officers, to the effect that we were not to take rails or fence material for fires; thus leaving the wounded, already deprived of their blankets, to endure the cold as best they could. The few houses about the station were kept closed, and their very appearance seemed unfriendly. The moaning within the hospital and the quiet without were strangely in contrast. Twenty-four hours passed without evidence of aid reaching the sufferers. Meanwhile the wounded enjoyed frequent drinks of cold water and expressed unbounded gratitude when its cooling effects were felt upon their system. If ever man's heart felt contrition and gratitude blended in thankfulness to God, for His goodness to His creatures, these poor men experienced the feeling. God's liberality, and man's proscription were strikingly illustrated.

At this time they were illy prepared to receive, as visitors, a rebel Major and a squad of his command. They came, however, and the Major, representing the miniature confed-

eracy present, assured the union heroes that the United States had "gone up;" that Lincoln was a "tyrant;" that his cabinet officers were "thieves and robbers," and that they then represented the ultimate condition of the army to which they belonged. To all of this the Doctor replied by asking whether the confederate forces would object to their leaving Markham Station, provided they could get away by their own efforts. The privilege was refused, and the Major returned, leaving the men as melancholy as it was in his power to make them.

By this time three of the wounded men had become so sick that their condition was really dangerous. One had his skull fractured by the blow of a sabre; another was shot through the left lung; and another had his leg injured so as to require amputation above the knee; all of whom were unable to be moved without extreme danger to life. Hunger began to tell upon those less severely injured, and where food could be procured was the gravest of questions. To whom could they appeal?

The evening of November the 11th brought a visitor—one least expected—an old black woman. Speaking in a low voice as she entered the hospital, she informed one of the attendants that she had been sent with provisions collected by the black people, for the union soldiers—God bless them—and remarked, at the same time, that they must be very hungry. The viands were gratefully received, and the obligation is such that the noble sufferers feel as though it could never be fully repaid, and will surely never be forgotten.

- With the black woman's visit came hope and material sustenance, and from her and others of her race the inmates of the hospital received all they had to eat until November 16th, when the movement toward the union lines was permitted by the rebels. Stonewall Jackson's corps was in camp twelve miles from the Station, and three applications in writing had been made to his headquarters, asking per-

mission to leave, before it was granted; it is probable two of the applications never reached their destination. Permission being given, the announcement was made to the patients that a movement would be commenced as soon as possible; which gave great satisfaction and renewed their energies.

An old dismantled hand-car was procured three miles down the road and pushed up to the Station, where the area of its platform was increased by spiking on scantlings, and placing upon them boards taken from the passenger platform, thus making room for twenty-five of the wounded, four of whom were laid upon beds in the center, and the others allowed to sit in a double row around the beds, and thus the car was balanced. The journey was now commenced, and with light hearts they bade adieu to Markham Station and its inhabitants. Gainesville, about forty miles distant, the headquarters of Seigel's corps, was the point toward which they directed their travels. It was now one o'clock, and before proceeding far they came to three heavy trucks on the road, which proved to be rather troublesome. Upon examination it was determined to push them along the track half a mile, and then tumble them over an embankment, which was successfully accomplished and the track effectually cleaned. As night approached, however, they were obliged to proceed with great caution in order to ascertain whether the bridges along the line were in a safe condition to cross; as the fear of precipitating their precious load into a chasm of unknown depth was too great to admit of any recklessness. Accordingly Dr. Crawford went ahead of the car, and with a rope assisted in dragging it along, at the same time looking well to the condition of the road. On approaching a bridge the car was stopped, and the Doctor, by passing over on his hands and knees, would see if the structure was secure. In this manner they reached a small station on the Manassas Gap Railroad, about twenty-five miles from the place of starting. Here was found a build-

ing close by, into which they removed the sufferers, some of whom were greatly exhausted. A fire was soon kindled which gave heat and light sufficient to enable the attendants to bathe the wounds, and otherwise improve the condition of the patients. The nurses labored faithfully until morning, without sleep.

Early the next morning the journey was resumed, Dr. Crawford and four hospital attendants composing the working force of the party. On approaching Thoroughfare Gap, in the Bull Run Mountains, the grade was found to be steep and the labor correspondingly arduous. At the Gap they met a portion of Seigel's corps, from whom they obtained coffee and a little bread, the first food they had taken since leaving Markham Station. This, together with an hour's rest, was very refreshing. They arrived at Gainesville late in the evening of the second day, and reported their condition at General Seigel's headquarters. His staff officers made every effort in their power to procure food and transportation. The same night a special train was sent to Alexandria, and the next morning the wounded were conveyed to the Mansion House Hospital.

Besides the wounded mentioned as belonging to the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, and who were included in the paroled list, were some of the members of the Eighth New York Cavalry, the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, the Fifth and Sixth United States Cavalry and Battery A of the Second United States Artillery.

Notwithstanding the suffering they were compelled to undergo, there is one incident connected with their sojourn at Markham Station, which occasioned so much amusement in camp that I think it worth recording. After the rebels had taken Dr. Crawford's clothing, a poor Irish woman, living near by, took compassion on him and gave him a pair of drawers, which she evidently thought belonged to her husband; but subsequent investigations proved that she made a mistake, and gave him a pair of her own instead.



It was some time before the Doctor heard the last of the Irish woman's generosity.

November 6th, our regiment advanced to Chester Gap, hoping to reach that place before the enemy and prevent their crossing the mountains, but before arriving encountered their infantry in strong force. After exchanging some shots and performing a few dextrous maneuvers, to obtain advantage of position, we returned to camp by way of Barbee's Cross-Roads, marching over a very rough country to Orleans, which place was reached after dark. Here we found the advance of General Burnside's command.

November 7th we advanced across the Rappahannock, through and a few miles beyond Amisville. Major Beveridge, with part of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, made a reconnoissance towards Sperryville where they had a fight, severely wounding one man and capturing two. Companies A and G, in a reconnoissance in another direction, captured a Lieutenant and ten men with their horses and equipments. There was a considerable snow-storm at the time, and with their clothes covered and the flakes falling thick and fast, the rebels did not recognize our men until it was too late to retreat.

November 8th we again moved forward, and passing through Sperryville at Glen's Cross-Roads, met the Fifth Regulars who had encountered the enemy that morning. Several of the federal soldiers were found wounded and also some of the rebels, who received the attention of Dr. Stull and Hospital Steward Willing.

A few miles farther on, at Little Washington, General Wade Hampton's command was overtaken. The General and his staff were just sitting down to a bountiful and luxurious dinner, prepared for him by the citizens of the place, when the booming of the rebel artillery announced the fact that the yankees were upon him. Colonel Farnsworth had no artillery with him, but the disposition of his troops was so well planned, and the charge into the town executed with such

skill, that General Hampton barely escaped; and Colonel Farnsworth and his staff officers sat down to the table and enjoyed the viands intended for his adversary.

This is said to be one of the finest feats performed by the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. After remaining in town three or four hours and doing some foraging, the brigade returned to near Amisville and bivouacked for the night, greatly fatigued; having marched over thirty miles, besides doing some pretty severe fighting.

November 9th we remained in camp, with orders to procure forage for two days, which command was faithfully executed, as pork, veal, chickens and turkeys, for the men, and corn, hay and oats for the horses, came in from all directions. While here the wagons, which had been separated from the regiment for a week, came up. We were also informed of the removal of General McClellan from command of the army of the Potomac, and the appointment of General Burnside.

Let us now take a look after those left in camp at Knoxville when this campaign commenced. The sick, that had not recovered so as to be able to march, were sent to the General Hospital at Frederick City, Maryland. Captain Farnsworth, after a severe illness improved so as to admit of his going to Washington. The camp being broken up, on the 6th of November, the Commissary, Veterinary Surgeon and Surgeon, with horses, ambulances, convalescents and camp attendants started to join the regiment. Passing over the country which had been the scene of the recent battles we found the disloyal element prevailed in most parts; but there was a Quaker settlement of true loyal souls who bade us welcome and God speed, and who deserve all praise for their steadfast and unwavering attachment to the Stars and Stripes, through all the gloomy days they had passed—having been pillaged by the rebels, and not altogether spared by the union soldiers.

At Rectortown we came up to General McClellan's headquarters and inquired of General Buford, Chief of Cavalry, where we could find our regiment; but the only information

obtained was that it was in the front. Passing on through Salem, Orleans and Glenville, we reached the wagons and Quartermaster's department at Jefferson on the 8th of November, and all joined the regiment at Amisville, on the 9th instant.

While here, we ascertained that the enemy had stored their tents in houses, (one of which contained probably one thousand,) and had posted a notice, "Small-Pox," on the buildings. Our men at once began to appropriate the tents to their own use. The citizens, thinking to intimidate them, invented and circulated a story to the effect, that some soldiers had died of small-pox in the building, after using the tents for beds. The story, however, was too weak to be believed, and after taking all they could carry away, they set fire to the building, entirely consuming its contents—small-pox and all. When the citizens protested they were met with the argument, that "for safety against the spread of the disease, it was necessary the tents should be destroyed.

November 10th. General Averill being sick, Colonel Farnsworth was put in command of his (Averill's) brigade, while Major Beveridge commanded the Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana. All was quiet until about ten o'clock, when it was reported that the enemy were approaching in large force; and very soon the truth of the report was attested by the sound of their cannon—the shots falling among us to our great annoyance. Camp was soon struck and the artillery brought out to meet theirs. The ground was level for some distance, and then rose a hill of such dimensions that it might almost claim the name of mountain. We could plainly perceive the enemy looking down upon us from this eminence. The artillery practice was lively and skirmishing on the flanks brisk, while the wounded men began to come to the rear. Few battles occurred during the late conflict, where the entire movements of the federal troops could be seen so clearly. The force on our side was

creasing each moment—regiment after regiment being brought in line or placed in support of batteries—and the roar of artillery was almost deafening, between the discharges of which the commands of our officers could be heard distinctly.

It was soon evident that the enemy had been checked; but they held their ground until about three o'clock P. M., when they fell back hotly pursued by our cavalry. In the evening we occupied the same field and pitched our tents on the same ground we occupied in the morning. The Third Indiana, Eighth New York and the Regulars, lost several in killed and wounded, while the Eighth Illinois had but one who received a slight scratch. General Burnside took command of the Potomac army that day.

We remained at Amisville the next day, awaiting the arrival of teams which had been sent after rations. Sergeant Hall, of Company A, having been sent back to obtain some papers needed by his Captain, was surprised and taken prisoner by a force of the enemy who were dressed in our uniform, thus deceiving him until he was in too close proximity to retreat.

Dr. Stull and Adjutant Lumbard were mustered out of the service while here, under an act of Congress, reducing the number of cavalry officers; which act allowed two assistant-surgeons to a regiment of infantry and but one to a cavalry regiment, although the latter had two companies more than the former. However the act was amended by the next Congress, and the Doctor again appointed.

November 12th we moved to Waterloo, on the left bank of the Rappahannock, where Ceylon Fassett, one of the paroled attendants from the hospital at Markham Station, joined us. He gave a thrilling account of their capture and sufferings, which was at once transmitted to the Medical Director.

November 14th we went to Warrenton, where, on the 16th, Charles Brvaer of Company C, who made the secesh

ladies of Alexandria walk under the national flag, much against their will, accidentally shot himself while cleaning his pistol. The ball took effect in the brain and he died in a few minutes. He was wrapped in his blanket and buried in a beautiful grove about a mile south of the village.

Sunday, the 16th, our Chaplain preached upon the death of the men killed in recent battles and by accident. In the evening J. S. Van Patten was appointed Brigade Quartermaster, and twelve pack mules were distributed to the regiment to carry the necessary baggage, instead of wagons. One was given to the medical department and one to each squadron. The experiment proved to be a poor one as had many others introduced by the wise and knowing ones. When they were packed and ready to move, some of the poor, overloaded creatures would lie down, refusing to carry such burdens; while others would run frantically about, scattering the cooking utensils, with which they were loaded, in every direction. Experience however, which tests all experiments, taught the men what the poor animals could bear, and how to pack them.

November 17th we marched a few miles from Warrenton in the direction of Fayetteville.

November 18th, we passed Fayetteville and Bealmon Station and camped in the woods. Early next morning, as camp was being struck, an ambulance from the Eighth New York Cavalry, (which regiment had taken a route nearer the Rappahannock,) came into camp bearing the body of one of their men who had died during the night, with a note from the surgeon to the effect that he did not know what to do with the body as they had no means of making a coffin. Vexed, as well as astonished, at such stupidity, we set to work digging a grave; our Chaplain officiated at the burial, which took place in true soldier style--the *blankets* being coffin, shroud and funeral pall.

Forming the rear of the army, and marching through a rainstorm all day, we reached Morrisville, near Kelly's Ford,



where we remained all the next day, as the rain fell in heavy showers. A party of Company I, out foraging, were attacked while at the house of Major Allen, and Solomon White was captured. Another member of the party barely escaped by going into the woods, and then was obliged to leave his horse in the hands of the rebels. He was compelled to remain all night in the forest, and with a storm in progress, doubtless, had a severe time. A detachment, under Captain Waite, went in pursuit of the enemy and did them some damage; capturing horses and *taking prisoners a few citizens*, the latter being accused of giving information to the rebels.

November 22d we again marched in a rain-storm, and at night stopped opposite Falmouth, just above Fredericksburg. It was intended by General Burnside to reach this place, cross the river and occupy Fredericksburg before the enemy; but the march was too protracted; when we arrived we found the enemy in force there, and our army occupying Stafford Heights and the country between that point and Acquia Creek, preparing to rebuild the railroad, which had been destroyed. Remaining here but one night, we proceeded to a point on the Potomac called Belle Plain, where it was intended to establish a base of supplies for the army. We pitched our camp in a grove of dense underbrush; being almost worn out with our "muddy march," and about destitute of rations.

On the 24th Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble, who had been absent some time, arrived, and with him our new Quartermaster, J. C. Smith. Rations not arriving, and the men being weary and hungry, they sat up such a call for "*hard tack*," that Colonel Gamble issued an order commanding silence.

On the 25th Colonel Farnsworth went to Washington and returned December 9th, a Brigadier-General—which promotion gave opportunity for promotion to many other officers. We remained here for a while without much of interest

transpiring—the regiment scouting and picketing the front, until the 9th of December, when Dr. Crawford returned.

On the same day I was appointed Surgeon-in-Chief of the Cavalry Division Right Grand Division of the Army of the Potomac, and entered upon the duties of the position on the staff of General Pleasanton.

On the morning of December 11th our brigade was ordered to the heights opposite Fredericksburg, where the fighting men of the army had assembled. The enemy having refused to surrender, notice was given to remove all non-combatants, and after the expiration of the time given, the grand bombardment commenced. About two hundred cannon were placed on the bluffs overlooking the city, and the earth was made to tremble with their roar. Our position was on the hill which overlooks the city, and, with a field-glass, the view was grand beyond description. Under cover of this fire and opposed by the sharp-shooters along the banks of the river, the pontoons were laid; not, however, without severe loss. A lad named Edward Kelly, (with Lieutenant Taylor, chief ambulance officer of the Division,) was in the first boat that crossed the river. At night the brigade returned a few miles towards its old camp; but early next morning was again marched to Stafford Heights, where we overlooked the firing another day.

During the night our infantry crossed the bridge and occupied the town, the rebel cannon on the hills in front frowning upon them within easy range. Artillery firing was kept up all day. Major Beveridge, with one Battalion of the Eighth Illinois, crossed on the pontoons under a well directed fire from the enemy's guns, which were trained to bear upon the bridge. This battalion remained in the city during the following night, and the remainder of the regiment in the quarters of the night previous.

Saturday, December 13th, occurred the battle of Fredericksburg, proper; though two days of cannonading and skirmishing had already passed. We were early at head-

quarters, where we had spent the two preceding days. General Franklin's corps crossed about five miles below the city, and opened the fight—General Hooker being on the right, and Sumner in the center. The fighting on our left began at nine o'clock. At half-past ten General Sumner became engaged, and a little later General Hooker's troops commenced the work of death and carnage.

I had tried to induce General Farnsworth, who was suffering severely from a swollen limb, to remain in camp, but he would not consent. He was taken to the headquarters in an ambulance, and in that condition commanded during the entire day. During the afternoon it became evident that our forces were suffering terribly, in the center, from the enemy's cannon, which were trained to bear directly upon them from the hills above. On the left, the smoke of General Franklin's artillery did not seem to advance; and our hearts grew sick as the wounded came across the river by hundreds. As the day wore away the fighting increased in fury, and with what inensity we watched the progress of the battle, none but those present can ever conjecture.

Even after dark a desperate charge was made on the rebel works in the center, and repulsed with terrible loss. Late at night the battle ended, and all rested on their guns, save the wounded and those who were engaged in bringing them off the field. Firing was continued at intervals, all night. One battalion of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry having been relieved by another, they remained on the right of the army, and on Sunday morning, learning that there was work for more Surgeons in the city than they already had, we volunteered our services. With Hospital-Steward Willing and George Heintzelman the cook, we visited the city and took charge of what was called Broad House Hospital, where during the previous night, the wounded to the number of about one hundred, had been brought; but none had, as yet received nourishment or medical attention. A detail of a Sergeant and six men, from the Sixteenth Michigan, assisted

us. Beef tea and crackers were soon prepared, and distributed to the famishing men.

While thus engaged we observed one quiet lad, who sat leaning against the wall, making no complaint. His pale and anxious countenance attracted my attention and I told an attendant to give him some soup. The attendant went, but soon returned, saying he was asleep or dead. I directed that he be awakened as I knew he must need nourishment. Again he returned, saying he was dead. I then went myself, and found that the report of the attendant was too true, and that the spirit had taken its flight.

Soon after two lads entered, inquiring for a brother who had been wounded, and whom they had brought off the field the previous night. I directed them to look through the dead-room, and there they recognized this boy, their brother. He had refused to allow them to remain with him; telling them to go and assist others, who needed help more than he did. Six died during the day and seven capital operations were performed at night.

Monday morning, the 15th, the last wounded were removed across the river; not, however, until the rebels had opened upon us with artillery, one shot passing through the building, scattering the brick and mortar over and among us. Monday night the last of our troops were withdrawn and the pontoons taken up. Our army had been beaten in this battle, and we occupied our former ground; having thousands of our wounded on hand, who were conveyed to Windmill Point, where immense field hospitals were prepared.

Our regiment had taken no important part in the battle, although one-third of them had been under fire during the progress of the fight.

## CHAPTER IX.

Going into winter quarters—On picket duty—"Capturing" a mule—Army "stuck in the mud"—A snow storm—Grand review of the Cavalry—Hope Landing—Generals Stoneman and Pleasanton—Stoneman's raid—General Hooker's advance—Battle of Chancellorsville—General Pleasanton saves the army—Shelling our camp—The Army of the Potomac re-cross the Rappahannock—The prophetic frogs—Digging rifle pits—Great raid on the "Northern Neck"—Battle of Beverly Ford.

The army now began preparations for winter quarters as the cold weather was upon us in earnest; and, after a few days, our regiment went into camp near Belle Plain. On Christmas day Hospital Steward, Robert Sill's, discharge was received and sent to him. He had been at home sick for a long time. The regiment was sent to do picket duty in King George County, relieving the Eighth Pennsylvania.

On reaching the place, the officers of the latter regiment were found keeping a Christmas holiday, and were intoxicated. Lieutenant-Colonel Clendennin, in command, reported them to headquarters, which created quite a sensation among those interested. If more such reports had been made it would have been better for the army.

The remainder of the year 1862 was passed on picket duty and scouting. No winter quarters were built, worthy of the name. A few tents were erected and huts built, but the men were on duty most of the time—in fact they preferred to stand picket in King George County, where they could forage freely, to remaining in camp and living on hard-tack and pork. The Eighth New Jersey, Third Indiana and Eighth Pennsylvania were in our brigade, and fared as we did. Little could be done in the way of fighting, as the



roads were now very muddy, and the weather cold, wet and unpleasant.

The line guarded was along the Rappahannock, in the vicinity of Port Conway, a distance of ten or fifteen miles and across the neck of the Potomac. With the exception of sugar and coffee, most of the rations for the men, and a large part of the forage for the horses, were obtained by appropriating such provisions as could be found upon the plantations. Being intensely disloyal in sentiment, the citizens complained of such conduct.

As an illustration of the shrewdness of our men we will relate an incident which occurred at headquarters :

A citizen came to Colonel Gamble, riding a mule, and dismounting in front of the Colonel's tent, held his animal by the halter while he made his complaint. He said one of his best horses had been taken by our men and brought into camp. Colonel Gamble inquired particularly about it, making him describe the horse and the circumstances of its capture.

While this conversation was taking place, the soldiers crowded around him, and between him and his mule. He still held the halter firmly in his hand, and when the animal would pull or jerk the halter, he would sing out "Whoa ;" but so earnest was he in presenting his claim, that he paid little attention to anything around him ; only keeping a firm hold of his halter. One soldier loosened the girth and slipped off the saddle, another took it back into the pine brush. Not being satisfied with this, they next removed the halter, occasionally giving it a jerk to imitate the action of the mule, and quietly led the animal away. When the man had finished his talk and obtained permission to search the camp and take his horse wherever he could find him, he found he had lost his mule. After a fruitless search for both horse and mule, he returned home on foot, "a wiser if not *richer* man ;" no doubt cursing the yankees, whereas his curses

should have fallen upon those who instigated the unholy rebellion.

During the month of January, 1863, General Burnside made another attempt to dislodge the enemy at Fredericksburg. Camp was struck and the grand army marched up the river, intending to cross at the upper fords; but no sooner were they fairly under way, than a terrible storm arose, rendering the roads impassable for artillery and wagon trains; in fact the army was "stuck in the mud," and could proceed no further. It soon retreated to its old quarters, now rendered doubly uncomfortable by the destruction of the few huts that had been erected. Soon after this General Burnside was relieved and General Hooker appointed to the command of the army.

Sometime in January, while out on a foraging or scouting expedition, a party of our men were fired upon by a number of rebels who were concealed in the brush by the roadside. Elijah Hall was shot in the shoulder, the wound proving very severe, and Samuel Peterson was pierced by eight buck-shot, one of which broke his arm near the shoulder. But after a tedious convalescence both recovered. Upon learning the sad news of their being wounded, a party was dispatched in pursuit of the enemy. A number of citizens, suspected of being concerned in this murderous assault, were taken prisoners, as it was well-known that on the appearance of our men in force, they would assume to be quiet citizens; but no sooner did they think they could escape detection than they would prove themselves to be the most lawless guerrillas.

General Pleasanton having been assigned to the command of the newly formed cavalry division of the army of the Potomac, he retained the staff officers of his late brigade, and I found that my duties were becoming very laborious. Dr. Crawford was with the regiment in King George County and we had no medical officers for the camp at Belle Plain, except Hospital Steward Willing. General Pleasanton's

headquarters being six miles from this camp, I found that it required considerable labor to go there, through the mud, several times a week as I did, beside attending to the duties at headquarters. Under these circumstances we urged the appointment of Dr. Stull, as Second Assistant-Surgeon; Congress having amended the law so as to allow each cavalry regiment to have two Assistant-Surgeons. He was accordingly appointed, and reached camp on the 3th of February, 1863.

All this time the weather was very unpleasant. Snow, six or eight inches deep, was followed by rain and mud—a few cold days, then rain again. The roads were indescribable. All day and night would the long wagon trains move slowly along through the mud and over the corduroy roads constructed by the army. Thousands of horses and mules died in transporting the immense army stores along these roads.

Thus the winter passed, until the 16th of February, when a change of base was ordered for the cavalry. Our destination was Hope Landing, on Acquia Creek. Preparations being completed, the Eighth Illinois, and, in fact, the entire division, broke camp on the 17th and began to march in a snow-storm. As the day wore on the storm increased, but by dint of swearing and whipping, most of the wagons were brought through, and at dark we found ourselves in a pine forest on Acquia Creek, with six inches of snow for a bed. Pine boughs thrown on the snow raised us a little above it, and rolled up in blankets we slept, or tried to sleep; and arose in the morning from under a covering of three or four inches of snow which had fallen during the night. Such suffering and hardship as this the soldiers were becoming used to, and those who did not sink under them were surely hardy men.

The new camps arranged, supplies were obtained via Acquia Creek, and a new method of transportation was adopted. Wagons were again abandoned and supplies trans-

ported on the backs of mules. The country was hilly, and up the hills and down the ravines these animals waded through the mud, loaded to their utmost capacity. In several instances the poor creatures sank in the mud and died, leaving nothing visible except a very small portion of their tails and long ears. Rain and snow alternating almost daily, on the Virginia side, put the roads in a condition it is impossible to describe, and yet all the rations both for men and horses must be carried some three miles from the landing, on the backs of mules and horses.

The sufferings of the men were great and sickness on the increase. A Division Hospital had been established at Hope Landing, where most of the sick were brought and treated. The cavalry lay in this condition until February 25th. That night, in the midst of a heavy rain storm "boots and saddles" were sounded, and the orders were to march. It was rumored that the rebel, General Stuart, was at his old tricks again. The men crawled from under their blankets, mounted their horses and started. They traveled some forty miles, to near Warrenton, without overtaking the enemy, who had twenty-four hours the start of them. Stuart had made an attack on the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, captured a number of men and horses and made good his escape. It is said that he paroled some of the prisoners, by whom he sent his compliments to General Hooker, with the request that he keep his horses in better order; as he depended on the Pennsylvania cavalry to supply his demand.

A man belonging to Company B, of our regiment, lost his horse, and attempted to return on foot. Coming to the picket line, where some of the Pennsylvania Cavalry were on duty, he was captured by them, put on a horse and brought by an escort to headquarters, near Stafford Court House, where, before being given up, he made his escape, and came to the regiment; thankful for the privilege of such a long ride, as he would otherwise have been obliged to travel all



BREVET BRIG. GENL D. R. CLENNIN.





the way to camp on foot. His escort was very much chagrined, for he supposed his prisoner to be a rebel.

The division returned on the 28th, and resumed its former position. The principle duties performed by the cavalry, besides building roads and providing forage, consisted in picketing the country between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, above Falmouth, a distance of twenty miles, and patrolling from thence to the Ocoquan, where they connected with cavalry from Alexandria. By this it will be seen that there were no idle hands; work day and night—constant work all winter. I wish those patriots who think they did their share by staying at home and spending their money, however freely in the good cause, to make a note of this. No money will offset the labor and suffering of one such winter.

The regiment was on picket in the vicinity of Dumfrees. The guerillas would occasionally fire upon our pickets; especially at night, and some were killed and wounded by this inhuman means. On the night of March 15th, Whitworth, of Company C, had his horse shot. Captain Southworth, with a squad of men, went in pursuit of the cowardly gucrillas, but owing to the darkness could find nothing of them.

We frequently made sallies into the country, and at different times captured prisoners to the number of twenty. Numerous casualties occurred which are unavoidable, especially in a cavalry regiment. On March 1st, George Sullivan was thrown from his horse and had his collar bone fractured. Thus the time passed between weary days and sleepless nights; for not unfrequently were the calls to saddle up, at all hours of night. On the 5th of March, a portion of the Eighth New York and the Third Indiana, being on picket, were attacked, and the whole command were aroused and ordered in pursuit.

On March 16th, while patrolling from Dumfrees up the Ocoquan, a party of seven men, belonging to our regiment,

was overpowered and captured. Captain Farnsworth headed a party and went in pursuit. They captured three rebel prisoners, an officer, two men and four horses. One of the horses had belonged to our regiment. A few days later four more of the enemy were captured.

March 31st, Captain Farnsworth, with half the regiment, went on another scout after the enemy who had captured some of the Eighth New York Cavalry. Starting at midnight, after a march of two days and nights they returned with twelve prisoners, and reported two killed and several wounded. One of their brave and noble comrades, Fred Frank, fell in a desperate engagement.

During the winter, furloughs for fifteen days were readily granted, and many were thus enabled to visit their homes. Colonel Gamble, Major Beveridge and other officers, took their turns in procuring leave of absence; but as spring approached, fewer were given, and those who were waiting the return of their comrades to be permitted to receive like favors, were sorely disappointed on being refused. Several of the officers, while lying in winter quarters, received visits from their wives or other members of their families, which somewhat relieved the dull and tedious duties of camp life. Mrs. Davis, living at Hope Landing, did the agreeable by as many as possible of our visitors.

March 25th Major Beveridge, Dr. Crawford and Sam Smith, returned to the regiment, and others continued to arrive, filling up the ranks, preparatory to the coming campaign.

On the 6th of April, a grand review of the cavalry was had near Falmouth, at which President Lincoln and lady, Generals Stoneman, Hooker and Pleasanton were present. It would seem that such an army of horsemen, if rightly handled, would carry dismay and discomfiture into the camps of the enemy; this being, in all probability, the largest body of cavalry ever reviewed or assembled on this continent. These grand reviews were always hard upon both men and

horses, and this proved to be particularly so, as the roads were exceedingly muddy. The appearance of the troopers and their animals were all that could have been expected, after a winter in the woods, doing hard service, and being frequently short of rations. Wearily the different regiments returned to camp.

On the 9th of April the Eighth Illinois was again sent out on picket, to relieve the Third Indiana; and in order to give some idea of what transpired from day to day on that kind of duty, I quote again from the diary of Dr. Stull, who accompanied the regiment:

“At noon we were there, and have been as busy as possible preparing for the night. We relieved the Third Indiana, and they have gone in.

“April 10th. No alarm along the pickets last night, but we had a little alarm in camp, from a dispatch from General Stoneman, through Colonel Davis, to the effect that General Stuart was at Cedar Run with five thousand cavalry! Captain Southworth took forty men and went all through that country this afternoon, but could find nothing of them.

“April 11th. Nothing new along the line. Little squads have been scouting the country. Corporals Young and Carter had three shots at bushwhackers last night. This evening the report is that Stuart is at Hartwood Church, about ten miles from here.

“April 12th. This morning Captain Southworth was sent out with fifteen men to arrest a man, who is accused of conveying information to General Stuart. The description sent to Major Beveridge to aid in his apprehension was as follows: “He is described as an old man, grey-headed, grey beard, full red face, short and thick, with bandy legs, and usually rides a white mule with the top of one ear cut off. Lives in the pine woods, about seven miles from Dumfrees, on the Warrenton road.” Ceylon Fassett accompanied the expedition. The boys had quite a lively time and long race, but could only take one prisoner and two horses. Ceylon made

a shot at a rebel, killing his horse, just as he was in the act of firing at one of our men. This evening received an order to return to camp and prepare for a forward movement. Started, but in the darkness lost the way, and had to counter-march some distance. Finally reached the old camp at two o'clock A. M., April 13th, and had a short nap before daylight."

The movement about to be made is known as "General Stoneman's great raid." Generals Stoneman and Pleasanton being in command of the cavalry, it was arranged to have Stoneman make a raid around the enemy's rear, cut the railroads between them and Richmond so as to prevent reinforcements from the south, and engage their cavalry; while General Hooker attacked them in front with the main army. General Pleasanton was ordered to take charge of the camps, and remain behind with only the Sixth New York, Eighth and Seventeenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and such detachments of other regiments as were necessary to care for the camp property and the sick; and as his Surgeon in Chief, I had charge of the corps hospital, which we located at Acquia Creek. This arrangement was very displeasing to General Pleasanton; as an opportunity to gain military renown would thus be afforded to those who accompanied the great raid, whereas none was in prospect for those left behind. But we shall shortly see that such an idea was erroneous.

We will first follow the regiment, and then return and see what General Pleasanton did in their absence. The following facts have been furnished us by Dr. Stull:

"April 13th. As we had considerable to attend to in the medical department, we were not ready to move until long after the regiment had gone. Followed after them, got lost, and finally came upon General Averill's Second Division, and followed them during the day. We made diligent inquiries, but could find nothing of our brigade until night, when we learned of Colonel Jones, Third Pennsylvania, that his pickets expected to connect with ours that night.



April 14th. We were up and moving early, following General Averill's picket line, soon came upon our own men. To our surprise, Colonel Davis was very pleasant and did not arrest us as he should have done to be in keeping with his usual course. Willing and I accompanied Captain Farnsworth on a scout, with his own squadron and one of the Ninth New York Cavalry. We took the road to Warrenton, and there had a nice little skirmish with the enemy; but the Ninth New York Captain pitched in without orders and so spoiled the beauty of the fight. If he had followed Captain Farnsworth's orders, we might have taken thirty or forty of the Black Horse Cavalry; whereas we took but half a dozen. Captain Farnsworth wounded one man mortally, and the Ninth New York killed two. In shooting back at our men, the rebels wounded a lady living in the village. James Reed's horse ran away with him and carried him into the enemy's ranks, where he fought hand to hand for a while but came out unscarred.

After the chase was over we went to White Sulphur Springs, where we were to await orders from Colonel Davis. We remained till dark, when, Captain Farnsworth thinking it dangerous to prolong our stay, we went down and crossed the Rappahannock at a mill, obtained a lot of wheat for the horses, and going back a short distance encamped for the night at about half past ten o'clock, so tired that we did not cook any supper. Our rear guard and prisoners not having come up gave us great uneasiness.

April 15th. One of the most rainy days of the season. The rain falling in torrents all day. Captain Farnsworth sent to Liberty for orders and found Captain Smith's squadron, (which had been hunting for us all night,) with orders to cross the river where we had crossed, move down and join Colonel Davis. We pressed an old man, once a militia colonel, as guide. He was a plucky old fellow, and offered "to whip Captains Hynes and Farnsworth both," at a fist fight. Crossing at Freeman's Ford we found Colonel Davis, and

halting at a plantation, Willing and I obtained dinner, and while there heard firing and cheering. Colonel Davis was ordered to recross the river, and just as the rear guard was crossing, at Kelly's Ford, the rebels charged down upon them, at the same time firing upon us. Captain Farnsworth ran the line of rebel skirmishers and told Colonel Davis where we were. The Colonel said we would all be "gobbled up," unless we could cross the river immediately. The Captain made his mustang do some tall running up the river six miles and down the opposite side; and taking us by a circuitous route, we were enabled to join the brigade without loss. The Captain's foresight and gallant conduct that day saved his squadron from capture. We found that the brigade had spent even a rougher time than ourselves. The Third Indiana had lost one Lieutenant and twenty men. Two wounded soldiers had been seen to sink in the river, and the Eighth New York had one Lieutenant shot while fording.

April 16th. Found the regiment in camp at Kelly's Ford, having marched, fought and countermarched, and having made an almost miraculous escape. Rested two days, and then Major Beveridge, with a hundred men each from the Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana, started on a three days scout. Went to White Sulphur Springs and thence to Waterloo, where they captured four soldiers and a Lieutenant of the Black Horse Cavalry. The Lieutenant fought desperately and came near killing Captain Southworth. He broke one of the Captain's horse's legs, but was finally obliged to yield. Camped near Waterloo.

April 19th. Marched in the direction of Orleans, where they charged upon the rebels who beat a hasty retreat. Thence toward Salem, chasing the rebels most of the way. When within six miles of Salem, they took a new route over the mountains toward Warrenton, and stopped for the night at Morgan's plantation, where poultry, flour and cider were found in abundance. The woman of the house was a

perfect Amazon, and used every argument to save her chickens and other valuables. But Major Beveridge was immovable and the men fared well. The Indiana boys brought in two prisoners. While here information was received that a large force, under Mosby and White, were above them in the valley, and at ten o'clock at night they again marched, taking a negro for a guide, and passing over another mountain, stopped at two o'clock A. M., within two miles of Warrenton.

April 20th. Notwithstanding the rain, the expedition marched thirteen miles to Bealton to join the brigade. Found them out in line with six days rations, ready, it was supposed, to make another attempt to cross the Rappahannock. This is but a specimen of what a scouting party has to endure. Is it any wonder that men and horses fail under such trials?

April 21st. The brigade moved up the river in the direction of Warrenton, where forage and rations were brought them by the railroad. One squadron was sent across the river, and while on picket a squadron of the Third Virginia Union Cavalry came up, were challenged and then allowed to pass. Coming to the Captain's quarters they were mistaken for the enemy. The Captain fired a few shots and they hastily re-crossed.

April 25th. Captain Farnsworth went scouting and foraging. Passing through Salem into Carter Run Valley they again called on Morgan, where our Amazon woman resides. This time they only took a liberal supply of hams. They then proceeded to the late residence of John A. Washington, who was once owner of the Mount Vernon estate and late a soldier in the rebel army. On their return they fell in with five members of the rebel cavalry, splendidly mounted, killed one and captured two men and one horse.

April 26th. S. Coppersmith accidentally shot himself in the leg, producing a serious wound.

April 27th. Major Medill, Captain Ludlam and Lieutenant Wing, who had been absent on leave, returned.

April 28th. Captain Clark went on a scout to New Baltimore, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and then to Salem, where he captured two rebels. That night we marched beyond Bealton.

April 29th. Moved early, and near night reached and crossed the river at Kelly's Ford. Were soon attacked and quite a lively skirmish ensued, in which several horses were killed; but the enemy was forced to retire, and a sleepless and rainy night followed.

April 30th. Rainy, but once more on the march. Nothing of note took place until after passing through Culpepper to Cedar Mountain. Captain Forsythe's squadron captured a Quartermaster's stock of bacon and other valuables, and a few prisoners. Upon coming near the Rapidan river the rebel artillery was awakened. Here we rested for the night.

May 1st. Men from each regiment were dismounted and placed along the river at Rapidan railroad bridge, to act as sharpshooters. They now came temporarily under command of General Averill, and it was expected they would cross the river, drive the handful of rebels before them and join the great raid, but a desultory fight, only, was kept up. Near night our men made an attempt to burn the bridge, but found that the enemy had already set it on fire. A rebel Colonel, with a squad of thirty men, made a dash on Captain Waite who was at our advanced picket post, killing his horse and making him a prisoner; but the picket reserves made a gallant charge and recovered their Captain, beside taking two prisoners. Firing was distinctly heard all day in the direction of Fredericksburg, where it was supposed Hooker's army was fighting that of Lee.

May 2d. Orders were given to follow down the river, and after a weary march of about thirty miles, the camp was pitched near Ely's Ford, and, supper being discussed, the

rebels opened a fire upon the camp, which was in easy range. After a short resistance, all was quiet again, not, however, without causing some loss to our party, for Dr. Crawford's favorite horse was shot.

May 3d. Crossed at Ely's Ford and went down the Rappahannock to U. S. Ford, and again came under command of General Pleasanton.

The Eighth were greatly disappointed at not being sent forward with General Stoneman, and being permitted to display their ability in that particular calling—"raiding." They had marched, scouted, foraged, fought and endured much since the raid begun, and were dissatisfied because they were not allowed to go to Richmond.

We will now leave them at U. S. Ford, while we follow the fortunes of General Pleasanton. Having been left in charge of all the camps, of the cavalry corps, he at once set about consolidating the remnants of the different divisions. The corps hospital was removed to the bluffs south of Acquia Creek depot; and the camps being satisfactorily arranged, the General's headquarters were located at Potomac Creek.

April 28th, the Army of the Potomac, commanded by General Hooker, broke camp, and General Pleasanton was ordered to accompany him, with what cavalry he had at his command. Leaving Colonel Gamble, of the Eighth Illinois, in command of the camp, we marched up the Potomac to Grove Church, and encamped for the night. At half-past two o'clock next morning, we again advanced and crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford on pontoons. Three corps of infantry, the Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth, commanded by Generals Meade, Howard and Slocum, accompanied us. After crossing the river, our cavalry, followed by the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, marched to Germania Ford, on the Rapidan, while the Fifth corps went to Ely's Ford. On reaching the Ford we surprised a party of rebels building a bridge, capturing and wounding several of them.



We had one man killed, and Lieutenant Ramsay, of the Sixth New York, wounded.

The crossing of the stream, which was deep and rapid, with high bluffs on either side, was very difficult. Bonfires were built on the banks, and cavalry stationed in the stream to rescue any of the infantry, who, missing their footing, should be carried down with the current. In this manner many were rescued who must otherwise have perished. We were hours in bringing these poor fellows to life again. The crossing of the Rapidan, illumined by these fires, was a scene worthy the pencil of the most skillful artist.

April 30th we advanced through "the Wilderness," meeting with but little opposition, and reached Chancellorsville before night. The Sixth New York Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel McVicker, went on picket in the direction of Spotsylvania Court House, and where attacked and overpowered by superior numbers. Lieutenant-Colonel McVicker, as brave and gallant an officer as the army could boast, was killed, and a number of others were killed, wounded or taken prisoners.

May 1st the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, on picket, were attacked, and had several wounded. The cavalry brigade moved back a short distance, giving the infantry the front, and we rested for the night. It appears that the enemy were busy all night preparing for a vigorous attack the following day. All were aware that the crisis was now at hand, for two great and hostile armies could not long remain in such close proximity without an engagement. At early dawn we were at General Hooker's headquarters, and about mid-day the firing in front became very lively, and our forces were driving the enemy before them and capturing prisoners. General Pleasanton was ordered to support General Sickles, whose division was engaged, when, about four o'clock P. M., volleys of musketry suddenly broke upon our ears, from the right flank, (held by the Eleventh corps). In a few moments a staff officer rode up saying "the Eleventh

corps is falling back in confusion, and want support." General Pleasanton at once countermarched his column, and coming out into the open space, sent the Eighth Pennsylvania and Sixth New York up the turnpike to the support of the infantry. They met and charged the enemy but were terribly cut to pieces, losing some of their brave and gallant officers and men. The General ordered his staff to assist in stopping the stampeders, now coming down upon us like an avalanche—riderless horses, cannon, caissons, ambulances and wagons, all in the utmost confusion; and men, demoralized and frightened almost out of their senses, came rushing along by thousands. The General gave orders to his artillery to "aim low and hold their fire." Several guns were stopped and turned toward the enemy, and a line formed of the runaways, when, in the small pines, not fifty yards in our front, we could distinctly see gathering hosts, and although it was now the dusk of the evening, we could see that their flag bore a close resemblance to our own. Fearing to fire, the General sent Lieutenant Thompson, of his staff, to ascertain who they were. Riding out in front of our guns, to within thirty yards of the flag, he could recognize the stars and stripes. They called to the Lieutenant to "come over," when he discovered their treachery. *They were rebels carrying our flag!* Wheeling his horse, in a moment he was back among us; when they poured a volley of musketry into our midst. The loud, shrill command of "fire," rang out along our line, and in a moment twenty-two cannons, double-shotted with canister, sent forth torrents of death, which stopped their advance, and laid hundreds *hors de combat*. It was at this time that the rebel General Jackson was killed, and, I have no doubt, by our own fire. For twenty minutes the fire was terrible. Our Light-Horse Battery lost thirty-six horses and a number of men, while among the cavalry few casualties occurred. My own horse was shot under me, pierced by two balls. Firing ceased, and all was quiet except the occasional crack of a rifle along the picket line.

In this condition of affairs I took a dispatch to General Hooker, who was at the Chancellor House, informing him of our position, and that we had checked the enemy's advance. We held this position until near day-light, when we were relieved by a brigade of infantry. Retiring in the direction of U. S. Ford, we crossed the river and encamped on a hill.

With the morning came another desperate attack, which lasted most of the day, forcing the federal army back about two miles, which gave the enemy command of the roads through Chancellorsville. The Chancellor House during the battle was burned to the ground; and some of General Hooker's staff officers displayed their courage by rescuing a number of ladies from the burning building. The shell which fired the house, struck the portico on which General Hooker was standing, and stunned him severely though not inflicting any dangerous injury.

May 4th the fighting was mostly in the center and to the left of our line. General Sedgwick's corps had crossed the river and occupied Fredericksburg; but the failure of General Hooker to conquer Jackson's troops and others opposed to him, allowed them to attack Sedgwick with overpowering numbers, and re-take Fredericksburg.

Before daylight the enemy succeeded in getting a battery in position on the south side of the river opposite our camp, and commanding the corral and ambulance station, and opened upon us a deadly fire. The shells, like meteors, described the arcs of large circles in the air, and then burst over and among us, stampeding our horses and causing a panic among the drivers. They also fell among the prisoners and wounded five or six men. During the night the army of the Potomac began to withdraw across the river.

On the 5th a heavy rain storm began, rendering the roads almost impassable, but the following night all were safely withdrawn, the pontoons removed, and on the 6th the army returned to nearly their old position between Fredericksburg and Acquia Creek. Thus ended in failure General Hooker's

attempt to drive the enemy from the line of the Rappahannock. Like that of General Burnside's, in December, it appeared to be well planned, but failed in execution. There can be no doubt that General Pleasanton, with his little band of cavalry and Martin's battery, saved the army and General Hooker's headquarters from capture; for such a stampede and demoralization as that of the Eleventh corps, was never equaled except at the first battle of Bull Run. The Stoneman raid, though it accomplished much in the destruction of property, failed to sever the connections with Richmond, and the enemy were allowed to send re-inforcements to their army, which gave them a great advantage. But they lost their inimitable Jackson, whom they had reason to mourn. His well-known bravery inspired them with courage that no other General had the power to impart.

An anecdote connected with the expedition is related substantially as follows:

While the army of the Potomac were crossing the river on the pontoon bridge at U. S. Ford, a large frog stuck his head above the water and cried out, "Big thing. Big thing;" which was interpreted as an omen of success. But when the defeated army were retreating across the same bridge, in a drenching rain storm, they looked for the prophet frog, which could not be found. In his place came a small, lean, lank frog, who screeched out in a shrill, sharp voice, "Can't see it. Can't see it," which was a fit reply to the former.

During the night of May 5th, the Eighth Illinois were ordered to Falmouth, where they loaded their jaded horses with forage and then marched, via. Hartwood Church, to Elk Run, which was so swollen by the late rains it could not be forded. After passing a rainy night on its banks, they constructed a bridge and then marched to Kelly's Ford, where a part of the regiment was set to work making rifle-pits to defend the ford, and a part went on to Rappahannock Station, six miles above, to defend that place and protect the railroad bridge.

May the 8th, another squadron was sent to Norman's Ford to dig rifle-pits, which, with foraging, seemed to be the business of the regiment. General Stoneman, returning from his raid, reached Kelly's Ford, but was unable to cross on account of the swollen stream. The rain had ceased but all the rivulets had swollen into torrents. At night orders came to return to the army again, and about sunrise we reached Hartwood Church, and during the day went into camp at Potomac Creek, almost worn out with the incessant marching which had been continued both day and night.

On the 11th the Paymaster made his appearance, much to the joy of the men, who had been without pay for many months. The men sent home about twenty-five thousand dollars, it being about thirty-two dollars to each man.

May 14th an immense train of ambulances were sent under a flag of truce to bring our wounded from within the rebel lines. The sufferings of these poor men, who had not been provided for, baffles human description. Many were alive with maggots, and hundreds must die, who, with proper care, might have been saved. Brigade headquarters were moved within four miles of Acquia Creek, but the regiment remained at Potomac Creek Station until the 17th of May, when orders came for a reconnoissance to King George and the "Northern Neck." Nothing could have pleased our men better, for from their experience in picketing that country, they knew where to find good living.

The regiment left camp with five hundred men, and four days' rations. The region called the "Northern Neck" lies between the Rappahannock and Potomac, and during the war was the refuge of guerrillas and smugglers; the former having caused the pickets no little annoyance in various ways. It was for the purpose of inflicting summary punishment on these citizen-marauders, and breaking up the contraband trade, that the Eighth Illinois paid them a visit; and there is little doubt but that they made a lasting impression.



After reaching King George Court House Lieutenant-Colonel Clendennin divided his command into three battalions, commanded by himself, Majors Beveridge and Medill; each taking a turnpike road and marching the entire length of "the neck," until they arrived at the junction of the two rivers; capturing and destroying rebel property without limit. The entire country was searched, and every nook along the banks of the two rivers explored. One hundred sloops, yawls, ferry-boats, &c., were burned with their contents; consisting of salt, oil, whisky, leather, stationery, wool cards, percussion caps, boots, shoes, clothing and many other articles of especial value to the rebels. About twenty thousand pounds of bacon and a large quantity of flour was also destroyed. At Leed's Ferry it was ascertained that the ferry-boat used for smuggling was on the southern bank of the Rappahannock, and it was especially desirable that it should be destroyed. A yankee trick was devised to induce the rebels to bring it across the river. Captain Southworth, Sergeant Cassady and four others, dressed themselves in rebel gray, and taking two of their own men along with them as prisoners, called to the men on the opposite bank to bring the boat over and take them across. The deception was so complete that the rebels brought the boat over, whereupon they were made prisoners and the boat destroyed.

On the 22d of May, while Lieutenant Hazleton and Sergeant Martin, of Company D, were about three miles from camp, they were fired upon by guerillas. Martin was severely wounded, fifteen buckshots taking effect in his person. The Lieutenant escaped unharmed.

On returning from this reconnoissance, the negroes belonging to the plantations along the line of march, joined the emancipating column, coming in squads of from five to twenty, until there were finally accumulated fifteen hundred men, women and children of the contraband persuasion. They brought with them all their personal property, horses, mules, carts, clothing, &c., and doubtless some that did not

legitimately belong to them, but which they had confiscated from rebel masters, under the "sequestration act." We also found some very loyal citizens who rendered most valuable assistance to our troops.

Not the least important result of this expedition was the addition of five hundred valuable horses and mules; much needed in the service. These animals were with few exceptions far superior to those purchased by the Government for cavalry service. The stories invented by the rebel citizens to induce our men to leave their horses and mules, were very touching and affecting. In most cases, the men being in the rebel army, the women of the house would appear as a widow with "nine small children, and *this animal* was the only thing on which they had to depend for support;" when, not unfrequently, three or four fine horses would be found secreted in a clump of pines near by.

The regiment reached camp near Brook's Station on the 27th, and a more ludicrous procession was never seen than this cavalcade of cavalry, negroes, captured horses, mules, carts, wagons, oxen, rebel soldiers, trotting sulkies, top carriages, &c., &c. Not unfrequently a small mule would be harnessed by the side of a large horse, ox or cow, and when the wheel of a cart or carriage would give out, the negroes would "confiscate" one from the nearest plantation, whether it was smaller or twice the size of the one broken. Three or four children would be mounted on a single mule, all of which added to the laughable appearance of the procession, which was three miles long.

On reaching Belle Plain, the women, children and all but the able-bodied negro men, were transferred to the steamboat, "Long Branch," and sent to Washington. Once upon the boat their happiness knew no bounds. They cheered, laughed, cried, danced, and went into all manner of gesticulations and demonstrations of joy. They called upon God to bless us, and as the boat moved down the bay, their songs of thanksgiving were *loud* and long.

As a result of the expedition, we brought in one hundred prisoners, some of whom were guilty of crimes punishable by death; also three officers, a few smugglers and upward of five thousand dollars in confederate money, besides some government securities. Of the negroes, three hundred stout field hands were assigned to the Quartermaster's department as laborers. In order to feed this large family while on the march, heavy levies were made upon the graineries of the secesh. The soldiers took possession of their mills, and the men soon convinced the inhabitants that they were equal to almost any emergency, for they speedily transformed themselves into millers, and thus the command was abundantly supplied.

It was found that some of the wealthiest citizens on "the neck" were engaged in the smuggling business, or contributing in some way to the support of the rebellion; and these gentlemen were made to pay dearly for their secession sympathies. As their negroes had left them it was thought but just that the soldiers should take their rations. In this manner the "Illinois Emancipators" fared sumptuously. The official reports of the raid show upward of one million dollars worth of rebel property destroyed aside from what was brought into camp; while the blow struck at the smuggling trade was the severest one yet dealt.

After the return of the regiment from this expedition, a few days of rest intervened, during which time the captured horses were appraised and distributed, and one fine stallion given to General Pleasanton. Orders were issued by General Hooker, requiring that all the horses and other captured property should be turned over to the Quartermaster; but upon the representation of the Colonel that the horses were needed in the regiment, they were allowed to be retained. The other property was immediately given into the hands of the proper officers; not, however, without some anathemas being heaped upon the author of the order. It was rumored

that some sutler's goods never found their way to the Provost Marshal's hands.

On the 5th of June, heavy firing was heard above Fredericksburg. A reconnoissance was made which demonstrated what had been reported from Washington—that Lee's army was encamped in the neighborhood of Culpepper, preparing to march north. General Lee was not in favor of this movement, but their late success in repulsing the army of the Potomac under Burnside and Hooker, had emboldened them, and to appease the popular clamor, he had consented to undertake the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and if possible obtain possession of not only Washington, but Baltimore and Philadelphia. After a review of the brigade, which the soldiers considered equivalent to an order to march, on the 6th of June camp was struck and the cavalry marched, via. Stafford Court House and Hartwood Church, to Catlett Station, on the Orange & Alexandria Rail Road, which place we occupied about June 7th, where rations and forage were obtained from Alexandria by railroad.

The cavalry corps now commanded by General Pleasanton consisted of three divisions and a reserve brigade. An attack, or reconnoissance in force, by the whole cavalry corps was determined upon, to ascertain, if possible, General Lee's exact position and intentions. The First Division and reserve brigade were to cross the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford, the Second Division at Kelly's Ford, and the Third Division at Rappahannock station. For this particular occasion the First Division was divided into two independent brigades—the first under Colonel Davis, of the Eighth New York, and the second under Colonel Deven, of the Sixth New York, and both under General Buford, who also commanded the reserve brigade. We waited the coming of night to advance without being discovered. During the afternoon the resignation of Dr. Crawford was received and accepted, to date January 6th, 1863. We marched that night to within a mile or two of the fords, and awaited the approach of dawn.

Scarcely had the golden sunlight cast its rays upon the silver clouds that skirted the eastern horizon, when "boots and saddles" were sounded and the busy bustle of camp betokened work for the cavalier. The march was commenced for the ford, (the first brigade leading the way,) in the following order: Eighth New York, Eighth Illinois, and Third Indiana. In consequence of the sickness and absence of the just been appointed Major, but not yet mustered as such, senior officers, Captain Clark, of Company C, who had commanded the Eighth Illinois. The ford was deep and the banks abrupt, and two could only cross abreast. A staff officer of Colonel Davis was stationed at the river and as each company officer came through the stream, he received the order to "draw sabres," which was obeyed. Between the river and the woods in front was an open space across which one squadron of the Eighth New York, led by Colonel Davis in person, moved rapidly; but at the edge of the woods they came upon a barricade of rails which the enemy had constructed to impede their progress. Here the pickets poured into the Eighth New York a deadly fire. Several were killed and several mortally wounded, among whom was the gallant Colonel Davis. Nothing daunted, they rushed upon the rebels with drawn sabres, and drove them for a considerable distance into the woods, where, meeting reinforcements, the rebels poured into their ranks a fire they could not withstand, and they fell back in confusion. On reaching the woods the Eighth Illinois returned their sabres, and drew their revolvers; and hastening forward a part of the regiment received the enemy, who were pressing hard upon the Eighth New York, with a yell accompanied by volleys of lead, so well directed as to turn the tide of battle, driving the enemy through the woods into the open fields beyond, where they had a battery encamped which barely escaped falling into our hands. On reaching a hill beyond the woods where a body of the enemy were in reserve, they turned their cannon upon us and shelled the woods. They also



made an attempt to turn our left, charging furiously on Company D, but were severely repulsed. To the right a large party of the enemy tried to force our cavalry back, and actually got possession of the road in our rear, but the part of the Eighth Illinois regiment not engaged in the fight, here had an opportunity to display their courage, and the conflict was severe; but the enemy were forced to yield the ground, after a bloody encounter.

When the battle opened upon the right, the enemy were in possession of a stone fence, a little in front of our line, which served the purpose of rifle-pits, from which they could fire almost in safety. A squadron of the Second United States Dragoons, were sent to take the wall, and after doing so, were driven back by superior numbers, losing a Captain killed, and many of their men wounded. General Pleasanton called for a detachment of the Eighth Illinois. Volunteers from Captain Forsythe's squadron, under Sergeant Clapp, were dismounted and sent out, who attempted to flank the enemy from the right, which at least was a perilous undertaking, as nearly double the number sent to make the attack were behind the wall. Not a shot was fired, nor a man visible until our boys were half way across the field, when the enemy came over the hill in the rear of their line, to re-inforce those behind the wall, opening a fire which would have been terrible had they been less excited. Sergeant Clapp led his men forward toward the enemy's right, but found that they were too strong and their fire too severe to admit of his turning their flank as easily as had been imagined.

Not content to go back without accomplishing their object, our men laid down and commenced firing; so as to pay their compliments to their rebel friends to the extent of their ammunition. They remained in this position as sharp-shooters until relieved by other troops forming a line in their rear, which event did not transpire until most of them had exhausted their ammunition, and one or two had burst their

carbines from the rapid firing which their situation necessitated.

A curious incident occurred during their advance across the field. A gallant young Sergeant, Henry Pearson, of Company F, was knocked down by a conical ball, which struck him on the breast, just over the heart, and he would inevitably have been killed in an instant but for a book carried in his breast pocket—the parting gift of a beloved mother. It was with evident concern that his comrades ran to him, and were pleased to find that, although felled to the ground by the shock, he was only “wounded in the testament.”

The service of the Eighth Illinois, during the remainder of the day, was in connection with the reserve brigade. The Eighth Illinois was among the first to advance, and the last to withdraw. In all parts of the field the severity of the fight is without precedent in cavalry warfare. Any one who wished to witness stubborn fighting, should have seen the Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana, as they stood in line, firing constantly and maintaining their ground against a much greater number of rebels, equally as stubborn.

After being under fire twelve hours, the troops re-crossed the river, with the Eighth Illinois bringing up the rear. This, without doubt, was the hardest fought cavalry battle of the war, up to that time. The loss of the Eighth Illinois was severely felt—one man, James Evans, of Company L, killed and thirty-six wounded, several of whom died; some within a few days, and others weeks later. The following is a list of the wounded:

Captain A. Clark, Company C, afterwards died.

Captain J. G. Smith, Company B, afterwards died.

Captain George A. Forsythe, Company A.

Captain D. J. Hynes, Company F.

Corporal O. G. Hess, Company C.

Corporal George W. McKinzie, Company C.

N. Cosman, Company A.

W. H. Shurtliff, Company B.  
James McCarty, Company C.  
George W. Woodruff, Company C.  
Hiram H. Miller, Company C.  
E. Hughes, Company D.  
Judson Farrer, Company E, afterward died.  
Charles Sliter, Company E.  
Daniel R. Bump, Company F.  
William Young, Company G.  
Judson Annis, Company G.  
James O'Brien, Company G.  
John Knapp, Company G.  
F. B. Wakefield, Company G.  
John W. Lae, Company G.  
Sergeant J. N. Brooks, Company H.  
Sergeant J. C. Clemens, Company H.  
Sergeant George Hupp, Company K.  
Sergeant E. R. Buckley, Company C.  
Corporal S. D. Wessen, Company K.  
Corporal Amos Churchill, Company M.  
George H. Fleming, Company K.  
Henry Aiken, Company L.  
William Snively, Company L.  
Thomas Bolter, Company L.  
Kimber L. John, Company M.  
George Mills, Company M.  
Luman V. Grant, Company M.  
Herman Yelding, Company M.  
George W. Ferry, Company B.

The life of the last was saved by the ball striking a testament, as in the case of Pearson.

Upon the fall of Captain Clark the command of the regiment devolved upon Captain E. J. Farnsworth. It is useless to attempt to praise any officers—all did their parts well—reflecting great credit upon themselves and the noble State

they represented, and both officers and men were highly complimented by the commanding general.

Other regiments also suffered severely. The Eighth New York lost Colonel Davis and Captain Foote, the latter shot through the heart and instantly killed. Braver officers than the above named were not in the army. Captain Ward, of the regular brigade, formerly of General Pleasanton's staff, was killed, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The Second Dragoons are said to have lost eight officers, forty men, and fifty missing.

The other divisions of the corps crossed the river, as contemplated, and pressed the enemy in their front as far back as Brandy Station. As the enemy's cavalry was forced back upon their infantry, it became necessary to withdraw; and night found the corps where it started in the morning. A desperate battle had been fought, the loss on both sides very heavy, the position and intention of the enemy ascertained, and yet we were compelled to encamp at night upon our old ground.

We afterward learned that General Stuart, the day before the battle, had a grand review of his cavalry, and had arranged for a grand party the day of the battle, but our attack disarranged his plans, and prevented the rebel ladies from enjoying the treat which they had in prospect. In relating this incident to us, some of the fair ones, though terribly indignant, acknowledged that Stuart was sadly defeated.

The usual scenes during, and after a battle, were enacted. The wounded were brought to a farm-house where the doctors were busily engaged until late at night. Dr. Stull was designated to take charge of the wounded who were sent to Washington, and on the morning of the 10th he succeeded in getting them into the hospital in the city.

June 10th the command returned to Catlett Station. Colonel Deven again assumed command of the division, until new arrangements could be effected. The division was soon increased by the addition of the reserve brigade, and Gen-

eral John Buford placed in command, to whom we reported for duty on the 14th of June. It was evident that, although delayed by our attack, General Lee was again marching towards Pennsylvania ; and orders were issued to be ready to march, so on the 15th the infantry having been passing for two days, the cavalry followed, the Eighth Illinois being the rear guard. The roads were exceedingly dusty, and we reached Manassas at night.



## CHAPTER X.

Maryland and Pennsylvania campaign—Battle of Aldie—Battle of Upperville—The march continued—General Hooker relieved—General Mead in command of the army—Skirmish at Fairfield—The cavalry enter Gettysburg—Battle of Gettysburg—Death of General E. J. Farnsworth—Hanging a spy—Battle of Williamsport—Death of Major Medill—Fighting near Boonsboro—Battle of Funkstown—Battle of Falling Water—March to Berlin—Into Virginia again—Fight at Chester Gap—Battle of Brandy Station—Another fight near Brandy Station—Battle of Culpepper—Taking Pony Mountain—Battle of Raccoon Ford—The Kemper Brothers—Battle of Jack's Shop.

On the 17th we set out for Pennsylvania. Passing through Centerville, the main column of the First Brigade went in the direction of Aldie; though much of the cavalry moved by different routes, General Kilpatrick's Brigade taking the advance. At Aldie they encountered the enemy in force. The Fourth New York Cavalry first encountered them, charged and then gave way. The First Maine then drove the enemy back, and, with the First Massachusetts, were ordered to charge them behind a stone wall with drawn sabres. As a consequence the dead union soldiers lay strewn along the road by scores, presenting a terrible spectacle. Colonel Dougherty, of the First Maine, and forty men were left dead upon the field. The rebels captured Colonel Sessanole, of the Fourth New York, and nearly a squadron of the First Maine, but lost about eighty prisoners, including one Captain. We counted thirteen dead rebels on the field, so that we concluded that the Union loss was greatest.

General Kilpatrick was speaking to Captain Hynes, of the gallant manner in which his men had driven the enemy. The Captain, not perceiving his rank, dampened his ardor by

asking where the dead rebels were. "I can see plenty of your dead," said the Captain, "but few rebels."

June 18th the First Brigade made an advance, the Third Indiana in front, driving the enemy across Goose Creek, and as far as Philamont. There was some lively skirmishing in which the Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana both participated, to the great delight of General Buford who complimented them highly. Before the return of the regiment across Goose Creek, some staff officer of General Pleasanton, either mistaking his orders, or giving orders on his own responsibility, hearing that the cavalry was hard pressed by the enemy, directed the bridge across the creek to be burned, thus compelling the weary cavalry to either ford the deep stream, or march many miles to seek another crossing. Our men forded, or swam, the stream; not, however, without bestowing hearty curses upon that officer.

May 19th Colonel Gregg's division had a severe fight near Middleburg, losing a number of men and horses, a large part of the First Rhode Island Cavalry being reported lost, and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Maine. Our regiment was on picket, and in the afternoon Company H, while on a scout among the mountains, came upon a number of the rebel wounded who had been secreted by the citizens. Near Aldie lived a Connecticut family by the name of Davis, familiarly known as "Yankee Davis." His barns were converted into hospitals, and his noble wife administered to the wants of the wounded to the extent of her ability. He was finally obliged to leave the country, on account of the persecutions of the secessionists who had threatened to take his life, and made many attempts to accomplish their object.

Sunday, June 21st, General Pleasanton, with his two divisions of cavalry, advanced in the direction of Upperville, and at Middleburg came upon the enemy. The First Division was at the right of the main road, commanded by General Buford in person, while Colonel Gamble commanded the First Brigade. Fighting began at Goose Creek, about

eleven o'clock A. M., the enemy consisting of the Ninth and Eleventh Virginia Cavalry and Second South Carolina Cavalry.

After being dislodged from the banks of the creek, they made a stand behind almost every stone fence, which answered the purpose of breastworks, and fought with desperation, but were pressed back by our gallant troopers. While skirmishing in this way, Hanson Town, of Company A, was shot and instantly killed, and one man of the Third Indiana was shot in the neck and died in a short time. The enemy's loss was at least three times that of ours.

Near night the rebels were pressed back to the mountains. Here, in splendid position in a number of fields fenced with stone, we came suddenly on their line of battle. There must have been six thousand of them. Our force was but a handful in comparison. The gap through the mountain was directly in their rear, and the mountain protected both flanks from being turned..

As soon as General Buford saw the rebels he ordered the Eighth Illinois to charge them. The Third Indiana was acting as skirmishers to our brigade. The enemy were massed in column of regiments in our front, ready to advance as soon as we entered the field, which they occupied. Their artillery was advantageously posted and reserved its fire until we came within range of grape and cannister. The bugle sounded the charge and away we went, Lieutenant-Colonel Clendennin leading the Eighth Illinois at the outset. At the first fire of the rebels, Colonel Gamble's horse was killed under him, pitching the Colonel headlong to the ground. Lieutenant-Colonel Clendennin was also unhorsed, and Major Medill then took command. Forward was the word, and the gallant Eighth that never yet quailed before the rebels, were soon within a short distance of the front line of the enemy, carrying their carbines at the "aim." "Fire," shouted the Major, and seven hundred pieces blazed away, and scores were rendered helpless by that one volley. In

an instant our men were upon them with their revolvers, cracking at them right and left. They broke and fled from the first field.

Some fresh regiments of the rebels came forward to rescue their friends, and a few squadrons of the Third Indiana and Twelfth Illinois came to our support. We quickly formed ranks to receive their charge—every carbine was loaded, and our line stood behind a stone fence. We received their fire and gave them one deadly volley, when Major Medill ordered a charge, and at it we went, chiefly relying upon our revolvers, and the rebels upon their swords.

They seemed determined to whip us, and held their ground for some time. It was very exciting; but a shot from a six-shooter, at close quarters, aimed by a western man, is more than a match for a sword in the hands of the "chivalry." We had in return about forty men wounded, but none killed nor taken prisoners. During the fight an attempt was made to get on our flank, but Captain Hynes, with a battalion of our regiment, galloped around and effectually repulsed the effort.

Three times more did the rebels try to regain their lost ground and drive us back, but each time were driven from the field. In some of the charges individual members of our cavalry would be taken prisoners, but by vigorous dashes we recovered them all, not losing a single man. We wounded and captured Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis of the Ninth Virginia, beside one hundred others; and killed and wounded more than two hundred. I here insert an incident to the credit of Major Medill as related by Captain Waite:

"While he was rallying after one of our charges, I saw a rebel horseman, with drawn sword, chasing Sergeant-Major Samuel W. Smith, who got mixed up with the "rebs." Major Medill, who happened to be near, put spurs to his horse and with a few bounds was close beside the rebel, who raised his sword and shouted "surrender." Medill brought his revolver to an aim, when the fellow threw down his sabre



and cried out, "I surrender—don't shoot." He saved his life by just a second, as more than one bullet would have lodged in his body the next instant. The prisoner proved to be a Major of the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, and big enough to have whipped two of our Major in a fist-fight, but on the day of battle size gives but little advantage."

General Pleasanton bestowed high encomiums upon our regiment, and the Third Indiana and Twelfth Illinois.

The instances of bravery displayed in this fight were without parallel. We heard them related in camp at the time, but are unable to recall them at present. One of the prisoners wanted to know who that officer was that wore the red cap, and charged upon them with such recklessness and bravery. He referred to Lieutenant Warner, of Company G. During the battle the Lieutenant had lost his hat, and, fighting in his bare head, his red hair was mistaken for a red cap. In fact our men challenged the admiration of all observers, by the determined manner in which they not only held their ground, but dealt telling blows upon the enemy. Though the opposing batteries were belching grape and canister into their ranks continually, they treated it with the utmost contempt, and kept busily at work, unheeding its terrors.

The Second Division had some severe fighting, but drove the enemy before them, and left us masters of the field and the enemy driven into the mountain fastnesses at Ashby's Gap.

We formed a division hospital in a barn on the farm of a Mr. Richardson, where we had forty-three wounded men; nine of whom were rebels. During the night, orders came to place the wounded in ambulances and have them started for Aldie, fourteen miles distant, as we should fall back to that point before daylight. One man, I. Picket, of Company F, had been shot in the thigh, severing the femoral artery, and before he could be brought from the field, nearly bled to death. A tourniquet was applied and he was



left to rally by the use of stimulants while the others were undergoing operations. When the order came to move, our attention was turned to him. To leave him there without an operation would be sure death, and to remove him would be equally perilous. There was but a feeble, flickering pulse, and the loss of a gill more blood might prove fatal. To add to this, we had but two inches of tallow candle left, and all our Assistant-Surgeons had given out, either through sickness or exhaustion, save Dr. Sanger, of the Sixth New York, and he was intoxicated. But we thought this desperate situation justified desperate proceedings, and with the assistance of Dr. Sanger and Hospital-Steward Willing, we operated successfully, and tied the artery.

The wounded were then loaded into ambulances, and before daylight were on the road to Aldie. Arriving there they were put into "Yankee Davis' " barn, and afterward sent to Washington. Picket recovered, and at this writing, (1868,) is not only living and well, but is married and has an interesting family.

We remained at Aldie until June 26th. On the 25th Lieutenant-Colonel Clendennin, was ordered to Alexandria, and put in charge of the dismounted men at that place—a very responsible position—and Major Beveridge took command of the regiment. While waiting at Aldie a large part of the infantry arrived, and at four o'clock A. M., of the 26th of June, the cavalry took up their line of march for Leesburg, where they encamped for the night.

June 27th we crossed the Potomac at Edwards Ferry, forded the Monococy near its mouth, and rolling ourselves in our blankets, lay down in a rain-storm, at the base of the Katoctin mountains, near Point of Rocks.

June 28th marched over the mountains and reached Middletown, Maryland, where we were received by the union inhabitants with their usual hospitality, and where we remained during the day. While there we learned that Gen-

eral Hooker had been relieved of the command of the army, and General Meade was to take his place. We also heard that Lee's army was already in advance of us, making depredations in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Early on the morning of the 29th the march was resumed, and that night we rested in the valley, twelve or fifteen miles from Gettysburg, having marched thirty miles, and passed over two mountains. Here we ascertained that the Pennsylvania militia, which had been called out to defend their homes, had a skirmish with the advance of the enemy, and had captured and lost some prisoners. But the natives were either so disloyal, or afraid to give information they did not inform us of the position of the enemy, although a regiment of them were within three miles of our camp.

At dawn of day the column was in motion. Moving on the Hagerstown and Gettysburg road, we reached Fairfield, where we found the enemy in possession. The atmosphere was so foggy that our skirmishers came upon them very unexpectedly. Shots were rapidly exchanged, and a ball struck Thomas Withrow, of Company C, in the stomach, but coming in contact with some hard substance, did not penetrate, though it knocked him off his horse. This made Tom angry, and he swore he would have revenge. Being dismounted, he ran behind a barn and began firing on his own responsibility. At first our men drove in the rebel pickets, but they being re-inforced, our General ordered his men to fall back not wishing to bring on a general engagement. Withrow's horse followed our men back to the column, leaving its plucky rider at the barn. Tom kept firing until he heard a rebel officer give orders to search the barn, when he hid his arms and then himself in the hay mow. They entered the barn, searched every part, thrust their bayonets down through the hay, but fortunately did not find him. Tom said he could have killed the rebel Colonel but did not dare, as they would then have discovered him and doubtless taken his life, which he valued more than that of a rebel Colonel.

The wounded were brought into the barn and he overheard their conversation, from which he learned that we had killed one man and wounded three.

The rebels soon left the town, and as a citizen entered the barn Tom inquired if there was a chance of escape. The man was at first frightened, and answered, "I don't know," but soon learning that Tom was a union soldier, took him to the house and gave him a good dinner ; being highly pleased with the adventure of the brave fellow. Withrow followed the public road and joined the regiment at Gettysburg.

The cavalry now withdrew, and now taking the road to Emmetsburg reached that place about noon, where they came upon the advance of the infantry, and from thence to Gettysburg, which place we entered before night. Some of the enemy's cavalry had been there and done a little foraging, but they left as our van-guard entered. The pickets were stationed a few miles in advance of the town, near the mountains, with headquarters of General Buford's Division at the Eagle Hotel, kept by Mr. Tate.

Early next morning, July 1st, our pickets brought word that the enemy was advancing in force. Captain Dana was in command of the picket line on the Chambersburg road where they first made their appearance ; and here, as in many other of the great battles, the Eighth Illinois received the first fire and shed the first blood. The pickets fell back slowly, making all the resistance in their power, and arrangements were made to hold the rebels in check until the infantry could come up. The First Corps, under General Reynolds, and the Eleventh Corps, under General O. O. Howard, were known to be between Gettysburg and Emmetsburg, to whom notice of the situation was given with a request to hasten forward. Two colored servants of rebel officers had been captured, who gave valuable information as to the position of their forces and who was in command.

The long line of the enemy came in full view, and their batteries rained upon our men showers of shot and shell, but

our brave boys stood firm and fell back only when ordered. The Eighth New York, on our left, was wavering some, but the Third Indiana, on the right, never flinched. About this time it began to be warm work. Sergeant Goodspeed, of Company H, was wounded and taken to the depot where a temporary hospital had been established, and soon after Williams, of Company M, had his arm shattered by a ball, which required amputation.

The battle raged with great fury, our division of cavalry being all there was to impede the progress of the overpowering numbers of the enemy, for several hours. About eleven o'clock A. M., General Reynolds and staff arrived on the ground, and soon after, the advance of his corps. As they came upon Seminary Ridge and deployed in line the cavalry was withdrawn. General Buford told me that he never saw so daring and successful a thing as was done by one of the Eighth Illinois men. As the cavalry skirmishers fell back, one man, either not hearing the command or determined not to yield, at first stood his ground, then lay down in the grass until the enemy's line was nearly upon him, when he arose and cried out at the top of his voice, "Come on—we have them." Whether the rebels were astonished at his madness, or thought he was an officer leading on a host, we know not, but their line faltered; just then a regiment of General Reynolds corps filed in through the woods behind the rebel line, cutting them off from support, and in this manner we were enabled to capture General Archer and his brigade numbering about eight hundred men.

On the death of General Reynolds, Generals Howard and Doubleday assumed command—General Howard as senior officer. Our cavalry were actively engaged on the flanks, particularly on the right in front of the College, but fresh hordes of the enemy pressed upon us, crowding in our advance, and it was not until after noon that the Eleventh corps came to our relief. By this time the enemy had a strong force in front of this corps, and a row of batteries



which opened a torrent of shot upon us, and we soon found that our hospital, at the depot, was in their range; some of the shots striking the buildings and tearing them to pieces. We removed our wounded to the Presbyterian church near the center of the town, and were engaged in amputating the arm of a rebel soldier, when a messenger announced a dispatch from General Buford that we must fall back. Hastily arranging for the care of the wounded, by leaving Surgeons Beck, Rulison and Vosburg to attend them, we left the church to find the street crowded by the retreating Eleventh corps; and as we rode up toward the cemetery the rebel bullets fell thick and fast around us.

A stand was made just south of the town on Cemetery Ridge, which the enemy did not assault with much vigor. During the day General Buford received an order from General Doubleday to charge the enemy in a certain position; but seeing at a glance the inconsistency of ordering cavalry to charge upon infantry, who were protected by a stone fence, he ordered a part of the Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana to dismount and drive the enemy from their position; which they did in the most gallant manner, and to the entire satisfaction of their General, who referred to the incident as being a brilliant affair.

Night found the Union army driven from half to a mile back of the position it had taken in the morning, but still holding a prominent and strong line. During the day David Difenbaugh was killed.

The Surgeons had but little rest, as the wounded occupied nearly every farmhouse and barn for miles—the enemy having possession of the city of Gettysburg and the battlefield,

The morning of July 2d broke upon the two armies lying as quiet as though they were friends. Much of our infantry had arrived during the night, a council of war had been held and all were preparing for a desperate struggle. The cavalry were in line between the enemy and Round Top. Gen



eral Sickles' division was advanced across the Emmetsburg pike, and all the movements betokened a renewal of the engagement, when it was rumored that our supplies were in danger of being disturbed, and General Buford's division was ordered to protect the train. We left the field of Gettysburg about one o'clock P. M., (just as the battle was being renewed,) and marched to Taneytown, where we encamped for the night, but July 3d continued the march to Westminster—the terminus of the railroad from Baltimore, and the present base of supplies.

Previous to the commencement of the fight at Gettysburg, three gallant young captains had been made Brigadier-Generals—Captain E. J. Farnsworth, of the Eighth Illinois, and Captains Custer and Merritt, of the Regular Army. Each in command of a brigade was actively engaged; Generals Farnsworth and Custer had been fighting the enemy who were destroying the railroad between Gettysburg and York, and distinguished themselves and their commands. General Farnsworth commanded a brigade of cavalry in the Third Division of the cavalry corps then under General Kilpatrick. Before the close of the battle of Gettysburg, General Farnsworth was ordered by General Kilpatrick to charge the enemy over a stone fence which appeared to Farnsworth to be worse than folly and certain destruction. He at first remonstrated and tried to convince General Kilpatrick of the sacrifice it would cause without accomplishing the end desired. General Kilpatrick would not yield the point, and told Farnsworth if he was afraid to make the charge he would lead it himself. This was too much for the gallant Farnsworth who had never allowed a reflection upon his courage, and shaking hands with his officers and bidding them farewell he dashed at the enemy, leading his men into the jaws of death and was riddled with bullets. Very few of those who assisted in that charge ever returned to tell the tale. After the battle the body of General Farnsworth was recovered and taken to Illinois.

While we were lying at Westminster the battle of Gettysburg was progressing, and thousands of rebel prisoners were marched by us on their way to Washington. Next day the rebel prisoners continued to arrive, and cheering news of the result of the battle was received. We here met Dwight Sabin, an old friend, who was then engaged with the Christian Commission, and getting permission of our General to allow him to accompany us, we procured a horse for him and he joined the medical staff, and did valuable service in assisting in caring for the sick and wounded.

Before night we broke camp and took up a line of march toward Frederick City. Lee's army had been repulsed and was retreating toward Virginia, and we hoped, by going round by Frederick City and crossing the South Mountains, to intercept him and harrass his troops until the infantry could fall upon his rear and route his shattered army. It had rained very hard and the roads were muddy, but we reached Frederick City at noon the next day. Here we found General McReynolds, of Michigan in command.

Our troops camped in a field about a mile out of town, on the Boonsboro road. General Buford had been greatly annoyed by what he supposed to be spies, or persons who had been allowed to enter camp under various pretexts. Some he had arrested and sent to headquarters, who were there released. He declared if he caught another he would "hang him and not send him up to be promoted to a Brigadier-General."

This afternoon a man by the name of Richardson, who professed to reside in Baltimore, and who was distributing religious tracts, came into camp and was suspected of being a spy, as he had been seen hanging around camp at other times and places. Provost Marshal Mix arrested him, and on his person found letters from rebel Generals vouching for him, and recommending other rebels to place implicit reliance on the information he might give; also passes from both Federal and Confederate Generals. He confessed to

having just come from the rebel lines, but said he had been to visit his three sons, who were in the Confederate service.

General Buford carefully examined the papers, and then said "hang him." No further trial was had. A few moments were given him to prepare to die, in which he tried to make his escape, but was recaptured. A rope was placed around his neck, one end thrown over the limb of a tree, and three soldiers drew him, fastened the rope and left him dangling in the air.

Early, on the morning of the 6th of July, the march was resumed. In passing by the field where the execution had taken place, we saw the body, still suspended in the air, and it is said the citizens did not cut it down for several days, nor until every article of clothing was torn from him, and carried off as trophies. We made a forced march through Middletown, over the South Mountains again, where the great battle had been fought, through Boonsboro, and from thence to Williamsport, where we hoped to cut off Lee's retreat, or destroy his wagon train. General Kilpatrick's division marched via Hagerstown, and were to co-operate with us.

When within two miles of Williamsport, we came upon General Imboden's rebel infantry, who were in charge of their trains, and the crossing at that point; and a severe engagement ensued. Our batteries were brought forward to match those of the enemy that were opened upon us. The Eighth Illinois was sent forward as dismounted skirmishers, and steadily pressed the enemy, who were in a corn-field beyond and behind barns and out-buildings. Major Medill being on the picket line, in the most exposed condition, was shot in the abdomen and mortally wounded. Gale Carter, of Company G, was killed, and Sergeant Richard C. Vinson and Alfred C. Bailey were both mortally wounded. Captain Sullivan was shot in the head, but not seriously wounded, as the ball only fractured the outer table of the skull. The wounded were brought back by their comrades

a short distance, and then placed in ambulances and taken to a barn, designated as a hospital.

While this battle was progressing and we were driving the enemy before us, General Kilpatrick had been driven back and forced to retreat. His division, falling in our rear, blocked up the only road by which we could retreat, and thus left us to receive and resist the entire force of the enemy. We succeeded in keeping them in check until night, when we fell back, covering the retreat of General Kilpatrick, and bringing off all our wounded except Carter, who was left dying on the field.

We went back some six miles to Stone's Corners, put our wounded in a church and attended them during the night. It was evident that Major Medill, Bailey and Vinson could not survive. The Major had endeared himself to his men by many acts of kindness, and by his coolness and undaunted courage in the midst of battle.

On the morning of July 7th the enemy made their appearance in force, and we were ordered to fall back to Boonsboro. The men carried Major Medill on a litter the entire distance as the roads were too rough to admit of his riding in an ambulance. Vinton and Bailey died at Boonsboro, and Medill was taken to Frederick City, where he survived nine days of extreme suffering; then expired like a true soldier—calm and composed. Before dying he gave his brother Joseph full directions as to his funeral and place of burial. Bailey knowing his hour of departure was near, wished me to inform his parents that he had tried to perform his duty faithfully and did not regret having entered the army. Vinson was calm and composed and met his fate in a soldier-like manner. Better, or more noble soldiers could not have been found in the army.

The night following was rainy, but the morning of the 8th found the enemy driving in the regular's pickets, on the Hagerstown road. Our brigade was on the right and Colonel Devins on the left. The left fell back, although supported,



but the Eighth Illinois stood firm until relieved by other troops, who were soon forced back to near the village of Boonsboro—the very ground over which we fought successfully September 15th, 1862.

The Eighth Illinois was now called upon to re-take the lost ground, Colonel Gamble objected unless he could take his whole brigade to support the Eighth. This arranged, away they went. The left being now able to hold their position, “the boys” dismounted and pitched into the woods, General Buford with them, forcing the enemy to retreat more rapidly than they had advanced. After once getting the enemy started, the boys gave them no time to rally, until they were across Antietam Creek, a distance of about two miles. The men had run so fast that they were completely tired out, but were pleased to see General Buford shake his fat sides, as he attempted to keep up with them. He said “these boys beat anything in the world on a foot skirmish.” General Kilpatrick used some very harsh language to his men to persuade them to pursue the rebels in like manner; with what effect we are unable to say.

At night we again fell back to Boonsboro, leaving a heavy picket line in the front. The loss of the Eighth Illinois was Benjamin Weber, Company D, killed; M. Stevens, Company H, Lieutenant Howard, Company I, Orville Fenton, Company K, wounded. The Eighth New York and Third Indiana also lost several.

July 9th the regiment drew forage and rations, and then advanced again, on the Hagerstown road, and met the enemy at Beaverdam Creek. But little fighting was done until near night, when the boys again dismounted, and went at the enemy driving them two or three miles, and fighting until late in the night. William E. Smith, of Company F, was killed, and it was thought that, being far in advance of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania, he met his death by a shot from one of them, and not the enemy. At night the camp was pitched in the woods, and the tired soldiers rested as best they could.



July 10th we were up and at the rebels early. The men again dismounted and attacked the enemy on foot, driving them steadily. General Buford dismounted and walked up a hill to see how the day was going, when a bullet passed through his blouse, cutting five holes, and narrowly missed the nose of the writer, who was a short distance in the rear.

Our men pressed the enemy back upon Funktown, where their main force lay, and a lively fight ensued. We held our position until near night, when we were relieved by a division of infantry, which fought until after dark. The loss to our division was heavy. The Eighth Illinois had George Pierson killed, and George J. Dusold and William Allen wounded. Thirty wounded men of our division were taken to Boonsboro, and placed in Odd Fellows Hall. We had been fighting almost continually since July 6th, besides doing picket duty at night, and the men were "almost used up;" but no rest came.

July 11th the division marched to Bakersville, three miles above the old battle-ground of Antietam. We were now upon the extreme left, our line reaching to the Potomac.

Sunday, the 12th, was one of the warmest days of the season, and as our dinner was spread upon the ground, there came up one of the hardest rain-storms I ever witnessed. In five minutes the water came down the hills, carrying away some tent-flies we had put up, and stood over a foot deep in camp. The artillery of Heaven had supplanted that of man. Little fighting was done, and only two prisoners brought in, though the pickets exchanged shots, and kept the camp alarmed.

General Meade having arrived with the infantry, called a council of war, at which the propriety of attacking Lee's army at once was discussed. The Potomac was swollen by the late rains, and Lee's crossing was thereby rendered very difficult. Our Corps Commander, General Pleasanton, was in favor of an immediate attack, and it is said the council was divided, but General Meade concluded to let the army



ABNER HARD M.D.  
SURGEON OF THE 8<sup>TH</sup> ILL. CAVALRY



have a short rest, as they had marched a long distance, and were very much exhausted. Accordingly we rested—if standing picket night and day, and skirmishing and watching the movements of our adversaries, can be called resting—until Tuesday, the 14th, when the cavalry advanced to the attack. The enemy had hastily erected earth-works, but we found them abandoned. Lee's main army had crossed the river at Falling Water. The cavalry pressed forward, Kilpatrick's division on our right. We came upon the rear guard consisting of two brigades of the enemy about two miles from Falling Water, and at once attacked them. One brigade of the enemy was behind some earth-works, on a hill, in front of which was a wheat-field, where the grain had just been cut, and stood in shocks. The late rains had rendered the ground so soft that horses would sink to their knees.

General Buford's division went round to the left, to flank their position, hoping that General Kilpatrick would menace them in front, and hold them until he flanked them, but scarcely were we out of sight, and one-fourth of the distance desired, when one squadron of his brave Michigan boys were ordered to charge the enemy in the works. The brave men rode up to the muzzles of the rebel guns, and some actually went over their works, alas! never to return. The enemy slew them by scores, and few returned to tell the tale. This prevented our taking them in the rear by surprise.

However, we were soon on their flank, and our men went in with their usual spirit. One man, who was severely wounded, was brought back and placed under a tree where General Buford was standing, and not seeing the General, as I examined his wounds, he remarked, "I am glad it is not the General who is wounded." This brought tears to General Buford's eyes, and he very frequently related the incident. Such devotion of men to their commander has seldom been witnessed.

The enemy fought desperately, but were soon either driven from the field or captured. We took about four hundred

prisoners, and Kilpatrick's division some six or seven hundred. Our loss was severe. Walter J. Kennicott and John W. Cole were mortally wounded, and John Cargy, Ira Sherwood and Captain Wells, severely. The enemy were now across the Potomac. No further work could be done here, and with the large number of our own wounded, the rebel wounded and prisoners, we returned to Bakerstown, over roads made so muddy by the recent rains, that they can hardly be described. The wounded were kept here and attended until morning, when they were sent in charge of Dr. Curran to Boonsboro.

July 15th we were ordered to march again, and the sick were sent to Frederick City, under charge of Dr. Stull. The command marched to Berlin.

On the 18th of July we crossed the Potomac, encamping three miles beyond Lovetsville. We were now going over the same ground traveled after the battle of Antietam; as Lee's army was marching up the Shenandoah Valley, making its way back toward Richmond.

July 20th we reached Rectortown and rested a few hours, when our teams came up and the hearts of the ragged soldiers were gladdened by the distribution of clothing. The First Brigade started for Chester Gap via Salem and Barbee's Cross-road, and the reserve brigade to Manassas Gap; hoping to reach these places before the enemy, and prevent their passing. The Second Brigade marched to the left, and we sent all the sick, Quartermaster's and Commissary stores with them.

July 21st Lieutenant Wade, son of Senator Ben. Wade, while bringing a dispatch from General Pleasanton to General Buford, in passing through Salem, accompanied by a single orderly, was attacked by two guerrillas, that came out from behind some houses, and ordering a surrender, fired upon them. The orderly attempted to return and was captured. The Lieutenant put spurs to his horse, but seeing the guerrilla in hot pursuit, he turned and gave him the contents of



his pistol, killing him almost instantly, and then rode safely to our headquarters.

We shortly after advanced to Salem and saw the dead body of the guerrilla. The rebel inhabitants thought it was "terrible for our soldiers to kill the son of a poor widow." Oh, what consistency!

The First Brigade, in command of Colonel Gamble, marched to Chester Gap and found the enemy's infantry already in possession, and after "marching up the hill," they were obliged to "march *down* again," not, however, without taking some prisoners and seventeen horses.

July 22d the enemy pressed on our pickets that were annoying Longstreet's passing column, and in the afternoon sent two brigades with fixed bayonets to charge upon them. Quite a severe fight ensued, in which our brigade had one man killed, six wounded and several missing, and the rebels were punished quite as much. This engagement is said to have added new laurels to the Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana boys. The reserve brigade, at Manassas Gap, also fought the enemy and suffered considerably.

July 23d we encamped about Barbee's Cross-Roads. Unfortunately "apple-jack" was found too plentifully in Virginia cellars, on which account one man was captured by the enemy and his arms taken away from him, but he was so so drunk they could not march him off; so after getting sobered up he came to camp.

July 27th marched to Rappahannock Station—the Rappahannock river being the dividing line of the contending forces, as it was when we fought so fiercely on the 9th of June.

July 28th we sent our sick and wounded, one hundred and thirteen in number, to Washington to be put in general hospital. The next day some of our absent officers and men returned to the regiment; among them Captains Ludlum, Waite and Southworth. The latter we feared was still too sick to endure camp life.

August 1st, at three o'clock A. M., according to orders, the regiment were in line of battle. After hard marching and counter-marching, we crossed the river, formed in line and engaged the enemy. The rebels were forced back past Brandy Station to near Culpepper, a distance of ten or twelve miles, fighting as they went. Their course lay across the plantation of John Minor Botts. They made a desperate resistance at the Kenedy House, about a mile to the left of Mr. Botts' residence, where they charged the Eighth New York and produced considerable confusion, but after a severe struggle were driven with heavy loss. They finally brought up a division of infantry and several pieces of artillery, and our forces gradually retreated to near the river. This was a well executed reconnoissance, and revealed what was wanted—the position and force of the enemy. The loss on our side was twenty killed, one hundred wounded and one hundred and forty-eight missing. We took a number of prisoners, and the loss of the enemy must have greatly exceeded our own.

Captain Hotop's squadron did a fine thing in which they took one Lieutenant and mortally wounded another officer. It being dark before we reached the river, we telegraphed to have a train sent to convey our wounded to Washington.

August 3d the enemy made a demonstration upon our line, and the division was hurriedly called out, but the rebels soon retreated and little fighting was done.

August 4th, about noon, the enemy came upon us in force—with artillery and cavalry—and attempted to drive us back, but we were quickly in line and a brilliant engagement commenced, which lasted two hours. Major Chapman, of the Third Indiana, distinguished himself by taking a battery right up to the skirmish line and silencing a rebel battery, which was annoying our line to an alarming extent. L. Pray, of Company G, fought for a while on his own account, bringing down two rebels and himself receiving a wound on the leg, but not being seriously injured. Pray

was one of the best shots in the regiment, especially when the mark was a rebel. The loss of the First Division was one killed and five wounded.

At night the enemy again made an attack, but saw fit to retreat, as they found our men with their eyes open and ready for them.

August 6th the Regular Brigade received orders to go to Washington to recruit, leaving only two brigades to hold the line, daily menaced by the enemy.

August 7th the Paymaster made the regiment a visit to the great joy of the soldiers. The man who would have received the next warmest welcome, would have been the sutler, who had not been allowed with the troops in our division for some time.

August 8th, General Buford received ten days leave of absence to visit his home in Kentucky. Since the first day of August he had lost a daughter, a sister-in-law and a father-in-law. Upon Buford's taking his departure General Merritt assumed command of the Division.

August 9th we withdrew across the river and encamped on the farm of an old secessionist by the name of Payne, from whom in the spring of 1862, we had captured a fine little cream colored horse.

On the morning of the 15th, camp was struck and we marched by the way of Warrenton Junction, where we left our sick at Cavalry Corps Hospital, toward Dumfrees, as far as the junction of Cedar river and Elk Run.

On the 16th we had an accession to our medical staff, by the arrival of Dr. E. L. Bliss, of Plainfield Illinois, for whom we had obtained a situation as Acting Assistant-Surgeon, United States Army, and who proved to be very valuable in caring for the sick and wounded soldiers.

We remained here until August 31st doing picket duty, the weather, meanwhile, being very warm and sickness on the increase. We were lying by the side of what was called the "Jersey settlement," about forty families of loyal people

who furnished but one solitary Confederate soldier. Private Farley was thrown from his horse, producing concussion of the brain, which, after a few days of suffering, proved fatal.

August 31st the division again went forward, taking all who were able to ride in an ambulance along with the regiment, and arrived at Hartwood Church after dark.

September 1st we marched to Falmouth, where we halted to be in supporting distance of General Kilpatrick, who had gone down to King George County to try and destroy some gunboats said to be there. Our boys were on picket but had no fighting. Lieutenant Truman, Culver of Company C, was the hero of an expedition down the river that captured about half a dozen mules. One deserter from the enemy came to us, and we regret to record the fact that William Preston, of Company M, went over to the enemy. A division of rebel infantry occupied Friderick City. The best feeling seemed to exist between the pickets and no firing occurred. General Kilpatrick's raiding party found little to destroy, and lost two men killed—one of them a member of his staff.

September 3d we marched back to Hartwood Church, and the next day to Weaverville where we remained until September 12th. Our Commissary succeeded in getting bread from Alexandria, which was a luxury—having eaten "hard-tack" a long time.

On the 12th our division went to Rappahannock Station, expecting to cross the stream next morning, as the whole corps seemed to be concentrated.

September 13th we crossed the river at the above named point, while Kilpatrick's division crossed at Kelly's Ford. The First Brigade encountered the enemy before reaching Brandy Station and drove them to Culpepper, where they made a junction with the Second Division. The scene enacted here was but a repetition of former engagements—General Kilpatrick's men capturing three cannons.

After passing the town our brigade took the advance, and the enemy made a stand near Pony Mountain, with their artillery well posted, one shot from which killed seven horses of Company M. But our men steadily advanced, making them "limber up," and leave in haste. Some of them took refuge in a brick house, and fired from the windows, which annoyed our men greatly. One of our brass cannon was then trained upon the house, and the shots fired, which were so effective that the rebels left in haste. It was found that a citizen, after remonstrating with the rebels, had taken refuge in the cellar of this house, and both he and a little child were instantly killed, and the child's mother severely wounded.

At this point Pony Mountain rises several hundred feet high, and much of it is thickly wooded. Here the enemy thought they had an impregnable position, and had on its top a signal station, from which they were able to note all our movements. This must be taken; so up the mountain our line of dismounted cavalry advanced, each member of the Eighth Illinois seeming to vie with the other in reaching the summit. The enemy stoutly resisted but it was of no use--our men were resolved to take the mountain, and they did take it, causing the "graybacks" to leave on double-quick. The capture of this mountain was of great importance, and merited the approbation and praise of both General Pleasanton and Buford. The rebels were driven five miles beyond Culpepper, and night ended the pursuit. Our loss was considerable. Philip C. Bettys, Company L, was killed, and buried by his comrades on the battle-field.

On the 14th the march began early, and as the Second Brigade took the advance the Eighth Illinois hoped to have less work; but by some means the second brigade took the wrong road, and we were again in the front. The enemy disputed every rod of ground, and when near Raccoon Ford an officer rode up to General Buford saying that some rebel batteries were posted on the opposite side of the river having range of the road, and we had better move some other way. He



had not finished speaking, however, when a shell hit a tree, not a rod from him, and, glancing, struck the ground in our midst, the fuse burning and hissing. As if by instinct, the General and staff spurred their horses, and barely escaped as the next moment the shell exploded, the fragments passing over our heads without doing any damage except killing an orderly's horse. The shell fell thick and fast on all sides for a few moments, and killed one man, wounded a few others, besides killing several horses.

The Third Indiana, Eighth New York and Twelfth Illinois being dismounted, advanced as skirmishers, driving the enemy across the Rapidan river. Near the ford, on our side of the river, the bank rose to a considerable height, back of which was lower ground, thus forming a hill, behind which was comparative safety. But whenever a head rose above the hill it was a mark for sharpshooters, and one had to stoop considerably when standing behind the hill, to let the bullets pass overhead. As the skirmishers were hotly engaged, the surgeons were operating in this hollow; not daring to stand erect.

Two brothers belonging to the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry by the name of Kemper, tall, and firmly built—one a Sergeant and the other a private—were on the picket line, when the Sergeant was shot in the lung, making a fatal wound. His brother, seeing him fall, sprang to his assistance, and was bringing him off the field in his arms when he, too, fell, a rebel bullet lodging in his chest. They were both brought back, carefully examined, their wounds being found to be mortal, and they were informed of their danger. Being placed in an ambulance with other wounded, and started for Culpepper, the train was directed to move slowly and stop often. Before reaching the hospital the Sergeant remarked that the Doctor said he could not live, and he felt he would survive but a short time. "Brother," said he, "before I die let's sing the Star Spangled Banner." He raised himself upon his elbow, and the two brothers sang the whole

song—from the first to the last verse, in a beautiful and melodious tone. Having completed it the Sergeant sank down and expired. The brother lived to reached the General Hospital and Washington, where he died the glorious death of a soldier.

The firing, both with artillery and small arms, continued until night, when we encamped near the ford. A Miss Stringfellow was shot in the ankle, by a rebel bullet, while in the upper room of her house, and came under our surgical care.

September 15th the line remained the same as the day before, but the Eighth Illinois were sent down the river to Morton's Ford, and below it. Two companies, F and C, went on a scout to Germania Ford, crossed the river and drove the rebel pickets for some miles; returning at dark.

September 16th the enemy crossed above us in front of General Kilpatrick's division, but were forced to retire. They also dashed across the river at Kelly's Ford and captured some of the Fourth New York, killing and wounding a few men, but were soon driven back. The Fourth New York lost two killed, three wounded, and twenty-four captured. For this surprise their regimental colors were taken from them.

Companies G and K went to Germania Ford, crossed the river and returned without any incident of note.

September 18th the rain fell in torrents. A division of the Twelfth corps of infantry came to relieve us from picket duty, and a march was made to Stevensburg. While some of Company A were out after forage they met one of the Eighth New York men, running as if for life. He had gone into a barn for hay, when he came upon a rebel Sergeant by the name of Whetstone, from South Carolina, who grappled with him and attempted to shoot him with a pistol. But the Yankee was too much for the Sergeant and fired first wounding him severely. Seven other rebels then sprang from the mow, and our yankee beat a hasty retreat. Our men now

pursued, but the rebels all made their escape except the wounded Sergeant, who was sent to the hospital at Culpepper.

September 21st a reconnoissance in force, by the two cavalry divisions, started in the direction of Madison, intending to feel the enemy about Orange Court House. They marched to near Madison Court House, Kilpatrick's division in advance, and occupied the town, while our regiment encamped near Robertson river.

September 22d the command moved early; Kilpatrick's division on the right, and General Buford's on the road to Orange Court House. At a little village called Jack's Shop we suddenly came upon the enemy, the Third Indiana being in advance. The first intimation we had of the rebels making a stand was some shots from their artillery, and a charge upon our advance with an order to surrender. But the "Hoosiers" sent a volley from their pistols which made them stagger. The Eighth Illinois was soon dismounted, and went at them through a piece of woods from which the rebels were quickly driven.

Our men were told to only hold the ground, hoping that Kilpatrick's men would be able to come in and cut off their retreat, but this they failed to do, by getting on the wrong<sup>r</sup> road. So the order was finally given, and at them our boys went, making quick work of the matter. I think they never did the thing up more handsomely, for the rebels ran in the utmost confusion. In their retreat the enemy fell in with a part of Kilpatrick's men, who had a lot of led horses, and captured the horses, beside killing and wounding some of the men. The loss of the rebels must have been from fifteen to twenty killed, about sixty wounded and forty prisoners. Our regiment had eleven wounded—Sergeant James A. Bell, of Company I, was mortally wounded and died in a few days. We took two rebels out of the road whose legs were so shattered as to require amputation, and carried them to a private house, performed the operation, and while there found some rebel sutler's goods which Provost Marshal Mix con-

fiscated. Among other things was about two thousand dollars worth of plug tobacco, which was distributed among the men.

The rebels were driven across the Rapidan, at Barnet's Ford, and we then encamped for the night, having our own and a few rebel wounded with us. Among the latter was a Colonel of the Georgia Legion, a Lieutenant and a Surgeon.

September 23d, with our large load of wounded men, we returned to Culpepper, where they were put in hospital, and the regiment returned to Stevensburg. The roads were rough, and the wounded suffered greatly. We operated on Martin Fancher, performing resection of the shoulder, and gave the best of care to the poor rebels, but the Colonel and Lieutenant died.

## CHAPTER XI.

The Army forced back upon Manassas—Battle of Stevensburg—Fight at Brentsville—Resignation of Major Beveridge—Battle of Hazel River—Culpepper and the Line of the Rapidan—Battle of Mine Run—Death of General Buford—Resolutions of Respect—General Merrit's Order—Cold Weather—To Warrenton and Return—The Eighth Illinois Veteranize—Return Home—Reception in Chicago—Camp at St. Charles—The Ranks filled up—Return to Washington—Giesboro Point—Camp Relief. The Detachments—The Situation—Early's Invasion—Battle of Monocacy—Baltimore and Cockeysville—Battle in Defense of Washington.

September 25th the Eleventh and Twelfth Army Corps passed our camp, going toward Washington, *en route* for Tennessee, where, with Generals Hooker and Howard, they afterwards distinguished themselves.

September 30th Major Schofield paid the regiment, after which there was a visible change in the usual programme of camp amusements. My readers must not understand by this that we were idle at Stevensburg. On the contrary, we were busily engaged in picketing the line of the Rapidan.

On the night of October 7th, John Loser, of Company E, was on picket at the third post from the river, and George A. Whitaker at the first. During the night some rebel infantry crossed the river stealthily, and making their way around through the brush came up in the rear of Loser, and he, thinking they were our own men coming from that direction, suddenly found himself a prisoner. Hurrying him toward the river they came upon the outpost held by Whitaker. Thinking all was not right he halted them, when they immediately fired, two bullets taking effect in his right leg, besides killing his horse. Although severely wounded he fired four shots at them and then made his escape. Loser



taking advantage of this fight, plunged into the grass and weeds, and the rebels, fearing for their own safety, beat a hasty retreat without him, but taking with them his valuable horse.

We have now to record the memorable retreat of the army from the line of the Rapidan to Manassas, and its subsequent return. The part the Eighth Illinois took in this was very important.

October 10th the First Brigade advanced and crossed the river at Germania Ford, while General Buford with the rest of the division crossed at Morton's and Raccoon Fords. Our brigade was to make a junction with him on the other side, and all hoped that this would be a veritable move upon Richmond. The Eighth New York dashed across at Germania Ford, surprised and captured about fifty prisoners in the rifle-pits before they could get back to their horses. Pressing on, the horses were also taken.

The Brigade then marched up the river to Morton's Ford, but failed to communicate with General Buford. During the night aids and orderlies were running hither and thither hunting for General Buford, with orders for him to fall back; and about midnight our whole division train was ordered to re-cross the Rappahannock, and they immediately started. Word was received that the enemy had driven General Kilpatrick back, and that the infantry that had come to our support was also ordered back. This did not look much like going to Richmond, but more like retreating to Washington.

Early on the morning of the 11th, Captain Steel, of the Twelfth Illinois, charged upon a rebel breastwork, and took five prisoners; having but one man hurt. About this time the rebel infantry attacked General Buford, whose command had begun to re-cross the river. It was a difficult ford, but the crossing was safely accomplished by putting artillery in position to cover the retreat, the Ninth New York and Twelfth Illinois making a gallant charge and holding the rebels at a respectful distance.

Scarcely had the fording been effected when the rebel cavalry was discovered crossing above. The Eighth Illinois dismounted and went out to meet them, but the rebels advanced with great boldness in consequence of their superior numbers. They seemed determined to ride down our men, who held their fire until the head of the rebel column was almost upon them, when they opened a fire and the column seemed to melt away before them.

The enemy was driven back and our men even pressed hard upon their artillery, but they opened with cannister at short range and we had to fall back. They then made a charge upon us in an open field, but the noble Illinoisans boldly stood their ground and emptied many a rebel saddle. Among others whom we killed was the Colonel of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry—his men called to him to come back, but it was too late. The rebel infantry now came up in overpowering numbers, and we were forced to retire. One of our men, George Ringman of Company E, was killed here. Our men fell back slowly past Stevensburg, keeping the enemy at bay all the way to Rappahannock Station—a distance of about twenty-two miles. Before reaching the latter place their ammunition gave out and the men were obliged to receive the fire of the rebel infantry without being able to reply.

Night was spent in bringing in and providing for the wounded, among whom was Wirt Roberts, of Company A, who suffered amputation of the thigh. As the ambulances had been sent across the Rappahannock, some of the wounded were left on the field. John Seaberg, of Company D, was brought two miles by his comrades, in a blanket. Our loss was heavy, but our men by their dauntless courage had covered themselves with glory—though nearly out of ammunition. The Third Indiana (whom we think are good judges,) said they never saw the Eighth Illinois fight better; and our men bestowed equal praise upon their hoosier comrades.

Correspondents made particular mention of Major Bever-

idge and Lieutenant Humphrey, who rode along the picket line, amid showers of lead, giving orders as cool and collected as though on parade. After the wounded were sent to Washington by rail, we again crossed the Rappahannock and advanced toward Culpepper, this time supported by a force of infantry, and going over the very ground we fought over the day before, without aid.

On arriving at Brandy Station, two of Kilpatrick's men were found who had been wounded and left on the field, and also a large number of the dead whom the rebels had stripped and left unburied. The wounded were sent back and the dead properly interred.

The enemy were now forced back to near Culpepper, when their infantry came up in heavy force, our cavalry retired to Brandy Station, arriving after dark and went into camp without rations or forage. About midnight orders came to move at once and re-cross the Rappahannock—Gen Lee's army was flanking that of Mead's and moving on Washington, and we were to be rear-guard again. We now found that the infantry camps in our rear were vacated, and our advance had been made only to deceive the enemy and cover a retreat. Once more across the river and the splendid railroad and wagon bridge was set on fire and consumed. While a scanty breakfast was being prepared, the last of the wagons left for the rear, and soon the enemy made their appearance on the opposite side of the river.

At about one o'clock P. M., on the 13th of October, our cavalry fell back to cover the retreat. A number of straggling infantry were found who needed assistance, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we were enabled to carry them along. That night we reached Warrenton Junction.

October 14th we were told, early in the morning, that the *little* train of seven thousand wagons of General Mead's army, was intrusted to the especial care of General Buford's cavalry division for protection; and to add to the interest of the information, it was said that General Stuart would

probably attack us upon the right. As soon as the "Anaconda" could uncoil itself, which took half the day the regiment started; and then came the trial of patience. Job's stock would have been exhausted at the outset.

As we reached Brentsville the Second Army Corps was having a severe fight at Bristo Station, only four miles distant. Not knowing how the battle was going, we expected not only Stuart's cavalry, but the infantry also, would attack us. The Second Corps however was victorious, capturing five pieces of artillery and thousands of prisoners. As was predicted, the enemy made an attempt to molest the wagon train, and just at night were seen advancing through the woods. Our boys at once undertook to dislodge them which was successfully accomplished. In this skirmish Sergeant Sewel Flag, of Company E, was shot in the head and instantly killed. His loss was deeply regretted by all who knew him. Since being wounded at Boonsboro he had a presentiment that he would not survive the war. He made a request that in case he should fall our first Chaplain, Matlack, would preach his funeral sermon from a text which he had carefully selected. His request was complied with and his funeral attended by a large concourse of friends at his home in Wheaton Illinois. Here the regiment remained for the night with orders to "stand to horse;" and notwithstanding the perilous situation, officers and men were having a lively time, as Captain Ludlam, Captain Hynes, Lieutenant Smith Lieutenant Humphrey, Commissary Chamberlain and Dr. Stull will recollect.

Just before daylight the last wagon had left for Alexandria, to the great relief of those charged with the duty of their defence. The regiment followed, breakfasting on dry, hard bread, and were not disturbed until the train was crossing Bull Run, when Stuart made a furious but unsuccessful attack. Our men held him back until dark, when the whole train was across the river and went into camp near Fairfax Station.



During this retreat but one wagon was lost, excepting those that gave out on the way.

October 16th the rain gave the men a thorough drenching. The regiment was drawn up in line to witness the execution of a deserter from the First Division, Third Corps.

At one o'clock on the morning of October 18th the regiment was called up and "stood to horse" until daylight. Then marched to Fairfax Court House, up the pike toward Aldie and returned to within a short distance of Fairfax Court House without fighting. Lieutenant-Colonel Clendennin arrived the same day and assumed command of the regiment.

October 19th the army again advanced, and our division was put in charge of the wagons. They re-crossed Bull Run and rested for the night. During the day there had been fighting on our right.

October 20th we marched via Hay Market through Thoroughfare Gap to New Baltimore and thence to Warrenton.

October 21st Captain Waite, having been on a scout, reported that Stuart had crossed the Rappahannock, and after a march of several miles the regiment returned to Warrenton. The regimental wagons had not been able to keep up with us in this march, and an occasional yell of "hard-tack," kept those at headquarters pretty well informed that the men were hungry.

While lying in camp an instance of rebel outrage came under our observation. A Lieutenant belonging to the Federal army was wounded at Sulphur Springs and left on the field, when the rebels stripped him of all the valuables he had in his possession, including his hat, boots, coat and five hundred and fifty dollars in money, and left him to his fate. Some negroes finding him took care of him until our arrival.

October 25th we again marched; this time to Fayetteville, which is a town of one house and two chimneys, the latter marking the place where two houses once stood.

October 26th, the enemy having crossed the river above.



were attacking General Gregg's division when our regiment was ordered to his support. In the engagement which followed, the Third Indiana suffered considerable but the Eighth Illinois lost none. That night camp was pitched near Bealton, after a day of marching and counter-marching of usual magnitude.

October 28th the regiment were sent on picket duty. Captain Buck, of Company E, and one man from each company, were detailed to go to Illinois on recruiting service.

October 29th the men obtained rations of beef by driving an ox out of a man's barnyard and killing it before his door. We were soon after relieved by the Third Indiana, and on returning to camp found our newly appointed Chaplain, Will A. Spencer, and Major Forsythe had just arrived.

The enemy in forcing the army of the Potomac back on Washington, had destroyed the Orange & Alexandria Rail Road, which was being re-built as rapidly as possible, and the prospect began to grow brighter of being able to obtain better rations. Not too soon, however, for the condition of both men and horses plainly showed the need of better fare.

Sunday, November 1st, Chaplain Spencer preached his first sermon to the regiment.

November 4th Major Beveridge and Samuel Smith left the Eighth Illinois Cavalry. The Major's leave-taking was a touching scene. I venture to say that no officer in the army ever possessed the confidence and love of both officers and men to a greater extent than did Major Beveridge. He resigned his position to accept the Colonelcy of the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry.

November 8th. Last night the "long roll" was sounded in the infantry camps, and, as expected, early in the morning the cavalry were moving towards Sulphur Springs, while the infantry marched to Rappahannock Station, and had some fighting.

November 9th we crossed the Rappahannock, and passing through Jefferson, moved toward Culpepper. We crossed Hazel

river and captured a prisoner. A short time after the Third Indiana, who were in advance came upon the enemy in force. The Third dismounted and began skirmishing with them, and the Eighth Illinois came up mounted, but were told to look out for the rebel infantry, who were in our front in large numbers. The regiment halted, when Colonel Chapman, than in command of the brigade, rode up and ordered Captain Waite's squadron forward. The Captain undertook to explain the condition of affairs, when the Colonel, who is near-sighted, and could not see the enemy, repeated his order very peremptorily. Our men charged forward, but met a murderous fire from rebel infantry, not only in front, but on the flank. The Captains of the respective companies ordered their men to fall back, which they did as soon as possible, when they dismounted, formed in line and held their position bravely. The artillery was brought into position and the fight was continued until darkness put an end to the contest. The Third Indiana and the artillery lost a number killed and wounded. The loss of the Eighth Illinois was two killed, one of whom was Sergeant Sherman Horton, the other unknown. We also lost twelve wounded, as follows: George Archer, James Ewing, George Highland, L. A. Fitch, John W. Williams, Lester W. Fulsom, Corporal A. Plank, J. Pifer, Myron Hall, Sergeant Charles Bradley, Lieutenant John Sargeant and Lieutenant J. A. Stevens; Orlan Hewes was wounded and captured, and afterwards died at Andersonville, July 13th, 1864.

November 9th we moved early in the morning and found that the enemy had escaped in the night. We buried the two men who were killed, and, with the wounded, marched to Brandy Station, and finding the Sixth Corps ready to start, went from there to Rappahannock Station.

We learned that the day previous the Sixth Corps had succeeded in capturing about two thousand of the enemy, and had won a splendid victory.

The cavalry again marched to Culpepper, and went to

picketing and scouting the surrounding country. In making this advance the enemy were driven from the snug quarters they had erected on the plantation of John Minor Botts. They must have been industrious as ants, for they had built long rows of log cabins in which they expected to spend the approaching winter, but our sudden and unexpected advance deprived them of that luxury. Captain Hynes and his men captured two prisoners, who came to the line by mistake, and when challenged by — Sailes, of Company K, replied:

“Friends.”

“Friends to whom?” said Sailes.

“Rebels,” was the reply.

He fired three shots and ordered them to come in, which they did, being terribly frightened. They said they were at the Hazel River fight, and that A. P. Hill's corps was also engaged; that they never before saw such gallantry displayed by cavalry as the Eighth did in charging upon a corps of infantry. We remained in camp near Culpepper, doing picket duty, without anything of note transpiring until November 21st, when General Buford became so ill it was thought best to send him to Washington.

November 24th Sergeant Cassidy, of Company G, was severely wounded in the arm, by the accidental discharge of his own carbine. He was one of our best soldiers, and was greatly missed by the regiment. In a skirmish with the enemy the Second Brigade experienced quite a loss, having Lieutenant Hoffman killed, two men wounded and twenty-two captured.

November 25th orders came to remove all the sick and wounded to Washington or Alexandria, and the night was spent in performing that duty.

November 26th the whole army was in motion, and our cavalry marched to Stevensburg, and were there put in charge of the immense wagon train again, and next morning marched to Richardsville. Firing was heard, meanwhile, across the river, and at four o'clock P. M., heavy volleys of musketry

told of another battle, which proved to be that of Mine Run. Our cavalry were all needed to guard the train and act as orderlies. We learned that at Brandy Station the guerrillas had destroyed the wagon train belonging to the Sixth Corps, and an attack on our train was expected hourly.

November 28th fighting at Mine Run continued.

November 29th the fighting at the front did not appear to abate, nor did our troops seem to advance.

November 30th the battle still progressing in the front, and eight companies of the Eighth Illinois on picket. Two men, belonging to Company I, were captured by guerrillas, and stripped off all their valuables. They were among our best men.

A large number of General Gregg's cavalry, who were wounded in a hard battle, fought in "the Wilderness," had been sent to this point for care and attention.

December 1st. Meeting with greater opposition than was expected, and the frequent rains having rendered the traveling very difficult, General Meade ordered the army to withdraw, and another the was commenced. The Eighth Illinois had four men captured and Isaac Coquette mortally and Nichols Cossman severely wounded by guerrillas.

December 2d we returned to Culpepper; the army of the Potomac having failed in another attempt to go forward to Richmond. The duty of the regiment now consisted in picketing the front, and making ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would allow—being without tents.

December 16th a dispatch was received announcing the death of General Buford. The Division Staff at once proceeded to Washington to attend his funeral. The following resolutions of regret fully set forth the esteem in which he was held by his command.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF REGRET.

At a meeting of the officers composing the staff of the late Major General John Buford, it was resolved,

First. That we, the staff officers of the late Major Gen-

eral John Buford, fully appreciating his merits as a gentleman, soldier, commander, and patriot, conceive his death to be an irreparable loss to the cavalry arm of the service. That we have been deprived of a friend and leader whose sole ambition was our success, and whose chief pleasure was in administering to the welfare, safety and happiness of the officers and men of his command.

Second. That we deeply sympathise with his bereaved family, and tender them our heartfelt appreciation of his merits, in this, their hour of affliction. That we look upon his character as a model of high integrity and modesty, united with the sympathies of a heart alive to every tender emotion, as well as indifference to personal inconvenience and danger. That to his unwearied exertions in the many responsible positions which he has occupied, the service at large is indebted for much of its efficiency, and in his death the cavalry has lost a firm friend and most ardent advocate. That we are called to mourn the loss of one who was ever to us as the kindest and tenderest father, and that our fondest desire and wish will ever be to perpetuate his memory and emulate his greatness.

Third. That the division staff of the First Cavalry Division, Army of Potomac, wear the badge of mourning for thirty days. That these resolutions be published in various papers, and a copy presented to Mrs. John Buford.

Fourth. That these resolutions be submitted to the officers of the First Cavalry Division for approval.

T. C. Bacon, Captain and A. A. G.; M. W. Keogh, Captain and A. D. C.; Craig W. Wadsworth, Captain and A. D. C.; A. P. Morrow, Lieutenant and A. D. C.; A. Hard, Surgeon-in-Chief; H. Winsor, jr., Captain and A. A. I. G.; M. F. Hale, Captain and C. S.; J. H. Tallman, Captain and A. Q. M.; A. B. Jerome, Lieutenant and Signal Officer; J. M. Kennedy, Captain and A. C. M.; E. E. Dana, Lieutenant and Ambulance Officer; J. K. Malone, Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer; G. M. Gilchrist, Lieuten-



ant and Provost Marshal. A. B. Jerome, Recorder.

Upon his return to the Division, General Merritt issued the following general order :

HEADQUARTERS FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION,

CULPEPPER, Virginia, December 22d, 1863.

*General Orders.*

Soldiers of the First Cavalry Division, we have lost our chief. Our gallant leader, our heroic General, our kind and sympathising friend has been taken from us by the afflicting hand of Divine Providence. We bow submissive to the dispensation, but we mourn, as mortals must, our irreparable loss.

It is not for me to relate his virtues. Not a soldier in this command need be told of his qualities. You know his gallantry and chivalric nature. Gettysburg attests his glory. Beverly Ford and the scenes around you here bear witness to his never-dying fame. You need not be reminded of his goodness of heart, his sympathetic nature, his high, sensitive, noble feeling ; they were all exhibited in the kind tenderness he has always shown for our sick and wounded comrades, and the solicitude for the safety of each man in his command. His master mind and incomparable genius as a cavalry chief, you all know by the dangers through which he has brought you, when enemies surrounded you and destruction seemed inevitable. The dying words of your wounded comrade, "*I am glad it is'nt the General,*" bear testimony to your unutterable love.

But now, alas ! "It is the General !" "He has fought his last fight !" No more forever will you see his proud form leading you on to victory. The profound anguish which we all feel forbids the use of empty words, which so feebly express his virtues. Let us silently mingle our tears with those of the nation in lamenting the untimely death of this pure and noble man, the devoted and patriotic lover of his country, the soldier without fear and without reproach.

W. MERRITT

Brigadier General of Volunteers Commanding.

December 22d. The subject of re-enlisting, as veterans, had been agitated for some time. An order had been issued to the effect that if two-thirds the regiment would re-enlist for three years, each veteran soldier should receive a bounty of three hundred dollars, a furlough of thirty days and free transportation to Illinois and return. That afternoon we called together as many as possible and discussed the matter from a pile of rails, as the men will doubtless recollect, and nearly enough to obtain the desired furlough, concluded to "veteranize."

December 23d the camp was all excited about "going home," but the regiment had to go on picket which detained them a few days.

December 25th. Christmas. All quiet and the infantry arriving.

December 26th we moved camp some two or three miles, and had to go through with the work of re-building bunks, which was no small matter in winter.

December 27th was very rainy. Orders were received for those who were to be granted furloughs to go to Stevensburg, a distance of about ten miles, for pay; but after going through the rain they returned, after dark, without the money; and there was some tall cursing and swearing to say the least.

December 28th Lieutenant Carr and Dr. Stull started for Illinois on veteran furloughs.

December 29th Colonel Gamble, who had been absent on leave, arrived and took command of the brigade.

December 30th two hundred and two men, belonging to the Eighth Illinois, left camp for home on veteran furloughs of thirty-five days.

December 31st. The year closed cold and gloomy, leaving the men very uncomfortable, they having neither tents nor huts.

January 1st, 1864. The mud was deep, the weather unpleasant and growing colder every day; yet the First

Brigade of cavalry was ordered to Warrenton on picket duty, to relieve General Gregg's men, who were sent to assist General Averill in the Shennandoah Valley. They remained at that point until the 6th, when they returned, and three-fourths of the regiment having certified their willingness to re-enlist as veterans, preparations were at once made to have them discharged and re-mustered, so as to receive their veteran furloughs, which occupied the time until the 11th, when the veterans left Culpepper, at ten o'clock P. M., for Washington, on their way to Illinois. Those who remained to serve out the balance of their three years, were put under command of an officer of the Third Indiana Cavalry and served with that regiment. Of their labors, losses and exploits we will speak hereafter.

The night the regiment started for Illinois was severely cold, and when the train arrived at Brandy Station it was delayed an hour, so that Washington was not reached until the night of the 14th, when the men were loaded in box-cars and kept on the side track until near midnight, though the weather was so cold a good fire was a thing of necessity. The cause of the delay none knew. Finally the agent, a Mr. Koontz, was wakened and informed of our situation, and he then directed the train to be started. Baltimore was reached before morning, after which the journey to Illinois was more endurable. At Pittsburg the usual hospitality was extended to the soldiers. The ladies had a dinner prepared which did credit to their kind hearts and hands. Passing through Ohio in the night, at Columbiana our train came in collision with a freight train, smashing up the engine of the former and severely injuring the brakeman. Our men received some bruises. At Alliance a Mr. Sourbeck, who kept an eating house, refused to open his doors or furnish a breakfast though he had been telegraphed some hours in advance to have a meal ready. Our men were indignant at such treatment, and had they not been the most orderly regiment in the service, would have shown this

man how Virginia mansions were cleaned out. They were received in a very different manner at Fort Wayne, where a sumptuous meal was provided on short notice. They reached Chicago at nine o'clock on the 18th of January. The regiment was received at Bryan Hall; where a splendid dinner was prepared and speeches of welcome made by General Farnsworth, Miss Anna Dickenson and several others.

After this the men received their furloughs of thirty days each, and recruiting to fill the ranks to the maximum at once began. Camp was again established at St. Charles, Illinois.

The camp was not conducted upon the same plan that the original "Camp Kane" was, for experience had taught us to have fewer guards and less labor. The Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry now commanded by Colonel Beveridge, and largely officered from the Eighth Illinois, were encamped here, and barracks in which to quarter the Eighth were erected near those of the Seventeenth. A hospital was established in the capacious rooms over Dr. DeWolf's store, and the routine of hospital and camp life resumed; but recruiting and mustering in new men took the place of scouting, picketing and fighting. Some of us who were expecting a thirty days leave, found our labors increased rather than lessened, as the examination of recruits proved to be no small task. And besides, small-pox, measles and the usual diseases of camp made their appearance among us, and a few of the recruits died.

The following order issued by General Gamble speaks for itself:

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY, }  
St. Charles, Illinois, February 18th, 1864. }

All leaves and furloughs to officers and men are hereby revoked, and all will join the regiment at St. Charles, Illinois, without delay.

The regiment is ordered to active service in the field at once, where it has been continuously in the front during the last two and a half years.

It is a high compliment to the regiment to be ordered back again inside of thirty days, while other cavalry regiments have been permitted to remain over two and a half months at home, evidently showing that the Eighth Illinois Cavalry is two and a half times more efficient than some other regiments. I will therefore expect that the regiment will assemble promptly and be ready to fight its way through as heretofore, without expecting or receiving any favor from any source. The fighting reputation of the old Eighth must be retained without any fictitious puffs so much depended on by others.

WILLIAM GAMBLE,

Colonel Commanding Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

February 25th. The greater portion of the regiment started for Washington, leaving Major Waite in command of the camp; as there were some sick in hospital, and a few recruits yet to arrive. I remained in charge of the sick.

March 7th a second squad of one hundred and thirty men started to join the regiment; and March 14th another detachment took their departure, leaving nothing behind but the sick and their attendants.

April 6th the last squad, including convalescents, started in charge of Lieutenant Howard and Sergeant McNorth. The delay in getting these different squads to the regiment, was due, in a great measure, to the want of a general hospital to which we could transfer the sick.

Those who left St. Charles on the 25th of February, went via Michigan Southern Railroad, thence by Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad to Pittsburg. While passing through Ohio one of the men was injured by the cars, having one foot terribly crushed. At Pittsburg they were placed in box cars, which gave great dissatisfaction to the men, who thought those that were fighting to save their country, deserved as comfortable means of transportation as the traveling public, who were protected by the soldiers standing between them and rebel bullets.



They arrived at Washington March 1st, and were received at the "Soldier's Rest," and assigned to barracks number four. But a large portion of the officers and men found board at the hotels in the city. The snow was several inches deep and thawing, but notwithstanding, on the 3d of March the regiment was sent to Geisboro Point, and encamped by the side of the government corral, where were kept from ten to fifteen thousand horses for mounting cavalry and for artillery purposes.

The regiment remained in camp, drilling, receiving horses and equipments and attending to the ordinary routine of camp duties until the 21st of April, when one half the members removed to Camp Relief, situated on Seventh Street, in the suburbs of Washington City.

April 30th the remainder of the regiment joined them, and were assigned to the duty of patrolling the city, and such other labors as they were directed to perform by the General in command. Two companies had been on duty in the city some time.

The camp now occupied was superior to anything we had heretofore enjoyed in soldier life; except that the last occupants (Scott's Nine Hundred,) had left the barracks so filthy that our men would have preferred the open field to these dirty buildings.

We will spend but little time in narrating what occurred during our stay in the city. During the day the men were on guard at the headquarters of General Auger, and at other points, and were occasionally sent out on scouts in various directions. At night they patrolled the city and entered every suspicious place, to arrest every hapless soldier who should be found without a pass. This duty revealed the fact that in the great city of Washington—the capitol of the American Union—there was over one hundred houses of prostitution, where a greater or less number of soldiers, from all arms of the service, and all ranks—from generals down to privates—were found to congregate nightly, and

when found without passes they were arrested and sent to the Armory. But this work, although it amused the men for a time, and was arduous to perform, did not satisfy those who longed for more active service.

May 7th Company D was ordered to Alexandria. May 10th Companies C and F were sent to Acquia Creek.

Colonel Gamble, now Brevet Brigadier-General, was put in command of camp Stoneman, situated on the bluff above Giesboro. This camp was the rendezvous of all the dismounted cavalry of the armies in this part of the country, where they were armed, equipped, mounted and forwarded to the front.

On the 8th of May, when General Grant moved his armies upon the enemy across the Rapidan, the Eighth Illinois felt that they were out of their place, in not leading the van as they had done heretofore. We were lookers on while the bloody battles of the Wilderness were in progress; but did not remain in that condition long.

May 13th Major Forsythe received permission to go to the front and report to General Sheridan, and served on his staff during the remainder of the war. On the 15th Colonel Clendennin, with five companies, went to Belle Plain to keep open communication between the river and Grant's army, and protect the trains from the depredations of guerrillas. The thorough acquaintance of our men with this part of the country, made them doubly useful in this service. The regiment was now divided as follows: One company on duty at Alexandria, two at Acquia Creek, five at Belle Plain and four in Washington.

June 2d that part of the regiment on duty down the Potomac returned, having performed very valuable service, and received the highest commendations from their superior officers.

June 8th Company F was ordered to report for duty at Camp Stoneman. On the same day Dr. E. L. Nelson was mustered as Second Assistant Surgeon of the regiment.

June 19th occurred the solemn and impressive service of the funeral of seventeen young ladies, who were killed by an explosion of fire-works at the United States Arsenal, Washington, District Columbia.

June 22d one squadron, Companies I and B, were ordered to Muddy Branch, some twenty miles up the Potomac, to assist some Massachusetts troops in guarding the fords, protecting the canal, unloading canal-boats and fighting Mosby's and White's guerrillas, who had made their appearance in considerable force.

June 23d Companies E and H were sent to join the first squadron at Muddy Branch, and on the night of the 24th crossed the Potomac at Conrad's Ford, some nine miles above Muddy Branch, and marched all night. They reached Leesburg at daylight, and succeeded in surrounding the place before the slumbering citizens were aware of their presence. A party of nine rebels, coming from Point of Rocks, were captured. They then returned to camp via Drainsville, bringing with them their prisoners and six valuable horses.

July 4th found the Eighth Illinois Cavalry as follows: Headquarters of the regiment were in barracks at Camp Relief on Seventh Street, Washington, Lieutenant-Colonel Clendennin in charge—Colonel Gamble being in command of Camp Stoneman: Company F at the latter place; Company D at Alexandria, keeping an eye to the smugglers and bushwhackers as far down as the Occoquan, having already killed two, wounded three and captured five guerrillas, nine deserters, nine stands of small arms and thirty-five hundred dollars worth of goods, together with the noted smuggler, King, of Prince William County. Company L on duty in the city, as escort to military funerals; Companies E and H at Muddy Branch, Maryland, Lieutenant Russell, of Company H, acting the important part of Provost Marshal, at Camp Stoneman, Captain Lincoln also on duty at this camp, and the writer in charge of the hospital and medical department at the last named place.

The regiment performed duty in the city and elsewhere when ordered, within the department of Washington. Heavy details were made daily, classified as follows: Videttes, escorts and patrol; the first for preserving order throughout the city, the second acting as provost-guard and the third arresting stragglers, "speculators in government property," and all officers and enlisted men found in the city without passes.

At this time the armies of the Potomac and the James, under General Grant, were investing Petersburg and Richmond. The navy was laboring to obtain possession of the forts and cities on the Atlantic coast; and General Sherman was pressing his adversary far into the interior of the rebellion. The rebel General Early was in the Shenandoah Valley preparing to invade Maryland, and even entertained the design of capturing Baltimore and Washington. This was the condition of affairs when, on the 4th of July, the regiment, or so much of it as was in camp, was ordered to march to oppose as was supposed the incursions of Mosby, but as it proved to confront the rebel army under General Early, who had come down the valley of the Shenandoah and who was threatening Frederick City and Maryland. Companies E and H were already on the ground, and the remaining five companies, I, B, C, M, and K, left the camp of the regiment at Washington under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Clendennin and took up a hasty line of march to intercept Mosby, who was understood to be making for Point of Rocks, to cross the Potomac there. (The five other companies did good service, which I will mention anon.) Colonel Clendennin marched his men twenty miles that night, and encamped about one o'clock, and at six o'clock the next morning the march was resumed, and about noon they reached Point of Rocks. Here Mosby opened upon them from the opposite side of the river with two pieces of artillery, his sharpshooters sustaining the guns. Colonel Clendennin dismounted his men and deploying them as

sharpshooting skirmishers, drove the rebels from the opposite bank. Mosby then withdrew and proceeded down the river, attempted to cross at Nolan's Ford; but the troops of the Eighth were there in time to head him off, and he failed in his attempt. That night the detachment encamped opposite Nolan's Ford.

On Wednesday, the 6th, Companies K and C, under Captain Sullivan, reconnoitered up the river as far as Sandy Hook, and upon their return the entire detachment marched to Frederick City, sixteen miles from Point of Rocks. On the next morning (Thursday,) orders were received by Colonel Clendennin to make, with his regiment and a section of Alexander's Baltimore battery, a reconnoissance on the Middletown pike, and feel the strength of the enemy and ascertain his position. Some of the Maryland Home Guards had been sent out by General Wallace on the same purpose, and had run back into the city at the first sight of a grayback. The Eighth, with its artillery support, went within a mile and a half of Middletown, which place was occupied by the rebels, who now appeared in force. This was Bradley Johnson's Brigade. The detachment of the Eighth and the single section of artillery—not over two hundred and fifty men in all—fought this whole brigade several hours, gradually falling back towards Frederick, and keeping the rebels at bay, until preparations could be made by General Wallace to receive them at that city. The gallant troopers of the Eighth never did better fighting than this. The heat was very oppressive. The rebels charged twice on our men, but were each time handsomely repulsed. As the Eighth neared Frederick they were joined by Colonel Gilpin with four or five hundred Maryland troops, and also about two hundred cavalry from Stahl's command; and right here let me say that the entire force under General Wallace, with which he fought about five thousand cavalry of the rebels, was less than five hundred. Colonel Clendennin was placed in command of all the mounted forces at the disposal of General Wallace.



Our forces having made a stand in front of Frederick at two o'clock, Johnson made a desperate fight to get possession of the city. This fight lasted till dark, during which Lieutenant C. S. Gilbert, of Company C, a brave and gallant officer, was mortally wounded. He was left in Frederick City when the city was evacuated and is supposed to have died. Five other men of the regiment were wounded during the day, four of them seriously and one killed.

On Friday morning, the 8th, the enemy having disappeared from our front, General Tyler, who had arrived from Monocacy and taken command, gave Colonel Clendennin orders to send his cavalry out and ascertain the position of the enemy. One company was advanced on the Harper's Ferry Pike, guarding that road during the day, while Major Waite, with companies B and C and one gun from Alexander's battery, moved out on the Middletown pike, encountered the enemy's skirmishers and drove them back to the mountain pass. About half way up the mountain, on the pike, there was a hotel kept by a secessionist which was known as Hager's Tavern, and which appeared to be the rebel headquarters. Major W., by a careful use of his strength and a judicious disposal of his men, succeeded in bringing his gun up nearly to his skirmish line, and got in position unobserved by the enemy, when he suddenly opened upon the rebel nest. A general stampede from that point was the result. The Major held his position during the day, skirmishing with the enemy and keeping him in check.

Colonel Clendennin had sent Captain Morris, of Company M, out on another road to the right of Major Waite, and during the forenoon the rebels massed a battalion of cavalry in the timber and suddenly charged upon Captain Morris. The Captain and his company fought gallantly and with desperation, but were forced back by superior numbers, and Captain Morris was killed, having received a shot in his hip, from which he died in about an hour and a half. He

remained conscious to the last, and died without a murmur, as he had fought without fear.

An incident which occurred while the rebels were charging upon Captain Morris is worthy of mention, as showing, not only the pluck but the sagacity with which the Eighth Illinois boys fight. The right of Major Waite's skirmish, or rather picket line, extended to near the road where Captain Morris was stationed with his company. As the rebels were making their first charge down the road upon Captain M., Sergeant Hakes, of Company B, who had charge of the skirmishers of the extreme right of Major W.'s line, got together some six or eight of his men, and moving rapidly up near the road down which the rebels were charging, secreted his squad in the timber, and when the rebels came rushing on, poured a volley into the column. Taken by surprise, and thinking they had a force on their flank the rebels suddenly brought their charge to a halt, which, though they afterwards renewed the charge, gained some valuable time to Company M; and this gallant and timely act of Sergeant Hakes and his handful of men probably prevented the loss of a number of prisoners.

During the night of the 8th our troops evacuated Frederick City, and the cavalry under Colonel Clendennin formed the rear guard, the men of the Eighth Illinois being last to leave the city, which they did about one o'clock. The cavalry reached the Monocacy about daylight, and had only time to make coffee, when, without sleep, they were obliged to enter upon the duties of the day, and play their part in the battle of the Monocacy.

A portion of the Eighth—Companies I and B—opened the battle in the morning by skirmishing with the enemy's advance, but upon being relieved by infantry, the five companies of the Eighth were placed upon the left of the enemy's line to watch the approaches in that quarter and guard the fords and bridges of the Monocacy.

Company C, under Lieutenant Sargeant, was sent down

the river early in the morning to burn a bridge and watch some fords, and later in the forenoon Major Waite, with Companies I, M and K, was ordered to proceed still further down the Monocacy to support Company C and burn another bridge. Company B was left guarding a ford between the left of our infantry line and the lower fords, whither Major Waite was marching. When the latter had got a mile on his way the rebels in large force forced the ford, which Company B was guarding, and drove the company back; but this gallant company, under Lieutenant Corbit, made a stubborn fight, and yielded slowly, making the rebels pay dearly for every retrograde step they were obliged to take. The rebel regiment, however, dismounted and succeeded in driving Lieutenant Corbit still further back and gaining the road down which Major Waite had gone, thus cutting him off, and also Colonel Clendennin, who was endeavoring to reach him. The Colonel, however, managed to get word to Major Waite by an orderly, (an Eighth Illinois Cavalryman can pick his way most anywhere,) to get one company through to the relief of Company C down the Monocacy if possible and himself with his other two companies to get back to our lines as he best could, notifying him that he was cut off. Major Waite sent Captain Wells with Company I as ordered. The Captain reached Company C safely, and after the bridges were burned, with his own and that company, unable to join the army under General Wallace, fell back and took the road to Washington, which he reached in safety although closely pressed by the enemy.

Meanwhile Major Waite with his two companies, making a feint of charging the rebel brigade obstructing the road, the dust deceived the rebels as to his force, and they fell back giving him time to make a detour across the fields and through the woods, and outflank them, thus regaining our line. Colonel Clendennin, who came near being captured, also escaped, and thus the rebels were cheated of their prey, of which they thought they were sure; for not a man of the Eighth Illinois fell into their hands.

When General Wallace was obliged to fall back, Colonel Clendennin, with three companies of his regiment, fell back through Urbana closely pursued by the Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry, one thousand strong. This regiment seemed determined to capture the Illinois boys. They made a desperate charge, coming on with a yell; but they were received as the Eighth generally receive their rebel visitors, and fell back with the loss of their battle-flag and the capture of their standard-bearer. During the charge Lieutenant Kinley, a brave and gallant officer of Company K, received a severe wound, a rebel bullet lodging near his heart. The rebel Major then tried to rally his men for another charge. He rode boldly forward of his regiment and fired his pistol into our ranks, at the same time addressing his men in loud tones. The rear guard of the Eighth, under Lieutenant Trask, of Company K, stood their ground manfully. Sergeant Hakes, of Company B and Corporal Mighell, of Company K, were in the front of our line exchanging shots with the rebel Major and one of his men, when Mighell gave the reins of his horse to Hakes and dismounting leveled his carbine at the Major and killed him at the first fire, and at the second brought down his companion. For this gallant act a Union lady of Urbana addressed a letter to the Corporal's wife, in Illinois, complimenting him in the highest terms. The enemy became disheartened and gave up the pursuit.

The manner in which the skirmishing during this retreat was done was admirable. The detachment was divided into small squads, each officer taking a few men in charge in order to make the most of the small force. Captain Sullivan kept the saddle all day, though quite ill; Lieutenant Fowler, of Company M, and Lieutenant Gregory, of Company I, were especially active and alert during the skirmishing, besides the other officers named. But every private seemed to fight as though he had all the pride and responsibility of a commissioned officer. The enlisted men of the old Eighth are every one a hero—God bless them!



Adjutant Humphrey, brother of Colonel T. W. Humphrey, of the Ninety-fifth Illinois, during his retreat had a very thrilling adventure. Having been captured by a rebel officer, who "run him down" in a corn field, Humphrey was on one side of a fence and the rebel on the other, and the rebel caught him when his horse stumbled at a gap in the fence between them, the rebel had yelled several times, "surrender you son of a b——h! and each time the Adjutant turned and fired a shot, as he said, for his mother. After exhausting his charges he threw his pistol at the rebel. As the rebel did not fire, he judged he was short or out of ammunition; so while Mr. Reb. was holding the reins of Humphrey's horse, he slipped off from him and into a corn-field near by and escaped. After traveling two days without food, dodging about in the bushes, he finally reached our lines. Lieutenant Humphrey also had a horse shot from under him at Frederick City.

Late on Saturday night, Colonel Clendennin with his command, joined General Wallace's forces at Newmarket, and from that time until the arrival of General Wallace at Baltimore, on Monday noon, the Eighth Illinois formed the rear guard of the column by day and picket in front of the troops by night. To say that the men and horses were exhausted when they reached Baltimore, after their week's campaign, would be superfluous.

From Baltimore the regiment was sent to Cockeysville to protect the railroad from the depredations of the rebels who had sent their scouting parties in all directions and had done no little damage to the railroad bridges. While here Daniel O'Conner, familiarly known as "Coon Creek," of Company B, was killed by Corporal Roe. "Coon Creek," being intoxicated, challenged Roe to run horses and upon his refusal "Coon Creek" drew his revolver to fire, whereupon Roe drew his revolver, also, and both fired at the same time. Coon was instantly killed and Roe received a shot in the right hand. No blame was attached to Roe as "Coon Creek"



was a dangerous character when drunk, and had on several occasions fired at his comrades.

While at this place a detachment under Major Waite went into the country and re-captured Major-General Franklin who had been taken prisoner by the enemy.

As the enemy advanced upon Washington there was great excitement within the city and all the preparation was made to receive them that was possible under the circumstances, as but few troops were there for its defense. The dismounted men at Camp Stoneman were armed and held in readiness to fight as infantry, and that part of the Eighth Illinois which remained in the District was on duty constantly. On the 11th of July the Sixth Army Corps began to arrive, coming up the Potomac river in boats; and on the 12th the Nineteenth Corps followed. The latter corps having just arrived at Fortress Monroe from Louisiana, was ordered to Washington before being disembarked. These re-inforcements came just in time, for General Early made his appearance before Washington on the 12th.

The four companies of the Eighth Illinois in the city, with the two that had been cut off at the Monocacy made a vigorous stand before the defences of Washington, holding the enemy in check for several hours till the Sixth Corps could march to their relief. Our men fought as was expected of the Eighth Illinois men, stubbornly. The killed and wounded in these battles were as follows:

Killed, Captain I. V. Morris, Company M, July 1st; Lieutenant Charles S. Gilbert, mortally wounded—left in the hands of the enemy, July 7th; Thomas Baker, Company K, July 8th; Charles Greenville, Company K, July 7th, and George McGregor, Company B, July 9th.

Wounded, Lieutenant J. A. Kinley, Company K, July 9th; Sergeant J. Remington, Company B, July 7th; Sergeant Alfred Van Fleet, Company K, July 7th; Corporal Loran Carver, Company I, July 7th; Corporal R. Humphrey, Company I, July 7th; William Percival, Company B, July

7th; Thomas Wilson, Company I, July 7th; M. M. Am-  
burgh, Company B, July 7th, Wilhelm Steinkey, Company  
M, July 8th; William Tafflemire, Company M, July 8th,  
and O'Brien, Company M, July 8th.

Wounded in the defenses of Washington, were Sergeant G.  
S. McNorth, Company E, severely; Sergeant Benjamin F.  
Lee, severely; Clarence Williams, Company L, severely;  
William Allen, Company C, slightly; Frederick Bartling,  
Company L, severely; Erasmus W. Seaman, Company H,  
slightly, and William J. Johnson, Company C, slightly;  
Gideon V. Bachelie dispensing clerk in the regimental hos-  
pital, having had no opportunity to be engaged in battle,  
shouldered a carbine and went into the rifle pits in front of  
Fort Stevens, but soon returned having been shot in the  
arm.

## CHAPTER XII.

General Early's Retreat—Pursuit into Virginia—Capture of Sergeant Chase—Return to Washington—Mosby attacks Company E, and captures twelve men—Scouting in Virginia—Mustering out three years men—Their History—Reconnoissance in force—Fight at Upperville—First Separate Brigade—Fairfax Court House—More Scouting—Surrender of Richmond—Assassination of President Lincoln—Bull Run Monuments—The Regiment ordered to Missouri—Sinking of the Steamer Olive—Order for Mustering out—Organization of the Eighth Illinois Veteran Association—The Constitution—Reception in Chicago—Regimental Roster.

On the 13th the enemy retreated from before Washington, and our cavalry followed in close pursuit. At Poolville they were overtaken and a lively skirmish ensued, in which we captured a number of prisoners. The enemy having crossed the Potomac, our cavalry picketed along the river until the 16th, when the Sixth Corps crossed the river following up the retreating rebels. The regiment having returned from Baltimore and concentrated most of its scattered detachments, crossed the river and reported to Colonel Lovel, who was in command at Leesburg, and was used to guard the left flank of the army and the wagon train which moved to Snicker's Gap, in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

On the 20th the Eighth Illinois passed through the gap, crossed the Shennandoah and reached the front at Berrysville. They remained in the vicinity of Berrysville and White Post till after dark, and then moved back to the gap, being the rear guard and, as usual, having the honor of holding the post of danger. As forage had to be obtained in the country, several parties were sent out for that purpose. One party consisting of Sergeant Aaron W. Chase, of Company I, Oliver S. Dake, of Company B, and eight others, not

under charge of any particular commander, had not gone a mile from camp, Sergeant Chase in front, when they discovered a party advancing by fours from the direction of the camp. All had on blue pants and red shirts, their coats being buckled to their saddles. Among them were some recognized as "our men," and they were supposed to belong to Company C of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, as that Company was known to be out foraging. In a moment they were upon our men, and when asked by Chase who they were, answered by presenting a pistol to his head and ordering a surrender, saying they were Mosby's men, but he should be treated like a gentleman. As the enemy were greatly superior in numbers our men made a virtue of necessity and delivered up their arms, and were marched off as rapidly as they could be made to go for fear of being discovered by the federal forces. Chase at once determined never to be taken to Richmond and incarcerated in a rebel prison, and with anxious eyes watched for some cross-road or path which would lead in the direction of camp. One rebel demanded his watch, but he refused to deliver it up, another demanded and finally obtained his hat band. Feeling secure of their prisoners the rebels did not keep as vigilant a watch upon them as was necessary, and seeing an opening in the fence and knowing the fleetness of his horse, Chase struck spurs to his sides and dashed off. The officer in charge having the best horse in the squad, started in pursuit, firing his pistol as he went. For a short time the race was close and exciting, but the rebel horse soon gained upon the Sergeant; one shot had already taken effect in Chase's left shoulder and another struck him in the right side which took his breath away, and being unable to continue the race longer he again found himself in the hands of his captors. Too weak from pain and loss of blood to ride unaided, he was supported on his horse by the rebels, who hurried him along for several miles till he nearly fainted, when arriving at a county poor-house they placed him on the porch and went

on with the other prisoners. A citizen went to the federal camp for a surgeon who came and dressed his wounds. He lay there some fourteen days occasionally attended by a physician from Union and frequently annoyed by Mosby's guerrillas, who threatened to take him to Richmond as soon as he was able to walk. As he grew stronger, the determination not to go to a rebel prison returned and he embraced the first opportunity to escape; in this he was aided by the keeper of the house and a colored man who acted as guide. Starting out in the night he went some three miles to a house where he hoped to put up in safety, but was unable to wake the inmates, as the dogs would not allow him to approach the door; upon going to a negro hut he was informed that four confederate soldiers were in the house he had tried to enter, and that the dogs in preventing his going in had proved his best friends. Here another negro, acting as guide, conducted him to the house of a quaker, where he was kept until morning, when his wounds were dressed and a consultation held, which resulted in his stopping there secreted two days—at the end of which time the quaker and his wife dressed him in a disguise and took him some fourteen miles to the Potomac river. On the road they passed seven of Mosby's men but the disguise was so complete that they did not mistrust anything wrong. After crossing the river Chase was taken into the hospital at Sandy Hook and from there sent to Parol Camp, Annapolis, Maryland. The other captured men were taken to Richmond and placed in prison. The history and account of the sufferings of each would only be a repetition of the misery and distress experienced by our soldiers in southern prisons.

July 21st the regiment marched on the right of the army, and at night had nearly re-crossed the Loudon Valley, a distance of sixty miles.

July 22d another hard day's march was made across fields, through woods and over the Katoctin mountains, and at night camped at Difficult Run, a stream well named. Com-



pany G, having lost the command in the dark marched nearly all night. After a hard march on the 23d of July, the regiment, tired and dirty, reached its old quarters at Camp Relief, Washington, having accomplished feats and labors, since the 4th of July, which our friends at home could consider almost impossible to be performed.

The Potomac was again picketed by the Eighth Illinois up to the Monocacy, Company E being at the mouth of the Monocacy. On the 30th of July Mosby crossed the Potomac with a large force of cavalry, and made a descent upon the picket post of Company E and succeeded in capturing twelve men, viz: Herman Jefferson, Frank Crosby, Gilbert Mott, John Stoner, John Murry, Mike Boss, Henry Patten, William Hudson, George Sager, James Ward, Asahel Robertson, Henry Dusenburg. Jefferson, Patten and Hudson died in prison. The affair is described by Captain Delany in the following private letter which I take the liberty to copy:

"In reference to the fight at Monocacy, in the absence of other officers of the squadron, (H and E,) the duty of commanding the picket line along the Potomac, from a point two miles below White's Ford to a point about the same distance above the Monocacy bridge, distance eight miles, fell upon me. Company H was stationed at White's Ford. Company E, in command of a Sergeant, was stationed on a bluff near the bridge over the Monocacy. As I visited E's post I discovered mounted troops crossing the ford two miles above Monocacy bridge. At first I felt quite easy, supposing if they were the enemy the guard at that ford would give the alarm, (said guard being a squad of infantry sent to communicate with our line from Point of Rocks.) I very soon made up my mind that something was wrong and accordingly galloped up to the point of crossing with six men of Company E, reaching the ford just as the rear of the column was ascending the steep bank from the river to the tow path of the canal, which runs parallel with the Potomac. On

account of an abrupt turn in the road we could not see them until we were within a few yards of them; and as we galloped up so rapidly and as it seemed to them so boldly, and from the nature of the ground not being able to ascertain our full force, the rear of the column scampered on to close up, yelling 'close up,' 'move on faster in front,' 'get to the bridge and form in the field,' as you know troops will when placed in a position where formation for battle is impossible, and being pursued as they supposed by a strong force. In this chase we captured six men—just one for each—and brought them within the lines safely, thence to headquarters. From these we learned that the rebels were of the Mosby persuasion. The main force moved in the direction of Point of Rocks and crossed the canal about two or three miles this side on a bridge, the one spoken of above, and seemed to take a northerly direction, soon shaping their course, however, to bear toward the Monocacy. I then divined fully their plan, as I afterwards learned, which was to cross the Monocacy at a point about six miles up the river, and make a dash on Company E's post with a view to capturing it. I accordingly ordered pickets posted as I deemed necessary for the security of the post, and instructed the Sergeant in charge to hold his command ready to 'fly' if necessary at any moment. I also instructed him to leave a good reliable non-commissioned officer in charge of the post, and take a squad of men and post them at available points along the bank of the Monocacy at such places as fording was possible; also, to move along the bank of the river himself with a few men and follow the stream up as far on this side as the main body of the rebels on the other side, as the rebels kept in sight most of the time, to prevent the possibility of a surprise; but the Sergeant took his squad and moved up the Potomac in the very track of the enemy, without posting his men as directed or preparing his men for the danger which threatened them; the company on picket meanwhile being all

unconscious of what was passing. In the meantime my duty called me back to the post occupied by Company II and in charge of Lieutenant Brooks, informing the pickets on my way of what had taken place above. I may here state that I found a simultaneous crossing might be attempted at Lieutenant Brooks' station, but upon reaching White's Ford learned that all was quiet. A report of what had taken place was then forwarded to headquarters at Poolville, detailing my views of the intentions of the enemy and giving my dispositions of the troops under my command. I then received instructions not to fall back if the enemy did cross, as Major Thompson of the Second Massachusetts had orders *to go and fight them* with a command of six hundred men. Upon receiving such instructions I rode back from White's Ford to Monocacy, leaving instructions with Lieutenant Brooks in case he was attacked. Before reaching the bluff near the bridge I discovered a force riding down on our side of the Monocacy towards the Potomac. I knew I had directed pickets to be stationed along this point and no alarm having been given, I concluded it must be the Sergeant on his patrolling tour; but as they approached I discovered too much 'gray,' and immediately put spurs to my horse in the direction of 'E' post, feeling confident that at least everything must be in readiness there for a 'smart run' or a lively fight. On approaching the camp I found on my left a line of skirmishers bearing towards the post, and according to our relative distance from the post, their chances for reaching it in advance of me were good. I pushed through as I feared the worst in view of the want of opposition shown by the men on the post. I was soon discovered by the rebels, but not before I reached the inside track and they then gave me chase. I reached the post, however, about five minutes in advance of them, and to my utter astonishment found no Sergeant in command; many of the horses unsaddled, some of the men cooking, some reading, and others asleep, and but one picket out. In

an instant they were upon us, and while I was rallying the men as best I could under the circumstances, I discovered Major Thompson of the Second Massachusetts, distant not more than one-fourth of a mile, and I supposed of course he would reach us in a few moments—so we fought with every confidence, keeping the enemy at bay long enough to make twice the distance Thompson had to make; but as soon as he heard the firing, instead of rushing to our relief he paraded his men, and I've no doubt 'received' them as is sometimes customary with great Generals preparatory to fighting. His troops were soon in battle array but not a step nearer us. While he (Thompson) was thus engaged, the enemy had so completely overwhelmed us, in a numerical point of view, we were compelled to succumb. In this fight we lost one man, Joseph Neff, killed and Sergeant Frank Schuster and myself wounded. I was wounded in the left leg and captured by a drunken rebel, from whom I escaped after being in custody long enough to surrender my revolver. The enemy then began crossing the Potomac to reach the Virginia shore; and as soon as the firing ceased and most of the enemy had effected a crossing, Major Thompson, holding a six-shooter in one hand a sabre in the other and the reins in his teeth, advanced gallantly, 'six hundred strong,' and upon reaching the bank of the Potomac, opened a vigorous fire upon the enemy most of whom had reached the opposite bank. My report to General Augur embraced nearly all of the above. Major Thompson was requested to resign. Colonel Taylor, A. A. G., had a peculiar faculty of rendering such in a polite and dignified way. The evening of the engagement I was left on the field and was picked up about nine o'clock P. M., by a colored man who carried me a distance of nearly two miles to the house of a gentleman, (I am sorry to say I do not recollect his name,) who with the aid of his good wife rendered me every assistance in dressing my wounds and administering to my comfort. Next morning I was found



by Lieutenant Brooks who was in search of me, and conveyed me to Washington."

It is probable the Sergeant in charge of Company E misunderstood the order of Captain Delaney, which if obeyed to the letter, would no doubt have prevented a surprise, as Company E was one of the best companies in the noble regiment. The post thus surprised consisted of eighteen men, eight of whom made their escape by jumping down a precipice some twenty-five feet. They were Morgan Hughes, George Heim, William Chadwick, Wm, Theman, Charles Culver, William ———, Benjamin Howard and Frank Schuster. The latter though wounded escaped with the others. In this little fight the enemy suffered severely; their actual loss, however, we were unable to learn.

On the 5th of August the reserve brigade of cavalry and several other regiments having come from the front near Petersburg, started from Washington for the upper Potomac to join the command of General Sheridan who was to look after the rebel General Early and his marauding soldiers. The Eighth Illinois remained at Muddy Branch and along the river scouting and guarding the fords.

August 10th J. Fletcher accidentally shot his comrade Cyrus Brunson, the ball passing through his body. He died almost instantly. Brunson had won the esteem and affections of his comrades by his genial manner, kind heart, ready wit and soldierly bearing. The regiment remained on duty along the river till August 22d, when a reconnoissance into Virginia under Major Waite was ordered. They crossed the Potomac at Young's Island and marched via Leesburg, Gun Springs, Aldie, Purcelville, Hamilton, Waterford and Taylorsville to Point of Rocks, where they re-crossed the river and then marched via Licksville and Poolville to Muddy Branch, which they reached on the 23d, bringing with them sixty-two prisoners and eighty horses.

On the 30th the Eighth Illinois crossed the Potomac for another raid, killed one of Mosby's men and wounded four;



they captured thirty-two guerrillas dressed in farmers' garb, fifty-six horses and mules, destroyed four wagons and brought two into camp loaded with cotton yarn, said to be worth five thousand dollars in cash. They burned a cotton factory together with about five thousand dollars worth of wool and cotton; marched one hundred and twenty miles in thirty-two hours—and returned to camp on the 2d of September with a loss of one man wounded, W. J. Fellows of Company A, in the head, badly.

On the 1st of September a squad under Lieutenant Culver of Company C of the Eighth Illinois succeeded in capturing a man by the name of Thomas J. Austin, who cut the telegraph wire when the rebels made their invasion, and who had evaded our scouts ever since.

The regiment then returned to Muddy Branch with their prisoners, horses and plunder. This expedition, like many others that preceeded it, was one requiring great courage and endurance. Marching from thirty to forty miles and skirmishing most of each day, lying down on the ground at night and rising in the morning to repeat the labor of previous day, was a work to be endured only by veterans like those of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

September 6th, a detachment under Major Ludlum made another raid into Virginia and returned with four prisoners and a goodly number of horses. They were followed by a lady who claimed one of the horses and who stoutly refused to return without her favorite animal.

The regiment had been so detached that a detailed account of their doings could hardly be collected; and the duties it was called to perform now served to separate the detachments still more, the distance of Muddy Branch to Port Tobacco being sixty or seventy miles.

September 8th, part of the regiment was sent down the Potomac, on the Maryland side, to the vicinity of Port Tobacco to look after and arrest blockade runners, which duty though arduous and sometimes perilous served to amuse



EX GOVERNOR JOHN WOOD.

Engraved by J. H. Johnson and Co.



the men, and was very different work from that of facing and fighting the rebels, which they were always prepared to do.

September 18th, those of the regiment who did not re-enlist as veterans, one hundred and eighty, having served the three years for which they enlisted, were mustered out, and left for their homes, carrying with them the good wishes and pleasant recollections of their comrades in arms, who were determined to "fight it out on that line" until the struggle was ended.

The following is the only account of their operations I have able to obtain: A part of them were detailed about the first of May as a body guard to General Wilson, and the remainder acted as orderlies to different commands.

On the 3d of May the corps to which they were attached was first put in motion and moved to Germania Ford, where the first fighting occurred; that of the "old brigade" under command of Colonel Chapman. A short time after, detachment of the Eighth Cavalry under Lieutenant Long of the Third Indiana Cavalry, was sent with General Wilson and his division to a place near the head of the Po river, when they encountered the enemy in strong force and a sharp skirmish ensued. General Wilson finding the enemy too strong gave orders to retire. The Third Indiana, by this movement, being in advance and dismounted was in danger of being overwhelmed by the enemy and captured. General Wilson observing this, ordered his body-guard, a detachment of the Eighth, to make a charge, which they did, successfully checking the whole rebel column until the Third Indiana mounted and made good their retreat. In this fight the Eighth Illinois lost Corporal T. J. Clute, Company G, killed, Corporal Smith, Company A, and private H. H. Chappell, Company G, wounded, and Sergeant R. Duckworth, Company K, Corporal A. R. Cole, Company L, privates George Perry, Company B, Samuel Maxwell, Company C, Frederick Scoville, Company K, missing. In about eight days afterwards Duckworth, Cole and Perry made their

gscape and came into our lines. During General Sheridan's great raid, this detachment of the Eighth met with no losses except on the 12th four or five horses killed. On the 25th they returned to our lines.

As the ~~annual~~ election for President and Vice-President of the United States was approaching, orders were given to grant furloughs to all who were unfit for active duty in the field, that they might go home and vote; and large numbers thus obtained leaves of absence—the government furnishing transportation. Our regiment, however, received little benefit from this order as few were at the time on the convalescent list.

On Thursday October 28th Major Waite was ordered to send a squadron from Rectortown to Salem, to hunt Mosby. His men and horses were already tired, having just returned from a long scout down the Blue Ridge Mountains to Sperryville, in the face of General McCausland's brigade which was then in that country. Although they were tired and it was night and nearly two hundred rebels reported on the route, Companies L and K, under Captain Berry, started promptly and pushed through to Salem that night.

On the morning the squadron started out and after marching a mile or so ran upon the pickets of a heavy force, and with a dash captured the pickets, when an order came from the commander of the post at Salem for Captain Berry to fall back immediately, which he did carrying back his prisoners and making a very successful expedition. Captain Berry commanding squadron and Lieutenant Clapp commanding Company K, seemed able to go anywhere with such good backers.

On the afternoon of the same day (Friday) a heavy storm set in and Major Waite ordered Captain Russell to take Companies F, D, M, I and B, and move to Snicker's Gap at night and arrest certain citizens and such rebel soldiers as he might find. Rain, rain, rain—heavy and cold fell the rain, and at midnight Russell and his battalion started, the tramp



of their horses and the jingle of sabres deadened by the heavy rain and the storm. They marched twenty miles before daylight and then turned their course homeward—a heavy line of skirmishers following them on their retreat. Captain Russell and his men, through the exertions of his company commanders, Lieutenant Pearsons of Company F, Lieutenant Verbeck of Company D, Captain Sargeant of Company M, Lieutenant Corbet of Company B and Lieutenant Gregory of Company I, conducted the scout successfully, bringing in a lieutenant and fourteen men of Mosby's command and a number of fine horses.

On Saturday Captain Lincoln was sent on another scout towards Upperville, with Companies C, B, G, H, K and L. After reaching the vicinity of Upperville the enemy's skirmishers appeared on every hand and finally charged on the rear guard, under Lieutenant Clapp, and on the advance almost simultaneously. Lieutenant Clapp and his men from Company K held their ground against great odds as long as they could, and finally fell back giving away to the right and left so as to let Lieutenant Corbet charge the enemy with the men of his squadron, consisting of Companies C and B. Meanwhile about one hundred and ten charged the advance in impetuous style, but the gallant and steady bearing of Captain Wing's squadron of Companies G and H saved our men from any damage. Captain Wing and Lieutenant DeLancy of Company H, both reserved the fire of their commands until the enemy came up and then poured in a well concentrated volley. Just then Captain Berry came up with his squadron and by a well directed volley sent the enemy flying, and joined Captain Wing in the headlong pursuit after the Virginia chivalry. Sergeant Chauncey Gonsolus was captured in this engagement. The remainder of the list of casualties was Corporal George Sherman, Company G, Corporal George Bell, Company B, I. Williams, Company B, and Disboro, Company H, all wounded in the leg, and William Johnson, Company C, injured by a fall.

We lost one man captured. The enemy lost four killed and as many wounded, according to their own reports as since gathered.

Nothing of much importance transpired with our men until November 21st, 1864, when they were sent to Fairfax Court House—a new command having been organized, called the First Separate Brigade of the Department of Washington, under Command of Brigadier-General William Gamble. Its duty was to guard the line extending from Prospect Hill on the Potomac river to Burkes' Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, a distance of twenty miles, and to scout and forage the country in our front to the Rappahannock river. The brigade consisted of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, Thirteenth and Sixteenth New York Cavalry, Two Hundred and Second Pennsylvania Infantry, Fourth Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery and the Sixteenth Massachusetts Battery of Horse Artillery. General Gamble retained a part of his former staff, Captain Wickersham, A. A. G., Captain Lawrence, Q. M., Lieutenant McGuire, Aid-de-Camp, and Major Kennedy, I. G. The remainder of the staff was taken from the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and other regiments in the brigade.

The winter was spent in a very agreeable manner for soldiers. The finest houses in Fairfax were used as headquarters; the men built excellent huts for their protection and barracks were erected for the horses. When building their huts some soldiers asked permission of General Gamble to take bricks from an elegant mansion, the "Love House," to construct their chimneys. The General gave permission to take none but loose bricks. In forty-eight hours that fine building was a heap of ruins. When questioned as to exceeding their permit the soldiers replied that they brought away "none but loose bricks." A fine church building was in like manner made to contribute to the comfort of the men.

The headquarters of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry were at Fairfax Court House, but parts of the regiment were

stationed at Falls Church, Fairfax Station and Burkes' Station; and these latter posts were occasionally annoyed by Mosby's men. An attempt at one time was made to capture a train of government wagons engaged in obtaining wood near Burkes' Station, but a part of Company K in charge of Lieutenant Hupp was too much for the enemy, and they escaped with the loss of several of their men. At another time Captain DeLancy and six men having been sent out from Fairfax Station at the request of General Albright, to look after the enemy who were supposed to be prowling about, were captured; an account of which will be found in the chapter on "captures." At still another time, our men from Fairfax Station made a dash on a squad of Mosby's men who had made arrangements to capture a train of wagons going after wood. The rebels were driven through the country on "double-quick" across Bull Run, leaving two of their men severely wounded.

December 15th, sixteen officers recently appointed received their commissions and determined to celebrate the occasion in the evening, which they did in the most approved army style at headquarters. The occasion will long be remembered as they pretty generally "wet their commissions!"

December 20th, Major Clendennin in command of one thousand men of the brigade made a reconnoissance into Loudon Valley, and returned the third day bringing with him fourteen prisoners, and wounding two who were left at private houses.

December 23d, two men of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, Sergeant Lee and private Flynn, who had been taken prisoners by the enemy in an attack made upon Colonel Switzer and a party of his Sixteenth New York Cavalry, came to the hospital. They made their escape from the enemy near Culpepper while their guards were drunk; traveled two days and nights over the frozen ground. In crossing the Rappahannock river on a raft constructed of rails they wet their feet and hands which were soon severely

frozen, but they finally succeeded in reaching our lines and after a tedious convalescence both recovered.

Nothing more worth recording occurred before the close of the year 1864. January, 1865, found the regiment performing the ordinary duties of winter life in the field and at the headquarters both of the brigade and the regiment. Frequent parties and social gatherings enlivened and relieved the monotony of camp life. A grand New Year's ball was given at the brigade headquarters, where a number of guests from Washington and no small number of Virginia ladies were present.

January 5th, a grand sleigh ride was undertaken—a large sleigh with four horses was driven by the Adjutant-General; when the horses taking fright, ran away, upset the sleigh filled with young ladies, and although several were bruised none were severely injured. On Sunday, January 8th, divine service was attended in a room fitted up for a chapel by the exertions of our worthy Chaplain, Will A. Spencer. The room was formerly occupied as a printing office, and on the walls could still be seen advertisements of runaway slaves, for the recovery of which large rewards were offered.

Frequent scouting parties scoured the country in all directions. February 21st, a party commanded by Captain Corbit of Company B, captured Colonel Carter, a Captain, a Lieutenant and five men.

March 4th a large number of officers, soldiers and ladies went to Washington to witness the second inauguration of President Lincoln. The morning was rainy and very unpleasant; but just as the President appeared upon the porch of the east front of the capitol, the clouds broke away, letting a beam of light shine upon his face, which added much to the sublimity of the occasion.

On the morning of March 7th, as an escort of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry were coming to our headquarters, they were attacked in sight of camp by a party of guerrillas and lost two killed and eight prisoners.

March 8th, a party from camp, accompanied by a number of ladies, rode out to the Bull Run battle-field, which place to our surprise presented a most shocking appearance. Thousands of human skulls lay bleaching on the ground unburied, and it occurred to us to report the fact to headquarters, with the hope of having the bones decently interred. Captain Lawrence drew up the necessary report and an order was obtained to bury these remains, and permission given to erect two monuments, one on the first and one on the second Bull Run battle ground.

March 10th, a party of four hundred and fifty men of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry were sent out; and on their return brought in a goodly number of prisoners.

March 20th, a grand review of the entire brigade took place at Flint Hill.

March 23d, General Gamble headed a scouting party of five hundred men of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, a section of the Sixteenth Massachusetts battery, and after three days absence returned; the usual result being obtained—a few prisoners and a large amount of forage. Some men had the audacity to capture a few turkeys and chickens from General Gamble's quarters the evening the party returned. The General exclaimed, "heavens on earth," in more than his usual emphatic manner.

April 3d, news of the fall of Richmond and Petersburg was received, which created the wildest enthusiasm. A grand review was ordered, the news announced and a salute of thirty-six guns fired in honor of the event. The rebel citizens professed to disbelieve this report but stood in fear and trembling.

April 10th, the surrender by General Lee of the army of Northern Virginia to General Grant, which took place at Appomattox, was received and a salute of two hundred guns was ordered at the post in honor of the great victory.

All loyal hearts now rejoiced, while the rebels hung down their heads and expressed themselves willing to submit if only



their lives would be spared. I believe no people were more completely whipped, to use a homely phrase, than the rebels of Virginia. On this day Captain Warner in command of Companies G and H, attacked one hundred and fifty rebels at Brinston Hill and drove them ten miles, capturing a Lieutenant, four men and nine horses. The rebels had come to capture a mule train which was drawing wood to the Railroad, but were sorely defeated.

Arrangements for a party at headquarters of the brigade were made for the 15th of April, and among those who had accepted an invitation to be present and enjoy the festivities of the occasion was the young and gifted tragedian, J. Wilkes Booth. No small number of the officers of Eighth Illinois and others were at the office of Captain Charles I. Wickersham on the evening of April 14th, when the clicking of the telegraph in an adjoining room announced the sad news that President Lincoln had just been shot at Ford's Theatre; and an attempt had been made to assassinate Secretary Seward and Assistant-Secretary Fred Seward, both of whom were seriously and probably mortally wounded. This news was as unexpected as a clap of thunder in a clear sky, and cast a gloom over all present. Another half hour brought us word that President Lincoln could not survive long and that Secretary Seward would probably die. In quick succession came orders to scour the country in all directions for the assassin, who had made his escape from the theatre, and was no other person than J. Wilkes Booth, who was expected at our party the next evening. The command was soon ordered out, and the country so thoroughly picketed and searched, that a rabbit could have hardly made his escape through our lines without being discovered.

Little rest was obtained that night, and when the morning dawned the sad intelligence went from soldier to soldier and from house to house, announcing the death of President Lincoln, who expired at seven and one-half o'clock A. M. April 15th. A deep gloom was cast over all loyal hearts,

and each seemed to have lost his only friend. The rebel inhabitants appeared to regret the catastrophe nearly as much as ourselves; not that they had any love for Lincoln, but they expected his successor, Andrew Johnson, would show them no mercy.

The Court House bell was tolled once a minute during the day, and all the troops that could be spared were put on duty. Nothing had occurred during the war, not even our greatest battles, that produced such a profound sensation as this crowning act of the rebellion. Not a word of disrespect for our honored dead, would a soldier tolerate from any one.

Captains Corbitt and Sargent had gone out on a reconnaissance to Warrenton the day previous, and this morning captured Brigadier-General Paine, his Adjutant-General and three men and brought them into camp. I doubt very much their having been able to bring them to camp alive, had it been known that Abraham Lincoln was murdered. These officers were kept over night in the hospital under strict guard and next morning sent to Washington. Upon reaching the city and being put into the hands of the Provost Marshal, there was an attempt made by the throng to rescue them from his hands for the purpose of lynching them. In fact the excitement knew no bounds.

Monday, April 17th, General Gamble received orders to proceed with his staff, the Eighth Illinois Cavalry and Sixteenth New York Cavalry to Washington, to attend the funeral and search for the assassin of President Lincoln. The Eighth were at once sent down the Maryland side of the Potomac, in the vicinity of Port Tobacco, which country they thoroughly searched, leaving no nook or corner in which the assassin could be secreted. The well known rebel sentiment of this part of Maryland made the duty extremely arduous, for no information would the citizens give which they could possibly withhold. Booth, however, had suc-

ceeded in crossing the river into Virginia, and was finally captured by other cavalry.

The funeral of Abraham Lincoln, probably one of the most imposing spectacles ever witnessed on this continent, took place on Wednesday the 19th of April, 1865. The Brigade staff, the Sixteenth New York Cavalry and a detachment of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry took part in the ceremonies; and at night General Gamble and General Slough, with their respective staffs, took charge of the body in the rotunda of the capitol. Next day the remains were taken by a special railroad train, via the principal cities of the north to Springfield, Illinois. The staff returned to Fairfax Court House; but detachments of the regiment were on duty in Maryland and Virginia for sometime, their duty consisted in arresting smugglers and keeping order through the lower counties of Maryland, a repetition of former duty in that vicinity.

Lieutenant-Colonel Clendennin was chosen a member of the court to try the conspirators.

April 25th the regiment was ordered to Camp Casey, near Washington, and did not return to Fairfax Court House till May 23d.

April 29th we received news of the surrender of General Johnston and his army to General Sherman, which we concluded was virtually an end of the rebellion. Following this event, rebel soldiers came by scores to our headquarters to be paroled, as the same terms were granted them as were given the soldiers of Lee and Johnston.

On the 12th of May the Fifth Corps passed Fairfax on its way to Washington, it being the advance of the grand armies on their return from the many sanguinary battle-fields where they had fought, bled and conquered; following this was the Second Corps.

May 15th the cavalry corps arrived and camped at Fairfax Court House for the night. There were General Devin, General Custar, Colonel Penington, Major Robinson and

many others, with whom the Eighth Illinois had marched and fought for nearly three long years. The meeting and greetings were warm and enthusiastic; but a sadness came over us when we thought of the many fallen braves whose warm grasp of the hand would no more be felt. Their names are legion and we will not attempt to enumerate them.

Following the army of the Potomac, came the armies of the Tennessee, Georgia and the Cumberland. The men who had marched and fought with Generals Sherman, Howard, Hooker and others from the Mississippi to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea. The march from Richmond to Washington was unnecessarily rapid and many poor fellows who had endured the perils and toils of marches and battles for four years, as they were now returning home to enjoy the fruits of that peace they had fought to gain, sank down and died of exhaustion. We picked up a large number of disabled soldiers and kept them in the hospital until they recovered.

May 28th orders were received for the Eighth Illinois Cavalry to repair to St. Louis, Missouri, and we at once went to Washington to make arrangements to turn over the government property in our possession; but before anything further was done the order was revoked by General Grant.

June 11th the two monuments at Bull Run erected by General Gamble's brigade were appropriately dedicated, Generals Heintzleman, Wilcox, Farnsworth and others, with a large number of citizens from Washington and the North being present. The brigade performed many evolution on the very spot where charge and counter-charge were made at the Bull Run battle, and Captain Scott with his Sixteenth Massachusetts battery fired a salute from the spot where Ricketts' battery was captured.

One of these monuments stands on the old Bull Run battlefield where the fiercest engagement occurred. The other stands a mile distant near Groveton where the hardest fight-

ing of the second Bull Run battle took place. On the latter field our soldiers interred more than two thousand four hundred human skulls, that lay bleaching on the ground.

June 16th orders were again received for the regiment to go to Missouri; arrangements were rapidly made, and on the 19th the Eighth Illinois bid farewell to Fairfax and Virginia. We marched to Washington and took the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to Parkersburg, West Virginia. At that place we were taken on board of steamboats. On arriving at Cincinnati, Ohio, Companies I and M were transferred to the railroad and went to St. Louis by cars. At Lawrenceburg Companies B and E were disembarked and sent to St. Louis by railroad. Companies I and M reached East St. Louis June 25th, and Companies B and E June 27th and that afternoon crossed the river and went into Benton Barracks. John L. Hiller, of Company D, was shot and instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a carbine. The majority of the regiment came in boats by way of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers,—Colonel Gamble and staff and Company L on the steamer Olive. In going up the Mississippi at Tea-Table Bar about eleven o'clock on the night of the 28th of June, the Olive struck a snag and sunk. Some of the men jumped into the water and attempted to swim ashore. Frank Meacham of Company I, and A. C. McKinney of Company L, swam three miles down the river before they could effect a landing. They finally succeeded in reaching the shore nearly exhausted and made their way to a farm house where they were cared for and provided with sufficient old clothes to cover their bodies, as nearly all their clothing was lost in the water.

Lieutenant Aaron W. Rundle, First Sergeant Arick H. Berzell, Willis W. Keyser, John L. Wilson and Henry H. Green, all of Company L, were drowned. Their loss was deeply felt by their comrades and all who knew them; their noble and heroic devotion to their country during the war was worthy of all praise. One hundred and four horses



were drowned, among the number Colonel Gamble's fine gray stallion. Company L lost all their baggage and company books; and the Colonel and staff lost nearly all the Headquarter baggage. They, however, saved the regimental records.

July 1st orders were received to proceed to Fort Riley, Kansas, which gave great dissatisfaction. The men claimed that they re-enlisted for three years or during the war; that now the war was over and having fulfilled their part of the contract they should be mustered out. A petition embodying these views was signed by all the officers present belonging to the regiment, and sent to General Pleasanton, chief of cavalry in Missouri. The General telegraphed the substance of the petition to Washington with a hearty indorsement; and on the 4th of July an order was received to turn over all government property and be mustered out. When the order was read to the men such a shout as went up from them had not been heard since their victories over the rebel cavalry in Virginia. That afternoon Colonel Beveridge and Major Matlack, both formerly of the Eighth Illinois, but now of the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry, made us a visit. The men assembled at headquarters where speeches were made by many of the officers, and if there ever was a "happy family," it was the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

On the 6th of July General Pleasanton made us a visit and a speech, in which he recounted the deeds performed by the regiment in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania while in his command, and complimented us in the highest terms. At the close of his speech the "boys" gave three hearty cheers for their old and honored leader. The time from the 4th to the 17th of July was spent in turning over property and preparing the muster-out rolls. General Grant had given as one of the reasons for sending the regiment to Missouri that the horses were needed in the western department, which was no doubt correct. Yet in twenty-four hours after the horses were transferred to the Quartermaster at St.

Louis, on going into the city, we saw some of the best animals in the streets drawing carriages and carts. They were branded "I. C." which means "Inspected and Condemned;" and sold to citizens. How much benefit Uncle Sam received from the horses we turned over we are not able to say.

On the 10th and 11th of July the officers held meetings and perfected an organization, the subject of which will commend itself to every friend of the regiment. The following is the Constitution adopted:

*Constitution of the Eighth Illinois Veteran Cavalry Association, Adopted at a Meeting of the Eighth Regiment Illinois Veteran Cavalry, at Benton Barracks, Missouri, July 11, 1865.*

#### PREAMBLE.

We, the undersigned, members of the Eighth Regiment Illinois Cavalry, believing that the four years of active warfare in camp and field, in the face of the foe, and in the many hotly contested battles in which we have stood by each other, in defence of our common country, and all we hold dear on earth, have so connected us together, that nothing can efface the pleasant recollections of the deeds of noble daring performed by our comrades—now, as we are about to separate, hereby associate ourselves together for the purpose of friendly intercourse and mutual benefit, and ordain and subscribe to the following CONSTITUTION:

#### NAME.

ART. I. This Association shall be called the "EIGHTH ILLINOIS VETERAN CAVALRY ASSOCIATION."

#### MEMBERS.

ART. II. The members shall consist of all who are now members of the Eighth Regiment Illinois Cavalry, or who have been honorably discharged from it, as well as all others who have been directly connected with the regiment.

## OFFICERS.

ART. III. The officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Assistant-Secretary,—the Secretary also performing the duties of Treasurer. Said officers to perform the duties usually required of such officers; to hold their offices for one year, and until their successors are elected—their offices becoming vacated on their removal from the State of Illinois. In case of the death, or removal from the State, of the Secretary, the Assistant-Secretary will receive the books, records and money of the Association, receipting for the same, and assuming the duties of Secretary.

## ELECTION.

ART. IV. The officers shall be elected, annually, by ballot.

## DUTIES OF MEMBERS.

ART. V. Each officer shall be required to pay one dollar upon signing the Constitution, and shall furnish the Secretary with his name, age and residence, and shall also promptly furnish the Secretary with written notice of his change of residence.

## EXPULSION.

ART. VI. No member shall be expelled except by a two-thirds vote of the members present at an annual meeting.

## ANNUAL MEETINGS.

ART. VII. This Association shall assemble on the 18th day of September, of each year—that being the day on which the Regiment was mustered into the service of the United States, September, 1861—at such a place as the Association shall select. The selection of the next place of meeting shall be made at the Annual meeting; and each member shall be considered honorably bound to attend such meetings, unless unavoidably detained, and to continue to uphold and sustain the Annual Re-Unions so long as two members are living. And in case any annual meeting fail

to appoint the place for the next meeting, the power shall be vested in the officers of the Association to appoint the place of meeting.

#### AMENDMENTS.

ART. VIII. No alteration or amendment shall be made to this Constitution, except it be proposed by a majority vote of the members present at the previous annual meeting, and adopted by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

J. F. FARNSWORTH, *President*,

WILLIAM GAMBLE, *Vice-President*,

A. HARD, *Secretary*.

B. L. CHAMBERLAIN, *Assistant-Secretary*.

Sunday, July 16th, Chaplain Will A. Spencer preached a farewell sermon, taking his text from the first chapter of Ruth, 16th verse, "Whither thou goest I will go &c."

July 17th the final muster-out was completed, and on the 18th we started for Chicago which place we reached on the evening of July 19th. Although expected in Chicago at eleven o'clock the regiment did not arrive until half past five p.m, too late an hour for the reception to take place at the Court House, especially as the men were weary and hungry. They were therefore marched directly to the Soldiers' Rest, where an excellent dinner had been awaiting them since noon. The men did good service in clearing the tables, which were bountifully provided with far better repast than usually constitutes soldiers' fare, and when all appetites were sated, Colonel Bowen called them to order to hear some brief remarks of welcome.

Hon. H. F. Waite first addressed the regiment, warmly welcoming it back, and referring in eloquent terms to the gallant service it had done in the cause of our country, saying the history of the army of the Potomac would never be written without including a history of the Eighth Illinois regiment.

Brigadier-General Farnsworth was the next speaker. He greeted them back with feelings of the deepest pleasure,

and proceeded to seview *in extenso* the history of their services. He spoke of the high encomiums passed upon them by Generals Stoneman, Pleasanton, Sumner and Sheridan. In conclusion he proposed three cheers for the ladies who provided the banquet, which the boys gave with a hearty good will.

Colonel Gamble (Brevet Brigadier-General,) being then loudly called for, briefly addressed the regiment. He said that when he first entered the service, twenty years ago, General Sumner took a fancy to him and gave him an excellent piece of advice, which was, "keep your eyes and ears open and your mouth shut." The advice he had always followed, and therefore was no speech maker, indeed, the most of his talking was on official business. In conclusion he pronounced the highest encomiums upon the regiment which had been under his command, expressed his regret at parting with them and assured them of his intentions to do all in his power to facilitate their final payment and discharge.

Major Russell was loudly called for, but instead of making a speech he proposed "three more cheers for the ladies of the Rest," to which the boys again responded in tones which caused the very walls to tremble.

This concluded the reception. Those who did not go to their homes in the city were quartered at the Rest for the night, and next morning at nine o'clock the whole regiment moved out to Camp Douglas.

The final payment and discharge was not completed until July 21st, when all separated to meet annually on the 18th day of September, so long as two members survived.

During four years service, the Eighth Illinois Cavalry not only kept its ranks well filled, but furnished a large number of officers for staff duty with many Generals in the army of the Potomac, viz: Generals Sumner, Pleasanton, Howard, Richardson, Buford, Merritt, Auger, Keys, Casey, Negley Chapman, Devin and Sheridan. It furnished twenty-two



officers for colored regiments. Major Daniel Dustin became Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois Volunteers, and many others in that regiment were from the old Eighth.

Of the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry, Colonel J. L. Beveridge, Lieutenant-Colonel D. J. Hynes, Major L. Mattlack, Surgeon S. K. Crawford, Assistant-Surgeon Robert Sill, Captain Samuel W. Smith, Captain J. F. Austin and a number of others were all from the Eighth Illinois Cavalry.

James S. Van Patten was promoted Captain, A. Q. M., W. S. Robertson was promoted to the same rank and Philo Judson to Captain C. S., Captain Woodbury M. Taylor was promoted Major and Chief Commissary upon Gen. Pleasanton's staff, and Captain Amasa Dana was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel, A. A. G. And finally the Eighth Illinois Cavalry furnished two full Brigadier-Generals and five Brigadier-Generals by Brevet, to-wit: Full Brigadiers, John F. Farnsworth and Elon J. Farnsworth. Brigadier-Generals by Brevet, William Gamble, Daniel Dustin, John L. Beveridge, David R. Clendennin and George A. Forsythe.

## Roster of the Eighth Cavalry Regiment Illinois Volunteers.

NAME AND RANK.	RESIDENCE.	DATE OF RANK.	DATE OF MUSTER.	REMARKS.
<i>Colonels.</i>				
John F. Farnsworth.....	St. Charles.....	August 12, 1861.....	Sept. 18, 1861.....	Pro. Brig. Gen., Dec. 5, '62.
William Gamble.....	Evanston .....	December 5, 1862.....	Dec. 5, 1862.....	Mustered out July 17, '65.
<i>Lieutenant-Colonels.</i>				
William Gamble.....	Evanston .....	September 5, 1861.....	Sept. 18, 1861.....	Promoted.
David R. Olendennin.....	Morrison.....	December 5, 1862.....	Dec. 5, 1862 .....	Pro. Bt. Brig. Gen., July 11, '65. M. O. July 17, '65.
<i>Majors.</i>				
David R. Olendennin.....	Morrison.....	September 18, '61.....	Sept. 18, 1861.....	Promoted.
John L. Beveridge.....	Chicago .....	September 18, '61.....	Sept. 18, 1861.....	Hon. discharg'd Nov. 2, '63.
William G. Conklin.....	St. Charles.....	September 18, '61.....	Sept. 18, 1861.....	Resigned, Jan. 8, '62.
Daniel Dustin.....	Sycamore.....	January 8, 1862.....	.....	Resigned, Sept. 8, '62.
William H. Medill.....	Chicago.....	September 19, '62.....	Sept. 10, 1862.....	Died of wounds, July 16, '63.
Elisha S. Kelley.....	Milton.....	December 5, 1862.....	Dec. 5, 1862 .....	Resigned, May 23, '63.
Alpheus Clark.....	Lyndon .....	May 24, 1863.....	.....	Died, July 5th, '63.
George A. Forsyth.....	Chicago.....	July.....	Sept. 1, 1863.....	Pro. Bt. Brig. Gen. Hon. discharged Feb. 1, '66.
John M. Waite.....	Sycamore.....	November 2, '63.....	Dec. 7, 1863.....	Mustered out July 17, '65.
James D. Ludlum.....	Chicago .....	March 1, 1864 .....	March 22, 1864 .....	Term expired Jan. 5, '65.
Edward Russell.....	Evanston .....	January 5, 1865.....	March 14, 1865 .....	Mustered out July 17, '65.

# *Roster of the Eighth Illinois continued.*

## *Adjutants.*

James D. Ludlum.....Evanston .....September 18, '61.....  
 Robert T. Sill.....October 1, 1862.....Resigned Dec. 23, '62.  
 George H. Gamble.....Evanston .....December 23, '62..Feb. 10, 1863.....Mustered out July 3, '65.

## *Battalion Adjutants.*

Campbell W. Waite.....Sycamore.....September 18, '61..Sept. 18, 1861.....Resigned Feb. 17, '62.  
 Edmund Gifford.....Elgin.....September 18, '61..Sept. 18, 1861.....Resigned July 6, '62.  
 John Fifield.....December 1, 1861.....Mustered out '62.

## *Quartermasters.*

Campbell W. Waite.....September 18, '61.....  
 James S. Van Patten.....St. Charles.....September 1, '61.....Resigned October 3, '62.  
 Julius C. Smith.....November 24, '61..Nov. 24, 1862.....Resigned April 28, '63.  
 James F. Berry.....Sycamore.....April 28, 1863 .....May 1, 1863.....Promoted Captain Co. L.  
 James S. Van Patten.....St. Charles.....April 1, 1864 .....May 12, 1864.....Resigned June 17, '64.  
 Robert W. Gates.....Bloomington.....June 17, 1864.....Aug. 11, 1864.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *Surgeon.*

Abner Hard.....Aurora.....September 15, '61..Sept. 18, 1861.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *First Asst. Surgeons.*

Samuel K. Crawford.....St. Charles.....September 18, '61..Sept. 18, 1861.....Resigned June 6, '63.  
 Theodore W. Stull.....Marengo.....June 6, 1863.....Sept. 23, 1863.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *Second Asst. Surgeons.*

Theodore W. Stull.....Marengo.....February 6, 1863.....Promoted.  
 Eugene L. Nelson.....St. Charles.....April 25, 1864 .....June 8, 1864.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *Roster of the Eighth Illinois continued.*

### *Chaplains.*

Lucius C. Matlack.....Wheaton.....October 8, 1861,...Sept. 18, 1861.....Mustered out Aug. 25, '62.  
 Philo Judson.....Evanston.....Sept. 4, 1862.....Discharged June 24, '63.  
 Will A. Spencer .....Evanston .....August 8, 1863.....Oct. 29, 1863 .....Mustered out July 17, '65.

### *Commissary.*

Bradley L. Chamberlain.St. Charles.....September 1, 1862..Sept. 22, 1862.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

### *Captains—Company A.*

Patrick G. Jennings.....St. Charles .....September 18, '61.....Resigned January 10, '62.  
 George A. Forsyth.....Chicago .....February 12, '62...Feb. 12, 1862 .....Promoted Major.  
 Luman G. Pierce.....July 6, 1863 .....Sept. 1, 1863 .....Term expired Jan. 24, '65.  
 William C. Hazelton.....Elk Grove .....April 11, 1865 .....April 17, '65 .....Mustered out July 17, '65.

### *First Lieutenants.*

Bryant Beach.....St. Charles .....September 18, '61.....Resigned June 8, '63.  
 Hervey A. Humphrey...Franklin .....July 17, 1863 .....Aug. 8, '63 .....Promoted Captain Co. D.  
 William C. Hazelton.....Elk Grove.....July 1, 1863 .....Promoted.  
 Leonard Y. Smith.....Kane County .....September 18, '64..April 24, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

### *Second Lieutenants.*

Nelson L. Blanchard.....St. Charles .....September 18'61 .....Resigned January 20, '62.  
 Richard Van Vlack.....Lodi.....Sanuary 27, '62 .....Resigned April 7, '63.  
 Luman G. Pierce.....April 7, 1863 .....June 1, '63 .....Promoted.  
 Samuel W. Smith.....July 8, 1863 .....Not mustered .....Declined commission.  
 Leonard Y. Smith.....Kane County.....July 8, 1863 .....July 1, '64 .....Promoted.  
 Benton Van Dyke.....April 11, 1865 .....April 24, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

# *Roster of the Eighth Illinois continued.*

## *Captains—Company B.*

Lorenzo H. Whitney.....Kingston.....September 18, '61.....Resigned July 15, '62.  
 John G. Smith.....Sycamore.....July 17, 1862.....July 17, '92.....Died of wounds, June 16, '63.  
 John A. Kelley.....Sycamore.....July 1, 1862.....Aug. 6, '63.....Term expired Sept. 18, '64.  
 George W. Corbit.....Afton.....September 18, '64..Dec. 10, '64.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *First Lieutenants.*

John G. Smith.....Sycamore.....September 18, '61.....Promoted.  
 John A. Kelley.....Sycamore.....September 10, '62..Sept. 10, '62 .....Promoted.  
 S. Spencer Carr.....Genoa .....July 1, 1863.....Aug. 6, '63.....Dismissed October 5, '64.  
 Harrison Hakes.....Spring .....October 5, 1864 ...Dec. 10, '64.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *Second Lieutenants.*

Jacob M. Siglen.....Sycamore.....September 18, '61.....Resigned July 15, '62.  
 S. Spencer Carr.....Genoa .....September 10, '62..Sept. 10, '62 .....Promoted.  
 George W. Corbit.....Afton.....July 1, 1863.....March 1, 1864.....Promoted.  
 Dyer D. Dunning.....Spring .....September 18, '64..Dec. 14, '64.....Resigned June 9, '65.  
 John Weed.....Burlington.....June 20, 1865.....Not mustered .....M. O. as Serg't July 17. '65.

## *Captains—Company C.*

Alpheus Clark.....Lyndon .....September 18, '61..Sept. 18, '63.....Promoted Major.  
 Daniel D. Lincoln.....Mt. Pleasant.....May 24, 1863.....July 4, '63 .....Term expired Dec. 5, '64.  
 Portus J. Kennedy.....Mt. Pleasant.....December 5, '61....March 14, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *First Lieutenants.*

Daniel D. Lincoln.....Mt. Pleasant.....September 11, '61..Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted.  
 John C. Mitchell.....Garden Plain .....May 24, 1863 .....July 4, '63 .....Hon. disch'd Aug. 27, '63.



*Roster of the Eighth Illinois continued.*

Truman Culver.....Union Grove.....August 27, 1863...Oct. 22, '63.....Term expired Oct. 1, '64,  
 Portus J. Kennedy.....Mt. Pleasant.....October 1, 1864 ...Dec. 10, '54.....Promoted.  
 Delos B. Martin.....Ustick .....December 5, 1865...March 14, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*Second Lieutenants.*

John C. Mitchell.....Garden Plain, .....September 18, '61..Sept. 18, '53 .....Promoted.  
 Truman Culver.....Union Grove, .....May 24, 1863.....Sept. 1, '63.....Promoted.  
 Charles S. Gilbert.....Lyndon .....August 27, 1868...March 1, '64.....Died, July 12, '64.  
 Portus J. Kennedy.....Mt. Pleasant.....July 12, 1864.....Aug. 22, '64 .....Promoted.  
 Clarence N. McLeomore.....Sterling.....October 1, 1864 ...Dec. 10, '64.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*Captains—Company D.*

Jacob S. Gerhart.....Bloomington .....September 18, '61.....Resigned July 28, '62.  
 Henry J. Hotopp.....Elk Grove .....October 1, 1862 ...Oct. 1, '62 .....Term expired Sept. 18, '64.  
 Henry A. Humphrey.....Franklin .....March 20, 1865.....March 16, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*First Lieutenants.*

Henry J. Hotopp.....Elk Grove .....September 18, '61.....Promoted.  
 Carlos H. Verbeck.....Bloomington .....October 1, 1862 ...Oct. 1, '61 .....Term expired Feb. 1, '65.  
 Andrew Dunning.....Addison .....September 18, '64..March 31, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*Second Lieutenants.*

Carlos H. Verbeck.....Bloomington .....September 18, '61.....Promoted.  
 William C. Hazelton.....Elk Grove .....October 1, 1862 ...Oct. 1, '62 .....Promoted Company A.  
 Andrew Dunning.....Addison.....March 3, 1865.....Promoted.  
 Smith D. Martin.....Elk Grove.....March 20, 1865 ...April 17, '65 .....Mustered out July 17, '65.

# *Roster of the Eighth Illinois continued.*

## *Captains—Company E.*

Elisha S. Kelley.....Milton.....September 18, '61.....Promoted Major.  
 Daniel W. Buck.....Naperville.....December 5, 1862..Dec. 5, '62.....Term expired Oct. '65.  
 Marcellus E. Jones.....Milton.....October 10, '64.....Dec. 10, '64.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *First Lieutenants.*

Benjamin L. Flagg.....Milton.....September 18, '61.....Resigned July 15, '62.  
 Daniel W. Buck.....Naperville.....July 17, 1862.....July 17, '62.....Promoted.  
 Amasa E. Dana.....Cherry Valley.....December 5, '62...Dec. 5, '62.....Promoted Adj't Gen'l Dept.  
 Marcellus E. Jones.....Milton.....July 4, 1864.....Sept. 21, '64.....Promoted.  
 Alex McS. S. Riddler...Naperville.....October 10, 1864...Dec. 10, '64.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *Second Lieutenants.*

Woodbury M. Taylor.....Milton.....September 18 '61.....Promoted Company I.  
 Amasa E. Dana.....Cherry Valley.....September 10, '62..Sept. 10, '62.....Promoted.  
 Marcellus E. Jones.....Milton.....December 5, '62...Dec. 5, '62.....Promoted.  
 Alex McS. S. Riddler...Naperville.....July 4, 1864.....Dec. 6, '64.....Promoted.  
 Owen Whittaker.....Milton.....December 8, 1864..March 14, '64.....Resigned June 9, '55.  
 Edward Wayne.....Naperville.....June 20, 1865.....Not musterd.....Mustered out as Sergt, July 17, '65.

## *Captains—Company F.*

Reuben Cleveland.....Chicago.....September 18, '61.....Resigned July 31, '62.  
 James D. Ludlum.....Chicago.....August 4, 1862.....Aug. 4, '62.....Promoted Major.  
 Edward Russell.....Evanston.....March 1, 1864.....March 22, '64.....Promoted Major.  
 Joseph Clapp.....Lodi.....January 5, 1864...March 14, '65.....Mustered ont July 17, '65.

# *Roster of the Eighth Illinois continued.*

## *First Lieutenants.*

Edward S. Smith.....Rockford.....September 18, '61.....Resigned.  
 Alvan P. Granger.....New Lenox.....August 4, 1862.....Aug. 4, '62.....Resigned May 30, '63.  
 Edward Russell.....Evanston.....May 30, 1863.....Aug. 8, '63.....Promoted.  
 Joseph Clapp.....Loda.....March 1, 1864.....March 22, '64.....Promoted,  
 Henry A. Pierson.....Evanston.....January 5, 1865.....March 14, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *Second Lieutenants.*

Alvan P. Granger.....New Lenox.....September 18, '61.....Promoted.  
 Edward Russell.....Evanston.....August 4, 1862.....Aug 4, '62.....Promoted.  
 Joseph Clapp.....Loda.....May 30, 1863.....March 1, '64.....Promoted.  
 Henry A. Pierson.....Evanston.....March 1, 1864.....March 22, '64.....Promoted.  
 Charles W. Sprague.....Loda.....January 5, 1865.....March 14, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *Captains—Company G.*

William H. Medill.....Chicago.....Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted Major.  
 Dennis J. Hynes.....Chicago.....Sept. 10, '62.....March 12, '63.....Disch. for pro. in 17th Cav.,  
 Malcomb H. Wing.....Orangeville, Mich.....Jan. 23, '64.....Feb. 1, '64.....Term expired Dec. 28, '64.  
 George F. Warner.....Chicago.....Dec. 28, '64.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *First Lieutenants.*

George A. Forsyth.....Chicago.....Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted Captain Co. A.  
 Dennis J. Hynes.....Chicago.....Feb. 12, '62.....Promoted.  
 Malcomb H. Wing.....Orangeville, Mich.....Sept. 10, '62.....Sept. 10, '62.....Promoted.  
 George F. Warner.....Chicago.....Jan. 23, '64.....Feb. 1, '64.....Term expired Nov. 25, '64.  
 Louis H. Rucker.....Chicago.....Nov. 25, '64.....Dec. 14, '64.....Resigned April 21, '65.

*Roster of the Eighth Illinois continued.*

Alvah B. Fitch.....Lee County.....May 8, '65.....May 20, '65.....Resigned July 3, '65.

*Second Lieutenants.*

Dennis J. Hynes.....Chicago.....Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted.  
Malcomb H. Wing.....Orangeville, Mich.....Feb. 12, '62.....Promoted.  
George F. Warner.....Chicago.....Sept. 10, '62.....Sept. 10, '62.....Promoted.  
Louis H. Rucker.....Chicago.....Jan. 23, '64.....March 1, '64.....Promoted.  
Alvah B. Fitch.....Lee County.....Nov. 25, '64.....Dec. 14, '64.....Promoted.  
Charles Schriber.....Chicago.....May 8, '65.....May 20, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*Captains—Company H.*

Rufus M. Hooker.....Sept. 18, '61.....Died of wounds, Aug. 1, '62.  
John M. Southworth.....Aug. 1, '62.....Aug. 1, '62.....Resigned.  
Edward D. Dowd.....McHenry.....Aug. 18, '63.....Oct. 22, '63.....Term expired Sept., '64.  
John W. De Laney.....Freeport.....Sept. 18, '64.....April 11, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*First Lieutenants.*

Charles Harrison.....Sept. 18, '61.....Resigned.  
Edward D. Dowd.....McHenry.....Sept. 10, '62.....Sept. 10, '62.....Promoted.  
Isaac F. Russell.....Crystal Lake.....Aug. 20, '63.....Oct. 22, '63.....Term expired Oct. 27, '64.  
Isaac N. Brooks.....McHenry.....Oct. 27, '64.....Dec. 10, '64.....Resigned June 30, '65.

*Second Lieutenants.*

John M. Southworth.....Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted.  
Isaac F. Russell.....Crystal Lake.....Sept. 10, '62.....Sept. 10, '62.....Promoted.  
John W. De Laney.....Freeport.....Feb. 1, '64.....March 1, '64.....Promoted.  
Addison V. Teeple.....Sept. 18, '64.....April 11, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*Roster of the Eighth Illinois continued.*

*Captains—Company I.*

Hiram L. Rapelge.....	Kaneville.....	Sept. 18, '61.....	Resigned Aug. 29, '62.
A. Levi Wells.....	Kaneville.....	Aug. 20, '62.....	Aug. 29, '62.....Term expired Sept. 18, '64.
Thomas Grimley.....	Huntly.....	Sept. 18, '64.....	M. O. as Serg't Dec. 15, '64.
Francis M. Gregory.....	Kaneville.....	Dec. 15, '64.....	Jan. 15, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*First Lieutenants.*

William H. Sheldon.....	Huntly.....	Sept. 18, '61.....	Resigned.
A. Levi Wells.....	Kaneville.....	Sept. 1, '62.....	Promoted.
Azer W. Howard.....	Kaneville.....	Nov. 1, '62.....	Nov. 1, '62.....Resigned April 11, '64.
Thomas Grimley.....	Huntly.....	April 11, '64.....	April 28, '64.....Promoted.
Francis M. Gregory.....	Kaneville.....	Sept. 18, '64.....	Dec. 15, '64.....Promoted.
Aaron W. Chase.....	Blackberry.....	Dec. 15, '64.....	March 14, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*Second Lieutenants.*

John Cool.....	Hampshire.....	Sept. 18, '61.....	Resigned.
Thomas Grimley.....	Huntly.....	Sept. 1, '62.....	Sept. 4, '62.....Promoted.
Francis M. Gregory.....	Kaneville.....	April 11, '64.....	April 28, '64.....Promoted.
Aaron W. Chase.....	Blackberry.....	Sept. 18, '64.....	Promoted.
Henry A. Sheldon.....	Huntly.....	Dec. 15, '64.....	March 14, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*Captains—Company K.*

Elon J. Farnsworth.....	St. Charles.....	Dec. 24, '61.....	Dec. 25, '61.....Pro. Brig. Gen. June 28, '63.
			Killed July 3, '63.
Darius Sullivan.....	Newark.....	June 29, '63.....	Aug. 8, '63.....Term expired Sept. 18, '64.
John A. Kinley.....	Wheatland.....	Sept. 18, '64.....	Dec. 10, '64.....Resigned April 11, '65.
Harley I. Ingersoll.....	Plainfield.....	May 8, '65.....	May 20, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.



# *Roster of the Eighth Illinois continued.*

## *First Lieutenants.*

George W. Flagg.....Plainfield.....Sept. 18, '61.....Resigned Jan. 24, '62.  
 Darius Sullivan.....Newark.....Jan. 28, '62.....Promoted.  
 J. Wayland Trask.....Ottawa.....June 29, '63.....Aug. 6, '63.....Term expired Sept. 18, '64.  
 Harley I. Ingersoll.....Plainfield.....Sept. 18, '64.....Dec. 10, '64.....Promoted.  
 George C. Hupp.....Northville.....May 8, '65.....May 20, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *Second Lieutenants.*

Darius Sullivan.....Newark.....Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted.  
 J. Wayland Trask.....Ottawa.....Jan. 28, '62.....Jan. 28, '62.....Promoted.  
 John A. Kinley.....Wheatland.....July 1, '63.....March 1, '64.....Promoted.  
 George C. Hupp.....Northville.....Sept. 18, '64.....Dec. 10, '64.....Promoted.  
 George R. Wells.....LaSalle County.....May 8, '65.....May 20, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *Captains—Company L.*

Daniel Dustin.....Sycamore.....Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted Major.  
 Amasa E. Dana.....Cherry Valley.....Jan. 8, '62.....Resigned July 15, '62.  
 John M. Waite.....Sycamore.....July 17, '62.....July 17, '62.....Promoted Major.  
 Woodbury M. Taylor.....Milton.....Nov. 2, '63.....Dec. 12, '63.....Pro. by Pres't April 11, '64.  
 James F. Berry.....Sycamore.....April 1, '64.....May 2, '64.....Term expired Dec. 28, '64.  
 Charles L. Bradley.....Scott .....Dec. 28, '64.....March 14, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## *First Lieutenants.*

Amasa E. Dana.....Cherry Valley.....Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted.  
 John M. Waite.....Sycamore.....Jan. 8, '62.....Jan. 8, '62.....Promoted.  
 Woodbury M. Taylor.....Milton .....Sept. 10, '62.....Sept. 10, '62.....Promoted.  
 Judson A. Stevens.....Geneva.....Nov. 2, '63.....Hon. disch'd as 2d Lt. Sept.

Charles L. Bradley.....Sept. 18, '64.....Dec. 10, '64.....Promoted.  
 Aaron W. Rundle.....Dec. 28, '64.....March 14, '65.....Drowned, June 28, '65.

*Second Lieutenants.*

John M. Waite.....Sycamore.....Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted.  
 Austin C. Lowry.....Cherry Valley.....Jan. 8, '62.....Resigned July 15, '62.  
 James F. Berry.....Sycamore.....July 17, '62.....Promoted Quartermaster.  
 Judson A. Stevens.....Geneva.....April 28, '63.....Promoted.  
 Charles L. Bradley.....Scott.....Feb. 1, '64.....March 15, '64.....Promoted.  
 Aaron W. Rundle.....Rockford.....Sept. 18, '64.....Dec. 10, '64.....Promoted.  
 Benjamin F. Lee.....Harrison.....Dec. 28, '64.....March 14, '65.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*Captains—Company M.*

John Austin.....Rockford.....Sept. 18, '61.....Resigned.  
 Andrew J. Martin.....Rockford.....March 2, '62.....Resigned Oct. 24, '62.  
 John V. Morris.....Rockford.....April 1, '63.....Killed, July 8, '64.  
 John Sargent.....Rockford.....July 8, '64.....Aug. 11, '64.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*First Lieutenants.*

Andrew J. Martin.....Rockford.....Sept. 18, '61.....Promoted.  
 Elisha Brown.....Rockford.....March 2, '62.....Discharged April 27, '64.  
 John Sargent.....Rockford.....April 27, '64.....June 25, '64.....Promoted.  
 Adam C. Fowler.....Rockford.....July 8, '64.....Aug. 15, '64.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

*Second Lieutenants.*

John F. Austin.....Ogle County.....Sept. 18, '61.....Resigned Nov. 1, '62.  
 John Sargent.....Rockford.....Nov. 1, '62.....Promoted.  
 Adam C. Fowler.....Rockford.....April 27, '64.....June 25, '64.....Promoted.  
 Ralph B. Swarthout.....St. Charles.....July 8, '64.....Aug. 15, '64.....Mustered out July 17, '65.

## CHAPTER XIII.

On Captures---Lieutenant George Gamble's Capture and Experience---Captain John W. DeLancy's Capture and Experience---William H. Leckey's Capture and Experience---Corporal William Y. Heather's Capture and Experience---Lieutenant B. L. Chamberlain's Capture and Experience.

### LIEUTENANT GAMBLE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CAPTURE.

"I was captured at Madison Court House, Virginia, on the 22d of September, 1863, while on the staff of General Chapman, and taken to Libby Prison. I remained there until the movements of General Grant in June, 1864, when I was taken to Danville, Virginia, and from there to Macon, Georgia, where I remained two months. From Macon I was taken to Charleston, South Carolina, and kept under the fire of the United States guns for six weeks, to stop the firing on the city. We were then moved to Columbia, South Carolina, where I remained until the 22d of November, 1864, when I escaped and reached General Sherman's lines in front of Savannah, South Carolina, after twenty nights' travel through the swamps of South Carolina and Georgia, going a distance of about three hundred miles. I made five escapes before, but was re-captured every time.

GEORGE H. GAMBLE."

### CAPTAIN JOHN W. DELANEY'S STATEMENT.

"Of the affair in which I was captured I will state: I was ordered to take six men and move a few miles outside of camp; the commanding officer having heard, through the reliable agency of an "intelligent contraband," the enemy were hovering about. The six men furnished me were re-

cruits, and upon being attacked, they, with one exception, proved to be "recruits" in every sence of the word. They with myself were all captured, however; but received from our captors very courteous treatment as soon as the excitement was over and we were enabled to inform them of the organization to which we belonged. At Fredericksburg we were placed in charge of the confederate authorities, who, also, treated us kindly and seemed glad to see us in view of the fact that we belonged to the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, and were Western men. From Fredericksburg we went to Richmond by rail—where we were recognized as belonging to the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, by a man who had lost a valuable white horse on the Northern Neck. This was (as the stranger said to the other upon an answer in the negative as to whether he used tobacco,) 'agin us,' and we took as much abuse and profanity as if saints; owing to the peculiarities of our surroundings, however, more than to our saintly proclivities.

"Libby prison was next visited! Here I was separated from the men, they being assigned 'rooms' with the enlisted; I, after being searched vigorously by a 'Yankee renegade,' who acted in that capacity for an extra ration, was 'shown' my 'apartments.' Meats were served *a la* European, being brought to our rooms by a *squad* of Yankee renegades in charge of a rebels who in my opinion far exceeded any one of them in manly principles. Two weeks in Libby prison, and we were invited by the 'authorities' to an excursion, with a view of paying a somewhat protracted visit to Danville. Here we found but little difference so far as diet, etc., was concerned, except that the facilities for cleanliness were far inferior to those of Libby. Our food consisted of a pint of corn-meal each day, ground, all the time cob and all. I got, perhaps, one and one-half pound meat during my stay, which was just three months. The stories circulated during and since the war about the manner in which prisoners have suffered have never as many supposed been exaggerated. The whole truth could not be justly portrayed to any one who did not pass through the ordeal. J. W. DELANCY."

## WILLIAM H. LECKEY'S STORY.

I was taken prisoner on the 11th day of November, 1864, at Manassas Junction, Virginia, taken to Richmond and put in Libby prison, to serve, I knew not how long. Of my treatment while in that prison I have not language adequate to convey a correct idea; however, I will tell it as best I can in as few words as possible: I was very thinly clothed, barely enough to cover my nakedness, had no blanket or bed and was compelled to sleep on the bare floor. Our rations consisted of corn-cob meal made into thin cakes about four inches square and one of these divided between four men. Each man received a small piece of 'salt horse' about the size of a walnut. These two constituted our food.

I will relate a little incident that occurred while I was in Libby prison. One night two of the boys got out of prison. The next morning when the officer came and counted us and found two missing he wanted to know where they had gone. Of course none of us knew. He then said we should have nothing to eat until we had told him where they had gone. After a while, however, he returned with our grub of corn cake and 'salt horse.' But he never found out the whereabouts of those two men, and we would have starved to death rather than give him any information.

We remained in Libby about four weeks and were transferred to Salsbury, North Carolina, to a miserable 'hog hole' of a place, too filthy for human beings. Man never laid eyes on a 'nastier' place. There we spent most of the winter of 1864. The weather was intensely cold, and I, without shoes, hat and only a piece of a shirt and a pair of ragged pants, experienced great difficulty to keep from freezing. Our food in Salsbury was worse than in Libby prison, and we had less of it. For eight weeks we did not get any meat. Twenty-four sticks of wood, about four feet long, were allowed to each one hundred men for fires. That amount contributed but a small share towards supplying us with warmth for twenty-four hours. One day a dog



came into our prison and the boys killed and skinned him. Some cooked the meat and others ate it raw. You may imagine they had pretty strong stomachs. One time one of the boys went up into the third story of a house which stood in the prison grounds, where they confined some rebels who would not serve in the army, to buy something. The rebels stripped him of his clothing and pitched him out of a window. That I saw with my own eyes. Just as sure as we would gather in crowds we would be fired upon. I am out of their hands now and have had my revenge; if, however, there should be a call to go through the south and 'clean them out,' I will be one among the first to enlist.

CORPORAL WILLIAM Y. HEATHER'S NARRATIVE.

"About the 15th of October, 1863, I was detailed from the regiment to report to Captain Hale, Commissary of the first division of cavalry, who gave me charge of seven men, Richard Hillman, Harrison F. Adams, Cornelius Hollenbeck, Frank Livings, John Brindle, Joe Proctor and Lyman Pratt, to guard the beef cattle of our division. We liked the business, and all went well until the 31st of October, when four men dressed in blue made their sudden and unwelcome appearance in our camp, near Waterloo, and demanded us to surrender. Our man on picket gave us no alarm, being deceived by their dress. We had no chance to dress, to say nothing of getting our arms, and of course surrendered. In a few moments we found ourselves mounted and on our way to Dixie. Brindle and Proctor happened to be absent at their respective companies, and did not share our unhappy fate. Lyman Pratt, who belonged to my own company, being mounted on a fast horse made his escape at the first opportunity. The other four and myself were committed to the Hospital Laundry prison at Richmond on the 2d of November and remained there about two weeks, during which time we saw exhibitions of diabolical cruelty too outrageous to be believed if told. In two weeks we were removed to the tobacco warehouse or Pemberton building opposite Libby

prison. Here in a room ninety by thirty feet were three hundred and forty men living in dirt and fed on about one-fourth rations. Many were taken sick but none received any medical aid. After being there a short time I was convinced of the truth of the reports of inhumanity. I have seen men so hungry that they would go to the piles of dirt swept up, and pick out little crumbs of bread and eat them. I have even seen them go to the spittoon boxes and get the few particles that had fallen there and eat them without the least hesitation. I have seen tobacco-chewers pick up and chew old quids of tobacco that had been thrown away by those who had been so lucky as to escape being robbed; as it was the common practice in Dixie to rob prisoners, when committing them to prison. Three men went crazy from gradual starvation.

On the 21st of January, 1864, we were removed to Belle Island, where we were doomed to more suffering than ever; being turned out of a warm room into a cold atmosphere with no tents and the cold earth for our bed. We had very few blankets and very little clothing—some were almost naked. One man froze to death for want of clothing—his dress being only a pair of drawers. Here our diet consisted of one-third pint of buggy pea soup and two and a half inches square of hard corn bread without salt. This was our food for about two months. The boys went without meat so long they killed every dog that came into camp. I remember that our little squad killed a dog one day, and it was snatched with such eagerness that I did not get a mouthful. Our squad had a few blankets, but some were destitute and would run around all night to keep from freezing. Under this treatment our boys died very fast. I remember seeing seven of our dead boys lying around for eight days and the hogs were often seen rooting them about. The most I know of freezing to death in one night was five. Our brave and helpless boys were often shot for the slightest provocations and sometimes for the violation of some order they knew

nothing about. One day there was a notice put up in a back place in camp of which very few of the boys had heard, until some of them went within six feet of a certain place which had been forbidden in the notice, when the brute on guard fired into them killing two and wounding one.

"On the 6th of March our little party was sent to Americus, Georgia. We resolved to get away or die trying; but the attempt seemed useless as we were put in a box-car with only two doors, one locked with a massive lock, and just across the car at the other was a guard of two men stationed. A guard was also on top. Things looked gloomy. A little Yankee ingenuity, however, soon laid the plan to escape. Dick Hellman was to take a pocket-knife and unscrew the lock while I was to stand between Dick and the guards; the other boys were to interest the guards as much as they could by talking and quareling with each other. Dick worked with all the skill and speed he could command and finally succeeded in removing the lock. We now awaited an opportunity to escape unnoticed. Just as the train was leaving a station a little ways from Raleigh, North Carolina, we carefully shoved the door aside and Hellman and Adams made good their escape; I quickly followed. We then held a council, when we determined to stay in the woods in the daytime and travel by night in the direction of Halifax, on the Roanoake river. We inquired our way and begged food of the negroes during our nocturnal marches. We prosecuted this plan for eight days when we came across Hallenbeck of the Third Indiana Cavalry. He had made his escape a little after we did. We were greatly rejoiced to meet each other. We all continued on the same route until we got within a few miles of Halifax when we learned that there were pickets ahead on the road and that they had captured some of our soldiers the day before, who were trying the same plan of escape. Instead of going on we left the road and struck the Roanoake three miles below the pickets. The next night, with the aid of some negroes, we succeeded in

crossing. After traveling two nights we found ourselves in a loyal neighborhood that fed and secreted us for about three weeks, when we were informed that the gunboats would meet us at Winsor, on Kishi river, a distance of about forty miles. By this time our party was joined by three more Yankees who had escaped from the Danville prison, five rebel deserters and thirty-two runaway negroes, thus making our party forty-four strong. We set out together in search of the long-looked for Yankee gunboats. After going about twenty miles through swamps and marshes we struck off into the wood to stay through the day. By some means the rebels found us out, and about ten o'clock (just as we all happened to be asleep,) they made a descent upon us and fired a volley into our midst, killing three of the negroes. We took to our heels in every direction for personal safety. Three of the whites did not wake up in time to escape. One of them belonged to our little party of four, C. Hollenbeck. After I halted I found that H. Adams, of the old squad, was all the companion I had, the rest having all got separated during the sudden retreat. Adams and I made up our minds to return to the loyal neighborhood. After staying there about a month longer we determined to try to reach our lines at Plymouth. The citizens hired a guide to pilot us and eight citizens through, which he accomplished, reaching our lines at Portsmouth on the 9th of May. I joined the regiment on the 13th of May.

WILLIAM Y. HEATHER."

CAPTAIN B. L. CHAMBERLAIN'S EXPERIENCE.

"On the 5th day of May, 1862, the battle of Williamsburg was fought. We were ordered up and took part in the fight. I was acting as battalion Quartermaster of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, together with Lieutenants Huls and Bisbey. Lieutenant J. S. Van Patten was Quartermaster. On the morning of the 6th, after the regiment had left in pursuit of the fleeing rebels, I was ordered to take a wagon train to Williamsburg. I was the only Quartermaster in



camp; Van Patten being sick, Bisby looking over the battle-field and Huls having gone back to see Van Patten and bring up some part of the train that had been left behind. Our wagons, twenty-two in number, had been all unloaded for the purpose of making sleeping places for the teamsters. When the orders came, I and Quartermaster Sergeant Grimly (since Lieutenant, Company I,) were all the officers in camp with not a man to help load up except the teamsters, and they were scattered over the battle-field seeing the sights. We immediately commenced loading, and a hard time we had of it; but by a good deal of heavy lifting we accomplished the work and immediately moved up to Williamsburg, and parked the train on the hill outside of the village. Not long after I received an order from Colonel Farnsworth, in the presence of General McClellan, to go out to a certain plantation, supposed to be about one mile, and see if I could procure any forage for the regiment, as it was understood we were to camp on that ground. My order was to go and see if there was any forage and if so to report to Major Beveridge, who would take his battalion and teams and go out and get it. I must say I did not like the order, for I had been doing Lieutenant Bisby's work all the morning—that is, 'running the train.' Previous to this time we had divided the work of the regiment, Lieutenant Bisby was to attend the train, Lieutenant Huls the forage and I the commissary business of the regiment, while the Quartermaster-in-Chief attended wholly to the office work. I immediately left in no very good humor to fulfil the orders, together with my son, Sergeant Stanley and private J. D. Rickart. We had not proceeded one mile before I discovered men crossing the street in front of me, evidently in a hurry. I put spurs to my horse and succeeded in overtaking a 'colored gentleman,' who informed me that they were men residing on the other side of the 'timber,' and were not accustomed to traveling in Virginia. I believed his *yarn* and proceeded at least another mile when



we came to a log shanty inhabited as I found out by a colored family belonging to the very plantation that I was in search of. The woman told me that no soldier of any kind had passed there in two weeks. I then hesitated about going any further, as until that time I had supposed our cavalry had passed that way. Very near this place I met Captain Forsythe who informed me he had been scouting the country and had not seen a rebel. I proceeded through a small piece of timber and came in sight of the house I was in search of. I noticed a man standing in front of the house and remarked to my comrades that he did not act like a 'darkey;' still I did not hesitate but rode up to the house, distant about eighty rods. As I was in the act of dismounting to ascertain if there was any forage in the numerous barns, we were surrounded by a squadron of the Third Virginia Cavalry, numbering one hundred and ten men, and commanded to surrender. Looking around I discovered numerous double barreled shot guns pointing towards us, evidently with the intention of being discharged in case of our refusal to surrender. As I could see no hope of escape and thinking a live prisnoer might be of more use to my family than a dead hero, I concluded to surrender and take my chances of what might follow. The rebels were in about as bad a predicament as I was, for they were entirely at a loss to know what I was out there for. They had seen Captain Forsythe pass and were in ambush for him, but he eluded them by taking the left hand road instead of the right. Immediately after, I was stripped of my fighting materials, which was done in an unceremonious manner, Lieutenant Lichfield, of King George County, Virginia, presented a pistol to my head and swore he would blow out my brains, and I really thought he would. But I put on a bold front and told him he would not do any such thing. He wanted to know why he would not. I told him in the first place I did not think he wanted to, and in the second place he dared not do it. Just at this time, greatly to my relief, the Major

commanding the squadron rode up and told him to stop his threats and treat his prisoners well. The same Lieutenant Lichfield was dispatched with sixteen men to guard us to the rebel camp, distant about six miles. We were hurried to our utmost. In passing towards Burnt Ordinary where we were destined to camp, we passed on our left, a body of cavalry standing to horse about one-half mile distant from us. I enquired who they were and was told they were 'yankees.' I afterwards learned it was a part of our own regiment under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Gamble. I expected every moment they would charge down upon us, and I think the guards thought so too, for they drew their pistols, all that had any, and held them in close proximity to our heads, as much as to say 'you won't get away anyhow.' If there was ever a time I would like to hear bullets whistle, it was just then. I would have taken my chances if I could have seen those fellows put to flight. We traveled about two miles when we came to the rebel pickets and soon after arrived at General Johnston's headquarters. I was taken before the General to be examined. General Fitz Hugh Lee was then Adjutant-General on Johnston's staff. Lee did the questioning, which did not amount to much. I was told that I was not compelled to answer any questions. The questions were, "Who was in command in the fight at Williamsburg;" "where was General McClellan;" "how many men had McClellan;" all of which I answered to my own satisfaction if not to theirs. I passed through a portion of their army and they were evidently getting out of the way as fast as possible, although I saw nothing like disorder in their ranks. That night our horses were taken from us and we had to travel on foot to Richmond, a distance of sixty miles. We made the trip in two days. We fell in with a number of prisoners at Burnt Ordinary, that were taken in the fight at Williamsburg.

"Once at Richmond, we were marched through the city to Libby prison, the little bugler playing 'Dixie' on his

trumpet bugle. I was there separated from my son and comrades and put in a room containing one hundred and sixty other poor devils that had been taken prisoners. Amongst the number were forty Bull Run prisoners taken at the first battle of Bull Run. They were held as hostages to be hung in case our government hung the privateers. I there found Lieutenant Lumbar of our regiment, who was taken in our first advance to the Rappahannock early in the spring. I also became acquainted with Colonels Corcoran, Wilcox, Vodgees and Potter, all of them since Major-Generals in the Union Army. We were packed pretty thick in the prison—only about three feet space for each cot and a little space in the center to set our tables. One great luxury we had was a large bathing tub with plenty of water. We were not destined to stay long in Libby, for McClellan was making it hot for the rebels in and around Richmond. On or about the 20th of May we were told we would be removed to Salisbury, North Carolina, the next morning. Immediately a great bustle took place preparatory to getting ready to move. Our rations at Libby prison consisted of plenty of good bread, some fresh meat, a little salt and a very little soap and a tallow candle to every twenty men. No coffee or tea was ever issued in a single instance. In the morning we were ordered to pack up in a hurry, and soon after we knew the reason by the sound of cannon not a great way off. I have never ascertained for a certainty what was going on that morning or where the fight was, for the chivalric gentlemen of the south stole my diary and all my clothes while coming from Salisbury afterwards. We tried to find out where the fight was from the officers in charge, but they either did not know or would not tell. I remarked to an officer by my side that it could not be more than six miles distant, and one of the privates standing by my side as a guard raised four fingers as much as to say only four miles. I think it must have been at Gaines' Mill. We were hurried to the cars and put through to Petersburg, twenty-two miles

distant, in short order, and there we lay nearly all night. The cannon still booming in our ears was music to us, for we expected it would be the downfall of Richmond. We were three days getting to Salisbury, and all that time we were not permitted to get off the cars, consequently got no sleep. When we arrived we were as miserable a looking set of fellows as one might wish to see.

At Raleigh, on our way, (it being Sunday,) we were visited by a great many people, mostly women, who showered upon us the most bitter taunts and threats that ever came out of the mouths of any people. I really believe those women would have hung every one of us could they have had their way. One woman said it would afford her special delight to see us all hung up, and advised the guards to do it. But we had no fears on the subject for we were worth too much to be thrown away for nothing. We found our quarters at Salisbury much preferable to Libby; a large prison yard of about twelve acres, fenced in with a tight board fence ten feet high. There we found about fifty officers and seven hundred privates, mostly Bull Run men who had been there until they had obtained a residence. The prison proper was a large brick cotton factory six stories high, capable of holding an innumerable number. This was occupied exclusively by privates. The officers occupied numerous small brick tenements that were formerly used as dwellings by the operators of the factory. Here we staid nearly four months through the heat of the season. Our rations consisted of poor bread and four ounces of bacon to a man, which could only be kept from moving by putting a stone on it to keep it down; as the worms claimed it and we were obliged to resort to various expedients to keep them from it. We also received a little salt and a little soap, and occasionally a few black beans. We had the privilege of buying anything outside that we were able to pay for; and here let me say that the officers who had money were in every instance willing to divide with their comrades, and no one went hungry for the



want of money when there was any in the mess. I am particularly indebted to Captain Drake, of a New York regiment, for money he loaned me while in prison, as I had only twenty-one dollars when taken there. That amount, with fifteen dollars borrowed of the Captain, supported me nearly four months. I was sick nearly all the time while there with a chronic diarrhœa, and I believe all that saved my life was blackberries. Medicine was out of the question. One surgeon had a little opium which he had obtained somehow, and occasionally gave me a dose which relieved me for the time being. We were not without our amusements even here, for we could play euchre and cribbage, and we formed a baseball club, and got to be quite proficient, so much so that we talked of challenging other parties to play with us. But they must have come to our grounds as we were so full of business we could not leave on any considerations.

We were in great anxiety to hear from the army but were denied the privilege of reading newspapers. We occasionally eluded the vigilance of our guards and obtained the *Richmond Examiner*, through the subtilty and 'kindness' of a colored individual, for the moderate sum of four dollars per number. On the 4th of July we had a celebration that I think will compare favorably with the generality of such gatherings; but we were in want of the stimulants and consequently kept sober. We had the reading of the Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address and some odes by the officers; then a greased pig performance, sack foot races, &c., &c. The rebel officers attended in a body but only as spectators.

In the center of our yard was a pen built for citizen prisoners who were debarred of all the little privileges we enjoyed. They suffered accordingly. I saw as many as six corpses taken from that jail in one day, out of a number of about one hundred and fifty. Those prisoners as a matter of course resorted to various expedients to effect their escape. One night it was rumored in camp that they had



arranged a plan to leave in the night, and we all watched to see the fun, and fun it was. About ten o'clock P. M. it commenced raining and was very dark; a better night could not be wished for such a raid as they intended to make. As we listened intently, we heard a crash and presently heard the tramping of feet close to our quarters. We knew they had broken through the inner enclosure and were making for the outer fence. In less than a minute we heard the challenge of the guard, a discharge of his gun, and a screeching of a man, and knew the shot had taking effect. Unfortunately for the rebels the shot missed the one it was intended for and went into the hip of a rebel Lieutenant sleeping in his tent at the lower end of the yard. The long roll was sounded, the soldiers run to their arms, got into line double-quick and started for the upper end of the yard where they usually formed. In passing up to the rendezvous, it being intensely dark, the Orderly, a man weighing at least two hundred and forty pounds, missed the beaten track and instead of keeping the path, unfortunately for him, run into the privy vault of the camp, at least four feet deep and six wide, and before the column could halt two more fell in on top of him. Before they could be rescued the Orderly had nearly suffocated. They were a pretty looking trio when got out. It caused a great laugh in our quarters the next morning when we heard of it; and the rebels had as much fun over it as we. The prisoners, in the meantime, effected their escape, and I think got away, for we never saw them again and never heard of their being captured.

"We lost one officer while there, a Lieutenant of a Wisconsin regiment. We petitioned the Colonel commanding to let some of us follow him to the grave, but were refused. The 'dead cart' was backed up to the gate, the coffin put in, a *Mr. Darkey* seated himself on the coffin, the whip cracked, the gates closed and that was the last we saw of our comrade.

"Rumors were afloat that there was to be an exchange of prisoners and we were, of course, greatly delighted; but days

and weeks passed and stilled no order came for our removal and we began to get discouraged, when, one morning an order came for our immediate removal to Richmond for the purpose of exchange. If ever there was great rejoicing it was in our camp that night. I don't think any one slept much. The next morning we bid adieu to Salisbury. On our way to Richmond we were as usual packed into the meanest cars that could be found, but we did not grumble for we were going 'home.' We were two days going to Richmond, arriving just at night and were marched to Belle Island to pass the night. At this time the nights were quite cold, and as we had humanely left all our blankets and spare clothing to the citizen prisoners at Salisbury, we suffered much on that damp island. In the morning I met with Peter C. Simmons and Barney Carlin of St. Charles, the former one of my old friends and neighbors, a private of Company A. I found him in tolerably good health, but in a wretched condition in regard to wearing apparel. He had on an old chip hat, an apology for a pair of pants and a linen duster buttoned up to the chin, for the purpose as I supposed to conceal from us that he had no shirt. I could do nothing for him as I had no money and my clothing was about as bad as his—consisting of an old slouch hat, one woolen shirt, one pair of soldiers-pants, badly worn, part of a vest, but no coat, and a pair of stoga boots. I conversed with him for nearly an hour and learned that he was taken prisoner on the Peninsula. We then crossed the river to Richmond and marched to Libby prison. There was a murmur from every one when we found we were going to that place, and we began to fear that the report of an exchange would prove to be a canard. After staying there three days the joyful news reached us, that on the morrow we must be prepared to leave for Aiken's Landing to meet the flag-of-truce boat. In the morning we started in hacks hired for the purpose at the rate of five dollars per man, and arrived at the landing long before noon. We had not gone three miles from the city before we met any quantity

of troops going north ; and we were at a loss to know what it meant, for we supposed they were watching McClellan at Harrison's Landing. After getting to our destination we began to look for the boat, but it had not yet arrived. We then concluded to go into camp and make our beds in a straw pile ; and we were comfortably quartered and ready for sleep when the steamer hove in sight with the white flag flying. Not a sound escaped our lips until all were duly labeled and handed over to the proper officer, and the boat floated from shore. Then such a shout went forth as only 160 men can give when they feel that they are free again. In the morning we put down the stream intending to stop at Harrison's Landing and see the army, but when we arrived there not a man was to be seen. The camps were broken up and gone. We knew then what was up. The rebels, instead of following McClellan, were taking the back track and going for Pope. We arrived at Fortress Monroe and found at least one thousand sailing craft in readiness to take McClellan's army to Washington. We took a steamboat for Baltimore and went from there by rail directly to Washington. There I took my first 'white meal' at the Metropolitan with the gentry, who looked upon me with contempt for not being dressed up. I did not wonder at it for a more forlorn looking being never went to a table in the great city. We were mustered at the War Department and took a leave of absence for twenty days. I arrived at home after fourteen months absence and found my family in good health, but greatly concerned about me, not having heard from me since my capture. I rejoined my regiment at Sharpsburg after McClellan had driven Lee and his army across the Potomac. I acted as commissary of the regiment during the remainder of the war.

B. L. CHAMBERLAIN."



## LIST OF CASUALTIES.

The following is a partial list of the losses of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, from the casualties of war, disease, &c. Of the many who died in the general hospitals, and in rebel prisons, from wounds and disease, but few are mentioned in this list :

### FIELD AND STAFF.

Major Alpheus Clark, mortally wounded in the battle of Beverly Ford, Virginia.  
Major William H. Medill, mortally wounded in the battle of Williamsport, Md.  
Lieut. Col. Wm. E. Gamble, wounded at Malvern Hill, Va.

### COMPANY A.

Blanchard Lieut. N. L., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
Boonville Joseph, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
Conly Michael, died of disease.  
Downey Michael, died of disease.  
Davidson A., died of wounds.  
Evans Stephen, died of disease.  
Gage Amos, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
Haskins H. P., died of disease.  
Jenks C. C., died of disease.  
King Andrew, died of disease.  
Martin Thomas, died of disease.  
McGonnel Samuel, killed in battle, Philamont, Va.  
Ortway Lafayette, died in Andersonville prison, July 28, 1864.  
Plopper Corporal Charles, died of wounds.  
Town Hansen, killed in battle.  
Wanzer Charles, died of disease.  
Woodruff F., died of disease.  
Younglove George, died of disease.

### WOUNDED.

Burges L. S., at Boonsboro, Md.  
Brown P. G., by Guerrillas in Va.  
Casper Peter, at Upperville, Va.  
Cossman N., at Upperville, Va.  
Davidson A., by Guerrillas in Va.  
Davidson Daniel, at Boonsboro, Md.  
Fuller Webster, on the Peninsula, Va.  
Fillmore Sergeant L., at Williamsport, Md.



Forsythe Captain George A., at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Hall Elijah, at King George, Va.  
 Galligher Sergeant J. M., in skirmish in Va.  
 Morrow N., in skirmish in Va.  
 Peterson Samuel, at King George, Va.  
 Roberts Wirt, at Stevensburg, Va.  
 Ryan Sergeant John., at Gaines' Mills, Va.

## COMPANY B.

Allen Abner, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Banister Charles F., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Buck Ellis, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Chambers Amos B., killed at Mechanicsville, Va.  
 Close Robert, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Disbrow Edward, died of disease, Fairfax, Va.  
 Farrel Edward, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Gillette Robert M., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Haskins Elmer, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Hyland George G., died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Ingalls Charles, died of disease in transit to N. Y.  
 McGregor George, killed at Urbana, Md.  
 Mace William, killed at Barbee's Cross-roads, Va.  
 O'Conner D., killed at Cockeysville, Md.  
 Reed Joseph J., died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Smith Captain J. G., mortally wounded at Beverly Ford, Va.; died in Washington, D. C.  
 Weaver Isaac, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.

## WOUNDED.

Braker Burnett, Mechanicsville, Va.  
 Burdick E. H., Barbee's Cross-roads, Va.  
 Boone S. S., Madison Court House, Va.  
 Bell George, Upperville, Va.  
 Fleet Charles, Middletown, Md.  
 Fancher Martin, Barbee's Cross-roads and Jack's Shop, Va.  
 Frasier Thomas, Barbee's Cross-roads and Jack's Shop, Va.  
 Hakes Sergeant Harrison, Barbee's Cross-roads, Va.  
 Hyland George G., Gettysburg, Penn., and Jack's Shop, Va.  
 Mayclain James, Culpepper, Va.  
 Partlow C., — Va.  
 Rnach John, Rectortown, Va.  
 Remington Sergeant J., Frederick City, Md.  
 Shurtliff William, Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Van Amburg M., Frederick City, Md.  
 Williams J. B., Upperville, Va.  
 Wright Sergeant E. B., Stevensburg, Va.  
 Willcox Daniel B., Boonsboro, Md.

## COMPANY C.

Brown Charles, killed at Piedmont, Va.  
 Canfield Jerry, died of disease.  
 Conrad Adam, died of wounds.  
 Davis N. J., died of disease.  
 Duggan John, killed at Malvern Hill, Va.  
 Edgely George, died of disease.  
 Gilbert Lieutenant Charles, killed at Frederick City, Md.  
 Heaton W., died of disease.  
 Martin Austin, died of disease.  
 Pratt W. D., died of wounds.

Patten John, died of disease.  
 Reed James, killed at Piedmont, Va.  
 Shelby A. H., died of disease.  
 Sholes R. C., died of disease in Alexandria, Va.  
 Sands Ezra, killed at Morton's Ford, Va.  
 Wilson John E., died of disease.  
 Zimmerman William, died of disease.  
 Ellis Buck, died of disease, Washington, D. C.

## WOUNDED.

Allen William, Funkstown, Md.  
 Adams M. N., Malvern Hill, Va.  
 Buckley E. R., Funkstown, Md.  
 Conrad Adam, Upperville, Va.  
 Cargy John, Falling Water, Md.  
 Chasey Peter, in skirmish.  
 Hesse O. G., Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Henshaw J. H., Middletown, Md.  
 Jones C. H., in skirmish.  
 Lincoln D. A., in skirmish.  
 Miller H. H., Beverly Ford and White Sand, Va.  
 McCarty James, Beverly Ford, Va.  
 McKenzie G. W., three times in skirmish and at Stevensburg, Va.  
 Pratt W. D., Stevensburg, Va.  
 Rhodes F. C., in skirmish.  
 Stewart J., Stevensburg, Va.  
 Stokes George, Culpepper, Va.  
 Sliaing John, Culpepper, Va.  
 Sherwood Ira, Falling Water, Md.  
 Wilder T. J., Stevensburg, Va.  
 Woodruff G. W., Beverly Ford, Va.

## COMPANY D.

Coe C. H., died of disease in general hospital, Va.  
 Dusold John G., killed at Funkstown, Md.  
 Ehle John H., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Gilg Conrad, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Hattendorf Phillip, killed at Fair Oaks, Va.  
 Hiller John L., killed at Benton Barracks, Mo.  
 Muzzy E. O., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Rehling Herman, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Sharp John P., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Sedgwick E. P., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Segers Henry, killed at Culpepper, Va.  
 Seabury John, killed at Morton's Ford, Va.  
 Volker John, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Webber B. F., killed near Boonsboro, Md.  
 Zooch Fred, accidentally killed.  
 Gearhart Livingstone E., died a prisoner.

## WOUNDED.

Chessman George, by Guerrillas.  
 Dunning Andrew, at Madison C. H., Va.  
 Eggleston S. G., at South Mountain, Md.  
 Farr Sergeant A. W., at Williamsport, Md.  
 Hughes Elhanan, at Madison C. H., Va.  
 Martin Lieutenant S. D., by Guerrillas in Va.  
 Nash DeWitt, at Stevensburg, Va.  
 Brandt Auten, at Hazle River, Va.

## COMPANY E.

Brown John S., killed at Barbree's Cross-roads, Va.  
 Campbell John, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Flagg Sewell, killed at Brentsville, Va.  
 Farrar I. W., killed at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Gewecke Fred, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Mills George A., died of disease.  
 McNorth George S., killed in battle, Washington, D. C.  
 Pierson George, killed at Funkstown, Md.  
 Patton Henry C., died in Danville (N. C.) prison.  
 Ringman George, killed at Morton's Ford, Va.  
 Snyder Daniel, killed at South Mountain, Md.  
 Styler Charles, died of wounds received at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Sellick Charles, died of wounds received at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Neff Joseph, killed at Monocacy, Md.  
 Tobias William J., died of disease.  
 Ward Charles H., died of wounds.

## WOUNDED.

Kelley Captain E. S., at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Buck Captain Daniel, at Stevensburg, Va.  
 Churchill H., at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Davis Samuel, at Culpepper, Va.  
 Frank Benjamin, at Morton's Ford, Va.  
 Flagg Sewell, at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Gross Daniel N., at Malvern Hill, Va.  
 Horner Sergeant Ben., at Barbree's Cross-roads, Va.  
 Jewell S. W., at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Jones William, at Boonsboro, Md.  
 McConnel J. H., at Barbree's Cross-roads, Va.  
 Plant Charles, at Barbree's Cross-roads, Va.  
 Ringwood George, at Mechanicsville, Va.  
 Sager George A., at Barbree's Cross-roads, Va.  
 Scheuster F. B., at Upperville, Va.  
 Whittaker George A., near Morton's Ford, Va.

## COMPANY F.

Butler Sergeant A. S., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Baker George A., died of disease, White House, Va.  
 Bailey A. R., died of wounds received at Williamsport, Md.  
 Cave Robert, died of wounds received at Culpepper, Va.  
 Cole John W., died of wounds received at Falling Water, Md.  
 Cook B. H., died of disease.  
 Clark A. F., died of disease.  
 Clough G. R., died of disease.  
 Hewes George C., died of disease.  
 Hewes Orlan, died at Andersonville (Ga.) prison.  
 Kennicott W. J., died of wounds received at Falling Water, Md.  
 Quackenbush A., died of disease.  
 Smith W. E., killed at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Shepherd William H., killed at Manassas, Va.  
 Stine William N., died of disease.  
 Thatcher William H., killed near Culpepper, Va.  
 Morris B. C., died of disease.  
 Wheeler A. H., died of disease.  
 Wilder O. A., died of disease.

## WOUNDED.

Brown G. A., at Upperville, Va.

Bump D. R., at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Bowes George, at Middletown, Md.  
 Dubridge Samuel, in skirmish.  
 Hughes G. B., at Gettysburg, Penn.  
 Lull F. R., near Richmond, Va.  
 Pickett E. J., at Upperville, Va.

## COMPANY G.

Baker W. S., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Bradford E. A., died of disease, St. Charles, Ill.  
 Carter J. G., killed at Williamsport, Md.  
 Coquillette Isaac, died of wounds.  
 Cottingham Thomas, died of wounds.  
 Coppersmith Anthony, died of wounds.  
 Clark Silas, died of disease.  
 Clute Thomas, killed at Wilderness, Va.  
 Comegess B. F., died of disease.  
 Dittenbaugh D., killed at Gettysburg, Penn.  
 Emmett T. H., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Fink Eli, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Hitchcock W. H., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Kuapp Andrew, died of disease, Seneca, Ill.  
 McManus James, died of disease, Fairfax, Va.  
 Nichols B. F., died of disease, New York.  
 Stowell Harvey, died.  
 Woolang George, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Young William, died of wounds.

## WOUNDED.

Annis Judson, at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Barefoot James, at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Crawford Jesse, at Stevensburg, Va.  
 Champion Fred, at Antietam, Md.  
 Doviell Joseph, at Upperville, Va.  
 Fitch L. A., at Hazle River, Va.  
 Hynes Captain D. J., at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Justey L. P., in reconnoissance.  
 Ketchison C., in skirmish.  
 Knapp John, at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Lillie Gilbert, at Rectortown, Va.  
 Luther James, at Upperville, Va.  
 Lae J. W., at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 O'Brien James, at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Pray L. C., at Brandy Station, Va.  
 Sherman P., at Upperville, Va.  
 Sherman George P., at Hazle River, Va.  
 Spears James, at Upperville, Va.  
 Stull M. C., at Upperville, Va., and Boonsboro, Md.  
 Wakefield F. B., at Middletown, Md., and Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Weston L., at Culpepper, Va.

## COMPANY H.

Burr Davis, died of disease, general hospital, New York.  
 Bronson C. M., died of wounds.  
 Clemens David F., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Disbro Edward, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Dilcox William, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Hooker Captain R. M., killed near Mechanicsville, Va.  
 Gates E. W., died of disease.

Nicholl William, died of disease.  
 Pierce William B., died in prison, Andersonville, Ga.  
 Rothermell J. J., died of disease.  
 Rorer Clinton D., died of disease.  
 Smith L. A., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Stafford A. A., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Smith A. C., killed at Upperville, Va.  
 Sprague W. L., died in prison, Andersonville, Ga.  
 Van Wert Abram, died of disease, Alexandria, Va.

## WOUNDED.

DeLaney Captain J. W., at Monocacy, Md.  
 Austin W. H., at Middletown, Md.  
 Alberty Chauncy, at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Brooks Lieutenant J. N., at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Brott Silvanus, on picket.  
 Clemens Julius, at Boonsboro, Md., and Culpepper, Va.  
 Disbro J. E., at Upperville, Va.  
 Goodspeed Sergeant Charles, at Gettysburg, Penn.  
 Johnson A., at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Seaman E. W., in skirmish.  
 Stevens Martin, at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Sullivan Charles, at Culpepper, Va.  
 Fink Lewis, in battle.  
 Sutton George, at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Smith F. B., at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Teeple A. V., at Boonsboro, Md.

## COMPANY I.

Bell James A., died of wounds received at Jack's Shop, Va.  
 Cronk Eugene, died in rebel hospital.  
 Erkison John, accidentally killed.  
 Fox Charles, died of disease.  
 Foulke Marc, died in rebel hospital.  
 Howe George, died of disease.  
 Johnson J. W., died of disease.  
 Robb William D., died of disease.  
 Rodgers D. M., died of disease.  
 Shelie John, killed on railroad.  
 Ross Albert, died of disease, St. Charles, Ill.

## WOUNDED.

Brown Thomas, at Gaines' Mill, Va.  
 Cummings W., near Madison Court House, Va.  
 Chase L., near Madison Court House, Va.  
 Carver L. A., near Middletown, Md.  
 Chase A. W., near Snickers' Gap, Va.  
 Humphrey R. C., at Monocacy, Md., and Madison Court House, Va.  
 Howard Lieutenant A. W., at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Fulsom L. W., at Middletown, Md.  
 Pfifer Joseph, at Middletown, Md.  
 Williams J. M., at Hazle River, Va.  
 Wilson Thomas, at Monocacy, Md.  
 Wells Captain A. L., at Falling Water, Md.

## COMPANY K.

Baker J. R. (bugler), killed at Frederick City, Md.  
 Bruso John, died of disease.  
 Bond Charles, died of disease.



De Forest William, died of disease.  
 Farley Peter, killed by fall from his horse.  
 Frank Fred, killed on a scout.  
 George Daniel, died of disease.  
 Greenville Charles, killed in battle.  
 Hubbard L. S., died of disease.  
 Hall J. M., killed in battle.  
 Pierce E. F., died of disease.  
 Stem W. A., died of disease.  
 Syddam Cornelius, died of disease.  
 Vinson Sergeant R. C., killed at Falling Water, Md.  
 Weld Hiram H., died of disease.

## WOUNDED.

Fenton O., at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Fleming G. H., at Culpepper, Va.  
 Gould George, near Hanover Court House, Va.  
 Hupp George, at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Hettinger John, at White Sand, Va.  
 Ingersoll H. J., at Culpepper, Va.  
 Kinley Captain J. A., at Urbana, Md.  
 Sullivan Captain D., at Williamsport, Md.  
 Wesson S. D., at Culpepper, Va.

## COMPANY I.

Briggs K. J., died of disease, Fairfax, Va.  
 Bump Albert, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Blanchard E. J., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Burzell A. H., Sergeant, drowned in Mississippi river by sinking of steamer Olive.  
 Rundell Lieutenant A. W., drowned in Mississippi river by sinking of steamer Olive.  
 Keyser W. W., drowned in Mississippi river by sinking of steamer Olive.  
 Wilson J. L., drowned in Mississippi river by sinking of steamer Olive.  
 Green H. H., drowned in Mississippi river by sinking of steamer Olive.  
 Bettys Philip, killed at Culpepper, Va.  
 Carr Jay A., killed at White Plains, Va.  
 Colby Clark, died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Evans James, killed at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Fish Robert, died of disease.  
 Horton S. R., killed at Hazle River, Va.  
 Howard L. J., died of disease, Alexandria, Va.  
 Moss Sergeant O. J., killed at Malvern Hill, Va.  
 Noonan John, killed at Stevensburg, Va.  
 McGuire John, killed at Readtown, Va.  
 Perkins D. B., died of disease, Washington, D. C.  
 Phillips Joseph, died of disease, Annapolis, Md.  
 Sessions Sergeant S., killed at White House, Va.

## WOUNDED.

Archer George, at White Plains, Va.  
 Aikin H., at Stevensburg and Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Bartling Fred, at White Plains, Va.  
 Bradley Captain C. L., at Hazle River, Va.  
 Burke Luke, at Stevensburg, Va.  
 Butler S. L., at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Daggett E. E., on reconnoissance.  
 Dodge S. S., at Mechanicsville, Va.  
 Ewing James (bugler), at Hazle River, Va.

Griswold G. W., at Upperville, Va.  
 Gungzolas Chauncy, at Stevensburg, Va.  
 Jordan J., at Madison Court House, Va.  
 Lee Lieutenant B. F., at Upperville, Va., and Washington, D. C.  
 McKinny A., at White Plains, Va.  
 McRea Philip, at Stevensburg, Va.  
 Parks Oscar, at Middletown, Md.  
 Richardson J. E., at Malvern Hill and Barbee's Cross-roads, Va.  
 Rodgers S. H., at Malvern Hill, Va.  
 Sheldon William, at White Plains, Va.  
 Stevens Lieutenant J. A., at Hazle River, Va.  
 Sniveley William, at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Thompson William, at Mechanicsville, Va.  
 Waite Captain J. M., at Madison Court House, Va.  
 Walden J. H., at Upperville, Va.  
 Welden A. W., in skirmish.

## COMPANY M.

Burdick Henry, killed at Manassas, Va.  
 Barnes Horace, died of disease.  
 Blair John G., died of disease.  
 Easterly H., killed at Manassas, Va.  
 Hogie E., died in Libby Prison, Va.  
 Kennedy A., died of disease.  
 Mullarky Charles, killed at Manassas, Va.  
 Makepeace N., died of disease.  
 Morris Captain J., killed at Monocacy, Va.  
 McArthur Sergeant Robert, killed at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Preston Charles W., died in prison, Andersonville, Ga.  
 Slund Fred, committed suicide.  
 Seaton W.; died of disease.  
 Rice L. A., died of disease.

## WOUNDED.

Bryan William, at Frederick City, Md.  
 Churchill A., at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Denison U. H., at Middletown, Md.  
 Finley Logan, at Malvern Hill, Va.  
 Gifford D. A., at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 John Kimber L., at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Miller George, at Beverly Ford, Va.  
 Overacker W. D., at Frederick City, Md.  
 Smith William, at Frederick City, Md.  
 Steenkic William, at Frederick City, Md.  
 Sargent Captain John, at Hazle River, Va.  
 Swan Lyman, at Boonsboro, Md.  
 Tofflemire W., at Frederick City, Md.  
 Williams John, at Gettysburg, Penn.  
 Woods E. S., at South Mountain, Md.  
 Yalding H., at Beverly Ford, Va.

## Non Commissioned Staff,

*Giving Name, Rank, when Enrolled, where Enrolled, and Remarks.*

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Frank Calkins, Sergeant-Major, August 30, 1861, St. Charles, Ill., transferred to Co. L, July 1, 1862.

John C. Ketchison, Sergeant-Major, January 1, 1864, Culpepper, Va.

George E. Corwin, Vet. Surgeon, August 4, 1862, Batavia, Ill.

John R. Manville, Q. M. Sergeant, January 1, 1864, Culpepper, Va.

James A. Soules, Com. Sergeant, " " " "

G. A. Bartholomew, Bugler Serg't, " " " "

W. D. Hazlet, Saddler Sergeant, " " " "

Ceylon A. Fassett, hospital Steward, November 30, 1863, Ely's Ford, Va.

Gideon Von Bachelles, hospital Steward, January 29, 1864, Chicago, Ill.

*Discharged by expiration of Term of Service.*

Andrew J. Willing, hospital Steward, September 18, 1861, St. Charles, Ill., discharged September 28, 1864, at Chicago, Ill.

*Discharged for Disability.*

George J. Johnson, Com. Sergeant, September 12, 1861, Blackberry, Ill., discharged at Camp Illinois, D. C.

George A. Nichols, hospital Steward, September 12, 1861, St. Charles, Ill., discharged March 9, 1862, at Alexandria, Va.

Benjamin Plummer, Com. Sergeant, September 8, 1861, Chicago, Ill., discharged September 22, 1862, at Sharpsburg, Md.

John G. Chambers, Com. Sergeant, September 14, 1861, Franklin Grove, Ill., discharged April 16, 1862, at Alexandria, Va.

*Transferred.*

C. C. Crawford, Bat. Vet. Surgeon, September 27, 1861, Sycamore, Ill., transferred to company.

Hiram DeWitt, Bugler Sergeant, November 30, 1863, Culpepper, Va., transferred to Company B, January 11, 1865.

C. A. Bishop, Bat. Saddler Sergeant, August 27, 1861, Sycamore, Ill., transferred to Company B, August 1, 1862.

John Ryan, Color Sergeant, September 12, 1861, St. Charles, Ill., transferred to Company A, as Sergeant.

S. A. Turkington, Bat. Saddler Sergeant, August 27, 1861, Sycamore, Ill., transferred to company, December 4, 1861.

*Discharged by Order.*

Mark H. Bisby, Bat. Q. M. Sergeant, September 18, 1861, St. Charles, Ill., by order, promoted to Bat. Q. M.,

Robert S. Brown, Bat. Q. M. Sergeant, September 7, '61, Woodstock, Ill., by order.

- J. W. Bemis, Bat. Sergeant-Major, by order War Department, October 14, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Frank Clendennin, 1st Chief Bugler, August 18, '61, Oregon City, Ill., by order War Department, October 14, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- George H. Gamble, Bat. Sergeant-Major, August 25, '61, Chicago, Ill., by order War Department, October 14, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Thomas Grimley, Bat. Q. M. Sergeant, September 12, '61, Huntley, Ill., by order War Department, October 14, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Robert W. Gates, Bat. Q. M. Sergeant, August 28, '61, Bloomingdale, Ill., by order, September 1, '62, Sharpsburg, Md., to receive promotion.
- Hardy H. Helper, Bat. Sergeant-Major, September 14, '61, Maconib, Ill., by order, to receive promotion.
- H. V. F. Huls, Bat. Q. M. Sergeant, August 20, '61, St. Charles, Ill., by order, S. O. 32, Army of Potomac, September 1, '62.
- J. B. Hull, Bat. Com. Sergeant, September 18, '61, St. Charles, Ill., by order, appointed Bat. Q. M.
- George Hyde, Bat. Com. Sergeant, September 17, '61, Evanston, Ill., by order War Department, September 10, '62, Barnesville, Md.
- David J. Hunt, Bat. Vet. Surgeon, September 10, '61, Sandwich, Ill., by order War Department, October 10, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Philo P. Judson, Reg't Com. Sergeant, August 13, '62, Chicago, Ill., by order War Department, October 10, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Lucius S. Kemp, Bat. Vet. Surgeon, September 28, '61, by order, S. O. 208 C. S., Headquarters C. C., Nov. 19, '63.
- Charles Kimble, hospital Steward, by order War Department, October 16, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Henry Lind, 2d Chief Bugler, September 5, '61, Milton, Ill., by order War Department, October 16, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- John V. Morris, Bat. Sergeant-Major, October 18, '61, Washington, D. C., by order War Department, October 16, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Walter S. Robertson, Reg't Sergeant-Major, January 1, '64, Culpepper, Va., by order promoted Bat. Adjutant.
- Samuel W. Smith, Reg't Sergeant-Major, September 10, '61, Naperville, Ill., by order S. O. 152, W. D., A. G. O., to take effect April 4, '64.
- Robert Sill, hospital Steward, September 18, '61, St. Charles, Ill., by order S. O. 294, Headquarters C. C., November 1, '63.
- Theodore W. Stull, hospital Steward, September 18, '61, Marengo, Ill., by order promoted to Assistant Surgeon, Harrison's Landing, Va., July 1, '62.
- Earl D. Thomas, Reg't Sergeant-Major, January 1, '64, Culpepper, Va., by order S. O. 175, W. D., A. G. O., dated April 18, '65.
- Richard Van Vlack, Bat. Q. M. Sergeant, August 25, '61, St. Charles, Ill., by order promoted to 2d Lieutenant Company A.
- A. A. West, Bat. Saddler Sergeant, September 12, '61, Marengo, Ill., by order War Department, October 14, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- Charles W. Wright, Bat. Vet. Surgeon, September 7, '61, Woodstock, Ill., by order War Department, October 14, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- W. W. Wilson, Bat. Saddler Sergeant, September 5, '61, Milton, Ill., by order War Department, October 14, '62, Knoxville, Md.
- George R. Wells, hospital Steward, January 1, '64, Culpepper, Va., by order promoted to 2d Lieutenant Company K, May 20, '65.
- E. M. Rayworth, Bat. Sergeant-Major, March 14, '62, Chicago, Ill., by order.
- Gus. A. Stanley, Bat. Com. Sergeant, September 7, '61, Newark, Ill., by order.
- Deserted.*
- Philo Howe, Bat. Saddler Sergeant, September 18, '61, Chicago, Ill., Alexandria, Va., February, '62.

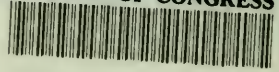








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